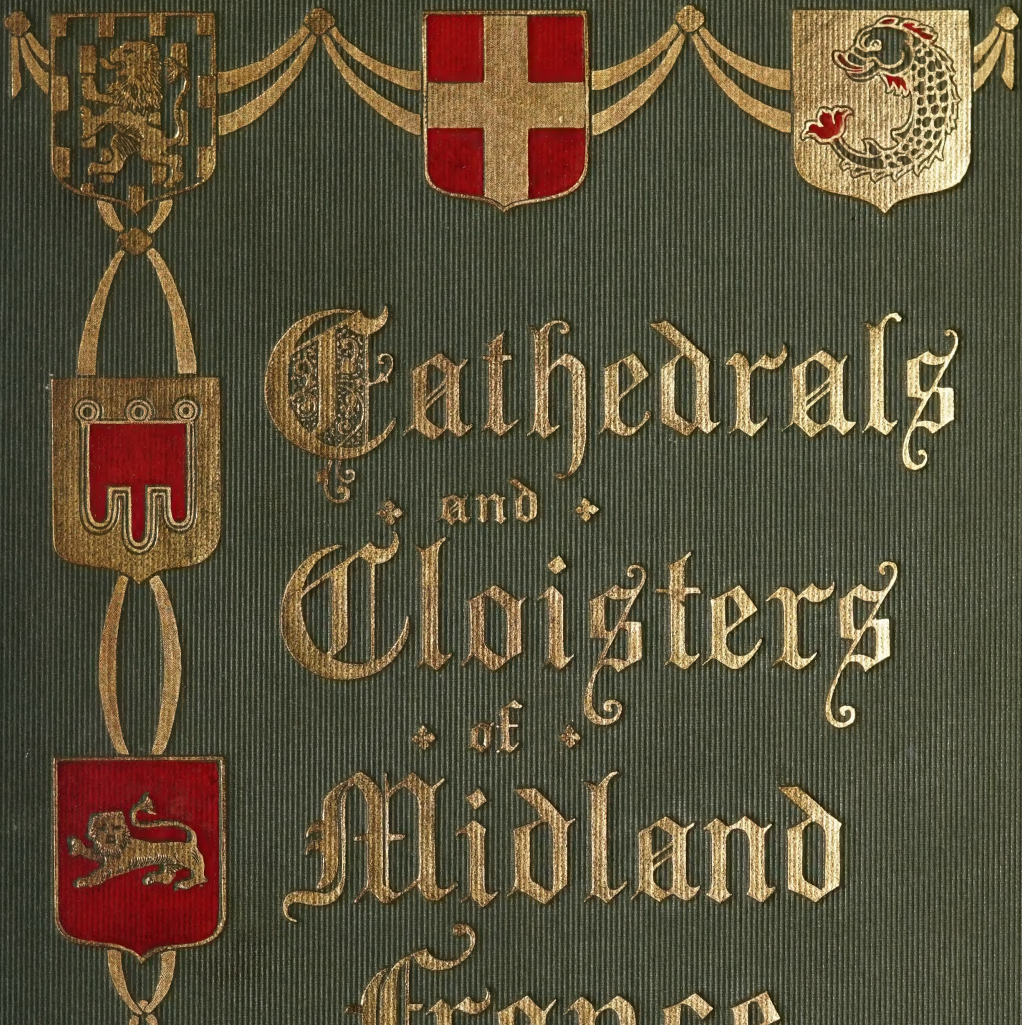

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Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France

PROVENCE—LANGUEDOC—GASCONY

Cathedrals and Cloisters of Mid-Land France

BURGUNDY—SAVOY—DAUPHINÉ—
AUVERGNE—AQUITAINE

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Annecy.

CATHEDRALS *and* CLOISTERS
OF
MIDLAND FRANCE

BY

ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY

VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME I.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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TO

MARY CAROLINE WHITLOCK ROSE

WHO INSPIRED THESE BOOKS

PREFACE

IT was with regret that the makers of these books turned from Provence into Dauphiné, from Languedoc to Auvergne and Aquitaine. It seemed to them that no part of the country could have the fascination of the well-loved Midi. But as they wandered slowly up the Rhone or crossed the country along the trail of some mediæval army, they came into the spirit of the Midland provinces.

In the South they had felt the persistent dominance of the Roman tradition in the present-day life, thought, and architecture of its people. In the Midland they came under the subtle spell—call it Oriental, Byzantine, what you will—which differentiates the most original creations of the Centre from those of the South, the extreme North, or the Isle-de-France. The country was interesting; the mountains of Savoy and Dauphiné, the crisp brilliancy of the Auvergnat air, and the sombre majesty of its lava hills were inspiring.

So, on Cathedrals bent, the authors spent many happy months amidst architecture whose beauty made work a pleasure, among people who through their exquisite kindliness and courteous, ungrudging aid made research an easy task. The effort has been, as in the *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France*, to verify each fact, to find the picturesque legend, to photograph the characteristic view, and to suggest the wonderful charm which these "stories in stone" have for the historian, the architect, and the psychologist.

During this research much aid was rendered by members of the Clergy of the Church in France, who loaned books, gave access to rare documents, and opened the doors of treasuries and crypts, and it is with gratitude that this debt is acknowledged. Gratitude is also due to Mr. J. G. Rosengarten of Philadelphia and Mr. Henry Vignaud, Secretary of the American Embassy at Paris, for their lively interest in procuring from the French Government the privilege of studying and photographing the "Historical Monuments." For assistance and encouragement, the authors are again indebted to Miss Frances M. Kyle, Mrs. William H. Shelmire, Mr. John G. Bullock, and Mr. Charles R. Pancoast; and they can wish for nothing better in the making of future books on the French Gothic of the North than the continuation of the aid of the past.

E. W. R.
V. H. F.

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Midland France.

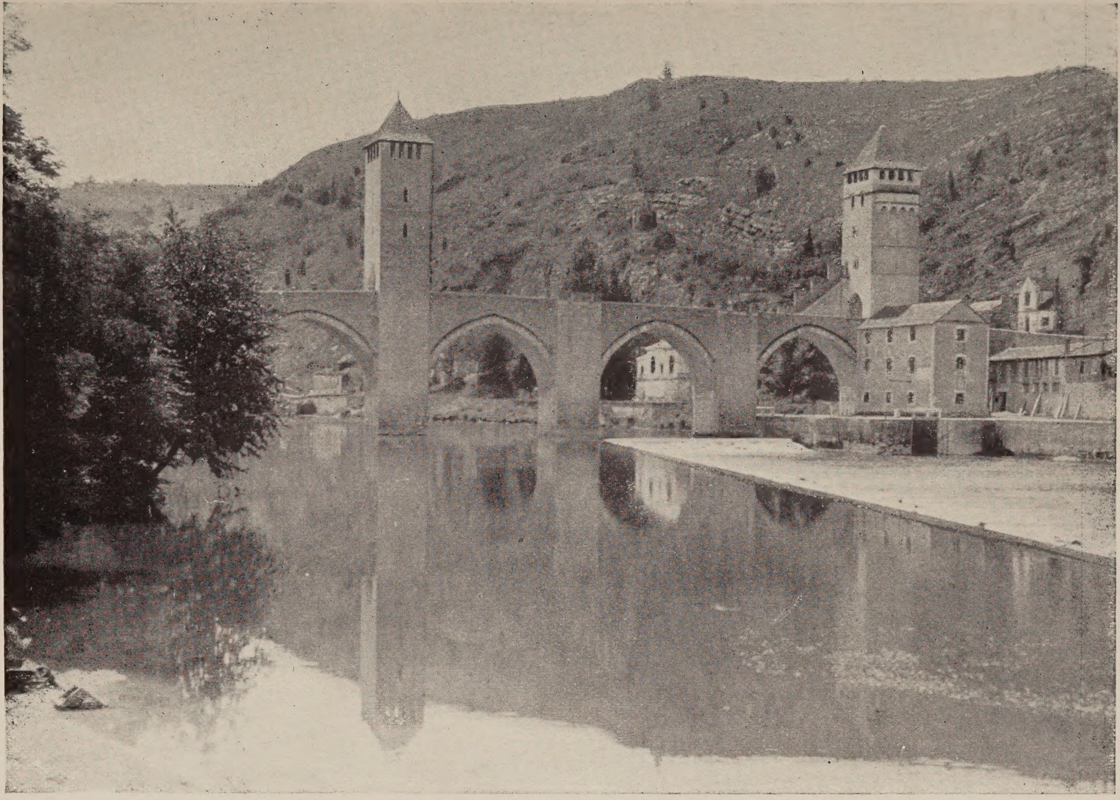
MIDLAND FRANCE.

THE central part of any land seems to be that section which more than any other suggests peace, shelter, and prosperity. There is something in the very word "Midland" that presupposes a protected national existence which gives opportunities alike for intense, unique, national development or for a provincialism equally strong.

This is a well-founded description of the Midland France of to-day, but is curiously, strangely untrue of the midland country of the Cathedral-building ages. Instead of being protected by North and South it was made the tramping-ground of armies, instead of being isolated from foreign influences it was constantly invaded by English, Italian, and even Germanic peoples and thoughts, and, far from seeking the protection of the royal power, its provinces, like many others, aspired to an independence even of the Crown. Aquitaine was long the possession of a foreign king; Savoy belonged to a House which was able to elude all onerous suzerainty; Burgundy acknowledged at one time the French King, at another, the Emperor; Auvergne, sometimes a prey to England, sometimes acknowledging allegiance to France, lived as independently of all the Midland as it might, and only Dauphiné, through the Lord Dauphin, had an intimate and faithful connection with the French Crown.

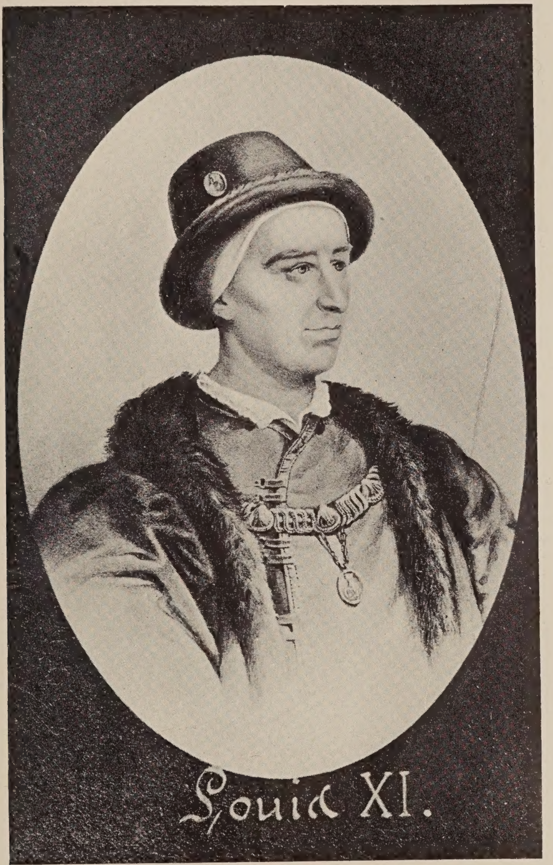
Patriotism, in the sense of nationalism, did not exist during the Dark Ages. A native of the country which we now call France was a Gascon, a Provençal, a Savoyard, a Burgundian, before he was a Frenchman. The King was a lord who had a more high-sounding title and greater pretensions than other lords of the land. But others, like old Duke William of Aquitaine, father of the famous Eleanor, had power as great; if only one feudatory was crowned "King of France" on France's soil, many lacked only the opportunity; and the law of "each man for himself" was not treason but prowess, ambition, and valour. For many weary years and during successive generations, strong Kings endeavoured to "extend their royal power," to "unite France,"—synonymous phrases. This patriotism however selfish in motive, was born in their hearts. In time it found an echo—more or less selfish also—in the hearts of the burghers who had much more to gain from law and order vested in one central authority than from the wars and struggles of petty, neighbouring lords.

The Cathedral-building days were, however, the times of feudalism and chivalry. Throughout France patriotism was in an embryonic state; and it was not until Joan of Arc had laid down her life for her country and her work was taken up by a meaner and more



A SCENE IN AQUITAINE. THE PONT VALENTRÉ.—CAHORS.

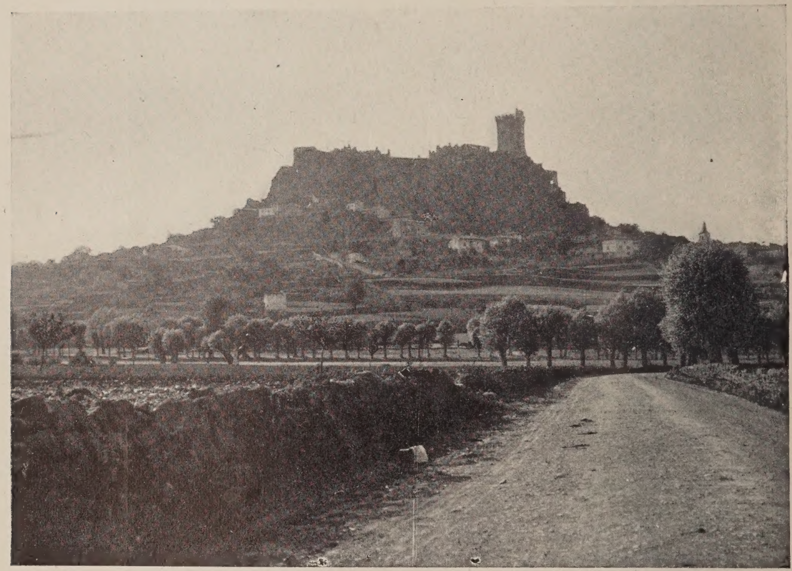
astute patriot, Louis XI, that the "fair land of France" began to assume an appearance of homogeneity. Louis died in 1483,—the period of national unity had



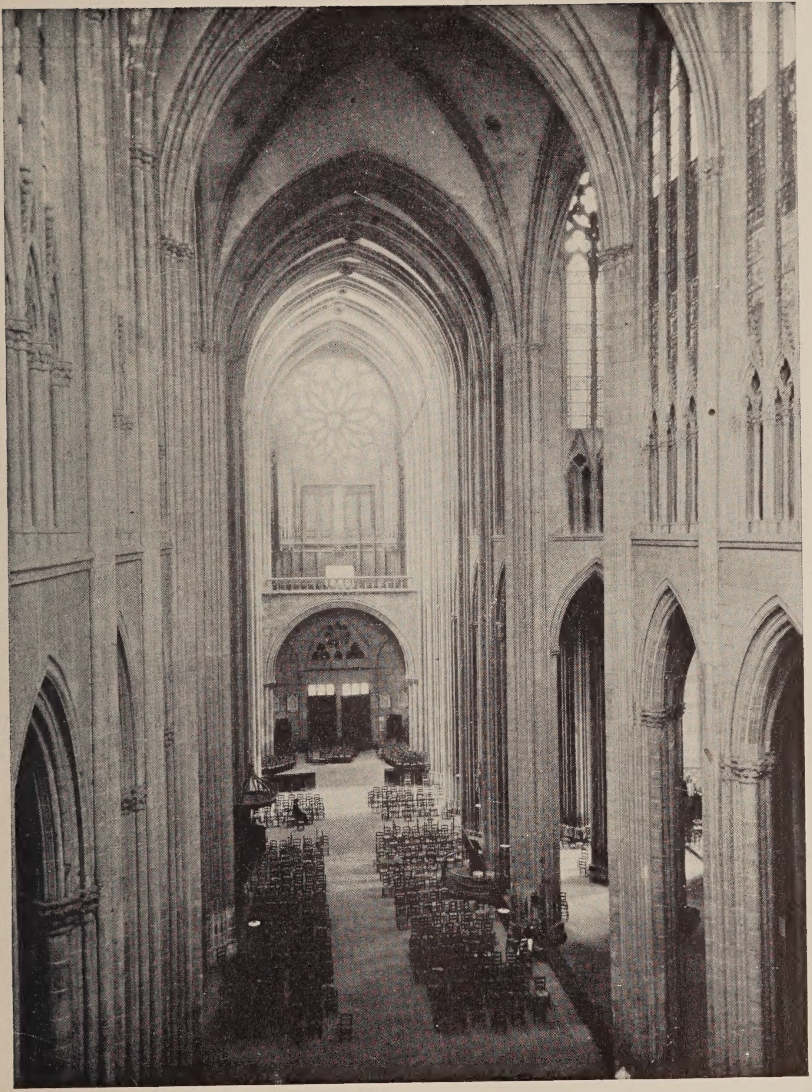
"A MEANER AND MORE ASTUTE PATRIOT."
(Copy of an old photograph.)

begun, but the great days of ecclesiastical architecture were at an end.

If, therefore, any correct idea of the state of the country during this most glorious architectural period is to be gained, one must imagine a collection of little states sufficiently related to be quarrelsome, jealous, and suspicious, and sufficiently separated to be independent. Each borrowed ideas and, if possible, took territory from the others; each had its manners and customs and strongly differentiated dialects. To-day a Gascon differs from a Burgundian but both Gascony and Burgundy are France; in those days Gascony was Gascony and Burgundy, Burgundy, and only the King in his heart or the Aquitanian Duke in his ambitious dreams foresaw their union. And as the powerful feudatories became greater over-lords, took unto themselves independence, and conveniently forgot vows of fealty to their sovereigns, so each petty lord,



"EACH PETTY LORD, PERCHED ON HIS HILL-TOP, LOOKED ACROSS TO A NEIGHBOURING CASTLE."—POLIGNAC.



THE ART OF CATHEDRAL-BUILDING IN AUVERGNE.—CLERMONT.

perched on his hill-top, looked across to a neighbouring castle, longed to possess it, and to increase in power; and, if he had the courage, war followed close on covetous desire. In this manner each Baron, Count, Duke, was a predatory creature, more or less vicious or valorous, as viewed by the poor man whose crop he destroyed, or by henchmen who rode with him across the field.

The X century, which saw the earliest efforts of that architecture which has survived to modern times, has been well described by Lea in the sketch on "Sacerdotal Celibacy." "The last vestiges of Roman culture have disappeared, while the dawn of civilisation is as yet far off. Society in a state of transition is painfully, vainly, seeking some form of security and stability. The marauding wars of neighbouring chiefs become the normal condition, only interrupted when two or three unite to carry destruction to some more powerful rival. Though the settlement of Normandy relieved continental Europe to a great extent from the terror of the Dane, yet the still more dreaded Hun took his place and ravaged the nations from the Danube to the Atlantic; while England bore the undivided fury of the Vikings, and the Saracens left little to glean on the shores of the Mediterranean."

Foreign invasions of the country, which were frequent in the early Middle Ages, gradually lessened in number and violence; but their cessation only gave greater opportunities for internal forays and petty feuds. And these continued struggles, founded on personal motives and greed, were even more detrimental to progress than the greater wars which, at least, tended to inspire the larger feelings of comradeship and love of a common country.

As intelligence, boldness, and ambition are by no means the prerogative of one class, the lower orders of France, "the people," began to interest themselves in affairs. The great and the noble, on whom they were taught to look with respect if not with actual reverence, assigned to them the rôle of passive witnesses or of servitors. But, as in looking on and serving, multitudes were ruined or killed, these positions became uncomfortable, oppressive; and people of different minds gradually assumed diverse attitudes of self-defence.

The townsman, more peaceably inclined, united with his neighbours to wrest communal rights from their lord, and the "Third Estate" began to grow. Others, more warlike, aping the manners of the contemporary "aristocracy," joined their fellows of like mind, endeavoured to entrench themselves in some castle, and sold their military services to the highest bidder. There was also another class politically as well as ecclesiastically prominent in the affairs of the times—the higher clergy.

In taking Holy Orders the sons of generations of masterful warriors did not lose the distinguishing qualities of their race. As simple priests or monks the taste for worldly power and battle had little scope, but as Bishops and Abbots their duty often seemed to lie along bellicose ways. Land bequeathed to the Church was to be protected, looters had at all costs to be prevented from pillaging and profaning the Sanctuary, and these cares entailed sorties and defences which accorded well with the strong hereditary instincts of many a prelate. In the XIII and XIV centuries when the Bishops of Angoulême went forth to war they had a standard-bearer in the person of the Lords of Montbron; the Bishops of Cahors celebrated Mass with their gauntlets on the Altar; and, as late as the XVI century, the Bishop of Le Puy, in spite of an "invincible repugnance for the shedding of human blood," went doughtily to battle and brandished a club "to the prostration of his enemies."

These great Churchmen, although a class apart, are in many ways so identical with their fathers, brothers, and cousins of the nobility that it is often difficult to distinguish between the tonsured and the untonsured head. Not so the soldiers of fortune. They are distinct from all other military figures of the Middle Ages, and Pope Innocent III stigmatised them truly when he wrote that they were creatures whom "the enemy of the human race had cast into the world as instruments of iniquity." They flourished everywhere, in all parts of the country, in the Crusades of the Midi, and in the feuds of the North; and, because they were "mercenaries" in the lowest sense, because for the most part they were inconstant, selfish, and careless of causes, general European history is complete with a mere mention of them. On the other hand, any sectional historian finds them in close perspective, for intestinal feuds influenced provincial development far more than did larger, national issues. They are especially prominent in the South and the Midland. There the royal power was not only weak, but constantly menaced by the disloyalty of the greater feudatories, there independent lords and adventurers were free to achieve greatness by each other's ruin, and there the turbulency and rude energy of the Middle Ages were more unchecked than in any other region of France.

Not only the enfranchisement of the nobles but the estrangement of the provincial overlords from the French King brought a new influence into the Midland. Burgundy at times acknowledged fealty to the Emperor, Savoy watched most carefully the scales of European power, Auvergne was claimed by the Norman Kings of England, and, after the vast territory of Aquitaine fell under the English rule, the King of France had a vassal who was also his rival. It has been well said that "the number of great fiefs represented just so many permanent wars."

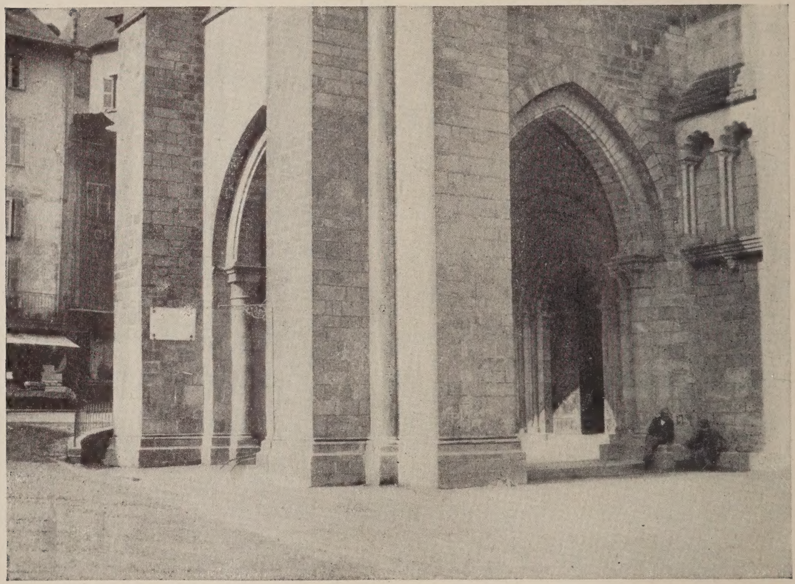
Besides the occasions of advancement which this general unrest presented, both unscrupulous nobles and adventurers had unparalleled opportunities in the Hundred Years' War, and the Wars of Religion.

The Hundred Years' War is generally supposed to have been a fierce, continuous struggle between the English and the French for the possession of a large portion of French territory, and even the French crown. In reality, the armies of the two Kings were not engaged in actual struggle during a quarter of that hundred years; and nobles fought sporadically here and there for their own aggrandisement but in the name of one or the other sovereign.

The mercenaries constantly changed sides, and if they expressed any regret for such a desertion it was not that the cause was less just but that the plunder was less rich. They felt as keen and savage a joy in plundering churches and monasteries as towns or castles, many a mercenary habitually drank at table from a golden Chalice of the Altar, and one of the greatest of these ruffians jovially declared that no way of life equalled his, and that "if God Himself were on earth He would turn robber."

As about the standards of the Hundred Years' War, so around those of the Wars of Religion flocked the adventurers who fought for private gain. Discontented nobles looked covetously on the lands of the Church, mercenaries hastened to take the "Cross" under Simon de Montfort, or as readily answered the call of the Protestants of Moissac. Catholics and Protestants alike made use of these blasphemous adventurers and they responded as impartially. Political reasons, as well as reasons of greed, brought other allies into the strife, persons as different in character as Saint Dominic, Saint Bernard, and Catherine de Médicis became workers in the same cause, and the one thing that seems to have become most obscured on both sides was the cause of "religion pure and undefiled."

In one of his brilliant essays Taine writes: "Kant said that our ideas come in part from our inner selves; that objects in attracting our attention find there an inborn form, that this original bend alters the image received, and that thus our truth is not the truth. This doctrine which was an hypothesis in philosophy has been found to be a rule in criticism." It is also

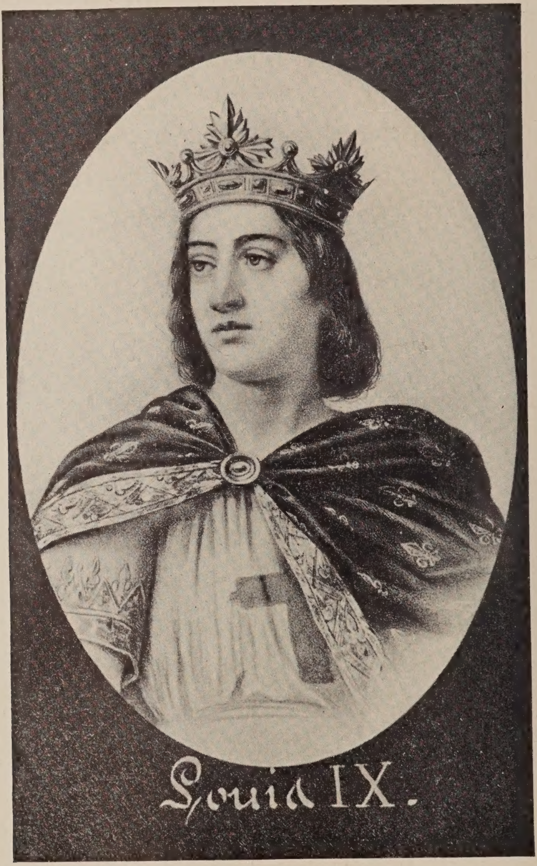


ENTRANCE TO A MEDIÆVAL CHURCH.—TULLE.

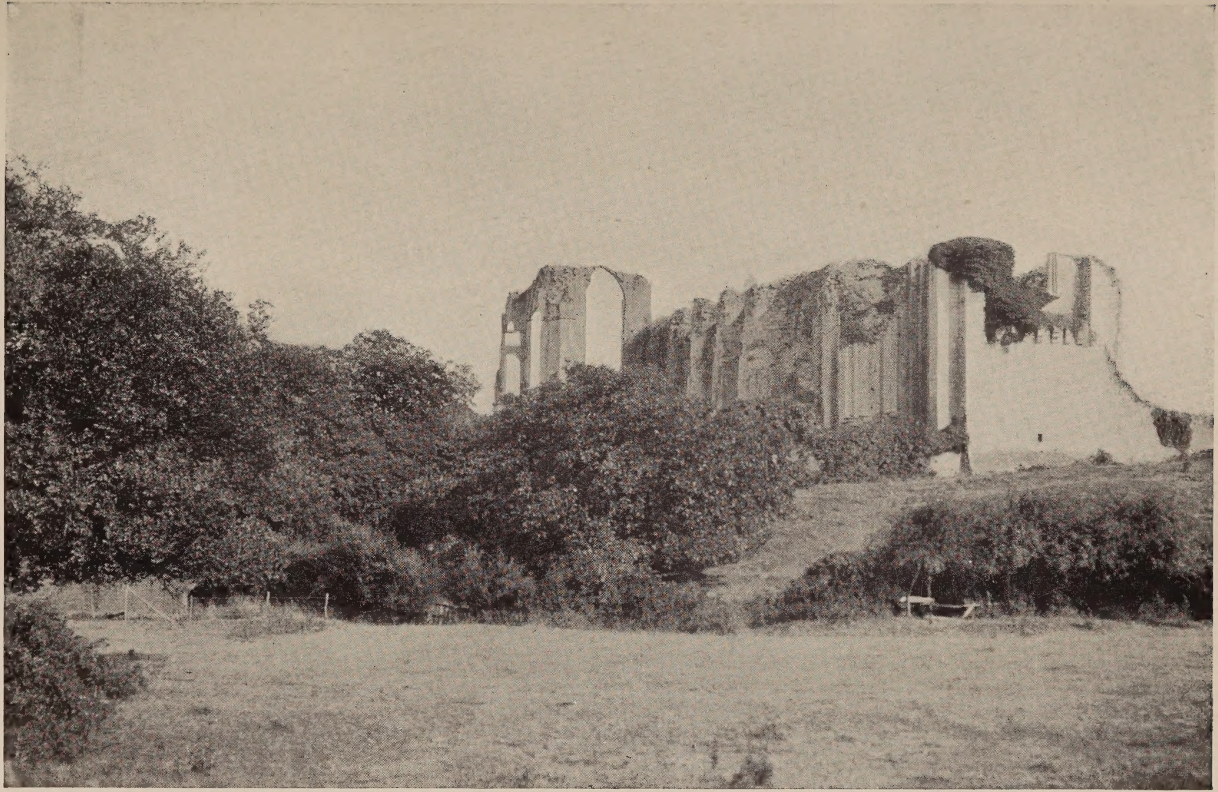
a rule in historical comprehension and judgment, witnessed in that effort which one continually makes to realise the pictures and explain the motives and the modes of thought which formed the past. Yet the truth of the barbarity and ruthlessness of the Cathedral-building Ages is difficult to find. Too many adjectives and summaries are borrowed from old-time chronicles; the differences in the standards of the ages are forgotten, and incidents are not left to speak for themselves. We call the ninth Louis, "a saint," a gentle King, and painters have pictured him as mild as young Saint John. Yet Joinville tells us that Saint Louis "declared that the only argument a layman could use with a heretic was to thrust a sword into him up to the hilt."

We read that in 1472 the little town of Nesle-on-the Somme capitulated to Charles the Bold. Men, women, and children fled to the church for sanctuary; but they were ruthlessly murdered, and so many were killed that the pavement was covered with six inches of blood. At this moment the Duke on his great charger rode into the church. He looked about him, stopped to bow his head before the Altar and make the sign of the Cross, and then cried out cheerily, "By Saint George, lads, you have made a fine butchery of it!" His age considered Charles "headstrong," "wilful," "passionate," but who then critically called him the monstrous barbarian he would be deemed to-day?

When the real spirit and temper of Mediævalism are honestly rather than romantically considered, are the coarse, hidden subjects of many a Cathedral's choir-wood astonishing? Are the uncouth gargoyles more than the expression of uncouth thought? Was not Rabelaisian wit the common humour of mediæval times, of times when even the grave and reverend Dante places a Pope in Hell and makes Saint Peter exclaim:



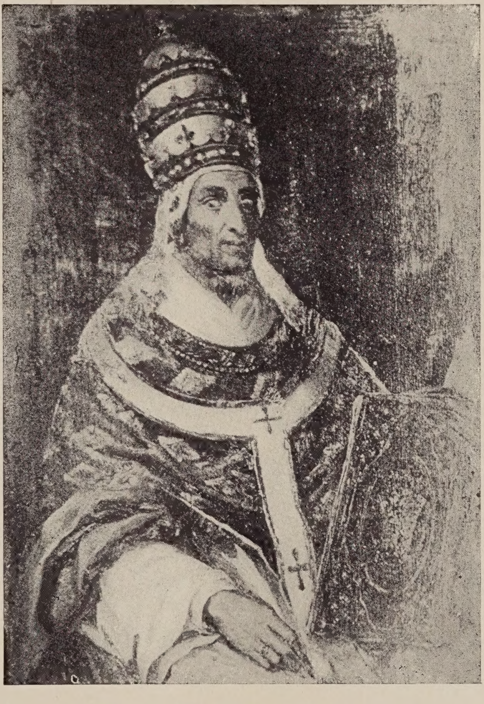
"AS MILD AS YOUNG SAINT JOHN."
(Copy of an old photograph.)



RUINS OF A CATHEDRAL OF AQUITAINE.—MAILLEZAIS.

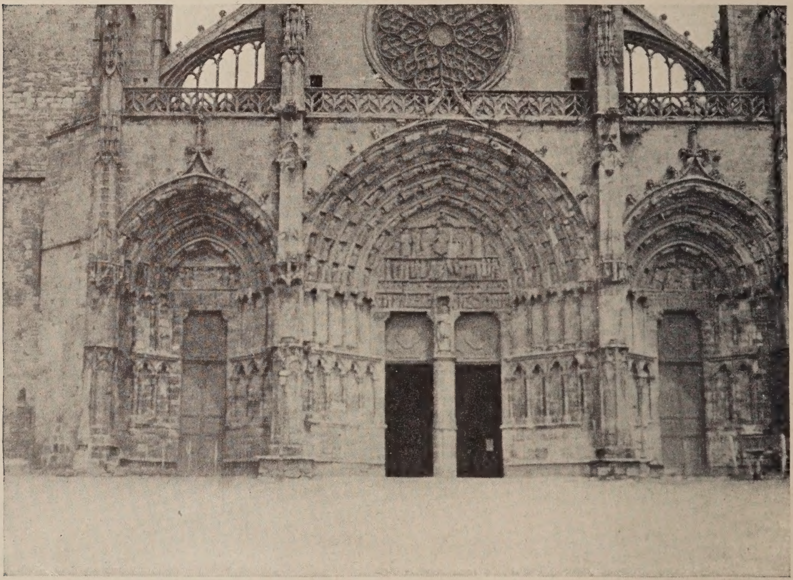
In shepherds' clothing, greedy wolves below
Range wide o'er all the pastures.
Cahorsians and Gascons prepare to quaff our blood.
Arm of God, why longer sleepest thou?

Yet this is not the whole picture. It contains the most astounding lights as well as the blackest shadows; for every amorous John XXII there is a Saint as tender as the holy Francis of Assisi, for every ambitious Clement V a fervent reformer like Bernard can be cited. It seems as if the tenor of that long-gone age was either passionately evil or as wholly good.



POPE JOHN XXII.
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE IN LUÇON.

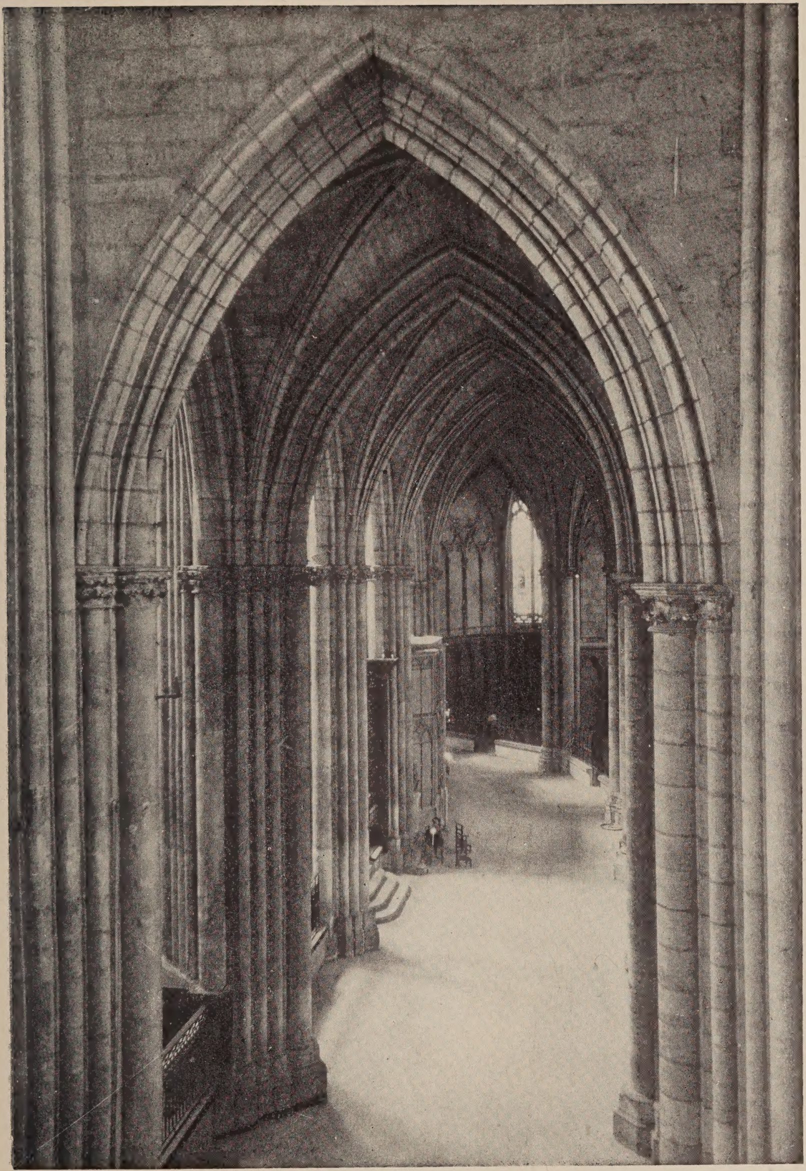
It is said that those who came under the influence of the South "lived in a world where the most delicate poetry and the fiercest savagery, the wildest moral and political disorder, and the most refined intellectual culture, mingled together in a confusion as picturesque as it was dangerous." The North had less of poetry and more of savagery, a confusion less picturesque but, perhaps, not less dangerous. The qualities and defects of each section of the country met in the provinces of the Midland; and each province, separated from the others by its jealousies, boundaries, and different lords, reflects in its own way the conflicting influences of the barbaric North and the declining civilisation of the South which pressed close on either hand.



THE RICHLY SCULPTURED PORTALS OF A CATHEDRAL OF AQUITAINE.—BAZAS

Aquitaine.

Of all these provinces Aquitaine was most dominated by the dying, poetic culture of the South. Politically it was the strongest of the central provinces and included, at times, Poitou, Saintonge, the Angoumois,



AN ARCHITECTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF AQUITAINE,—THE AMBULATORY OF BORDEAUX.

the Marche, the Limousin, the Quercy, and even absorbed Gascony and Auvergne and encroached on the territory of Languedoc. Its geographical limits, like its name, the "Region of the Waters," had no precision. At the time of the Roman conquest this region lay between the Garonne, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean. Augustus extended its confines to the Loire, but during the chaotic Merovingian epoch Aquitania became "a purely geographical expression." The title to the Duchy was concurrently claimed by various powerful noblemen; but, in spite of the pretensions of the Viscounts of Limoges and the Counts of Toulouse, it remained in the House of Poitou, and in the XII century was passed by that romantic Duke, William IX, poet and troubadour, Count of Poitiers, Duke of Gascony and Aquitaine, as a mischief-making heritage, to his passionate and beautiful daughter Eleanor.

Her marriage with the Valois King boded well for the consolidation and the peace of France; but his meekness was only a stimulant to the violence she had inherited from a long line of imperious ancestors, his weakness disgusted her and life became unbearable. She cared for Aquitaine, not for a possible France; and vowing that she could not endure a monkish husband, she transferred herself and her great dower to Henry Plantagenet.

Relying on the absence of their new overlords—the Kings of England—the nobles of the land began fresh struggles. France and England fought in

Aquitaine, and the whole political history of the country was a weary, bellicose tale until 1453 when it was definitely wrested from England.

Auvergne.

The neighbouring province of Auvergne appears as a pawn in many struggles of the great midland nobles and suffered under their misrule and in their wars. By its physical conformation, however, it was difficult of access, and, in spite of its importance as a stake in general politics, it lived its own life, thought its own thoughts, and was at once one of the most intelligent, independent, and unprogressive of French provinces.

Nature has been lavish to Auvergne, if not in gifts of fertility at least in scenes of the greatest beauty. In comparison with them even the varied landscapes of the immense territory of Aquitaine, its long stretches of sea-views, its plains, its pleasant hill-country, pale into insignificance. The Auvergnat atmosphere has the brilliancy of the South with something of the cold-cut clearness of the mountain North, its skies are magnificently clear, and beneath them lie scenes, without Alpine majesty but with a fine, rugged strength. Auvergne is a land of sleeping volcanoes, of hills sombre with the reds and browns of ancient lava, of dark gorges, and clear, blue lakes that lie in extinct craters. It is a land of hot sun and cold, fierce winds, of high-perched towns and lonely, ruined robber-castles, and of a strong, provincial people.

''AUVERGNE IS A LAND OF HIGH-PERCHED TOWNS, OF HILLS SOMBRE WITH THE REDS AND BROWNS OF ANCIENT LAVA.''—LE PUY.

During the Carlovingian period a certain Bishop of Clermont dated a Charter as "in the reign of Our Lord Jesus Christ," and this tacit declaration of complete earthly independence is characteristic of those who lived in Auvergne. The hills made a practical refuge against all theoretical claims of unwelcome rulers; and here native lords could war at their leisure, and freebooters found hill-top refuges where they could safely retire and carouse after a day of foray.

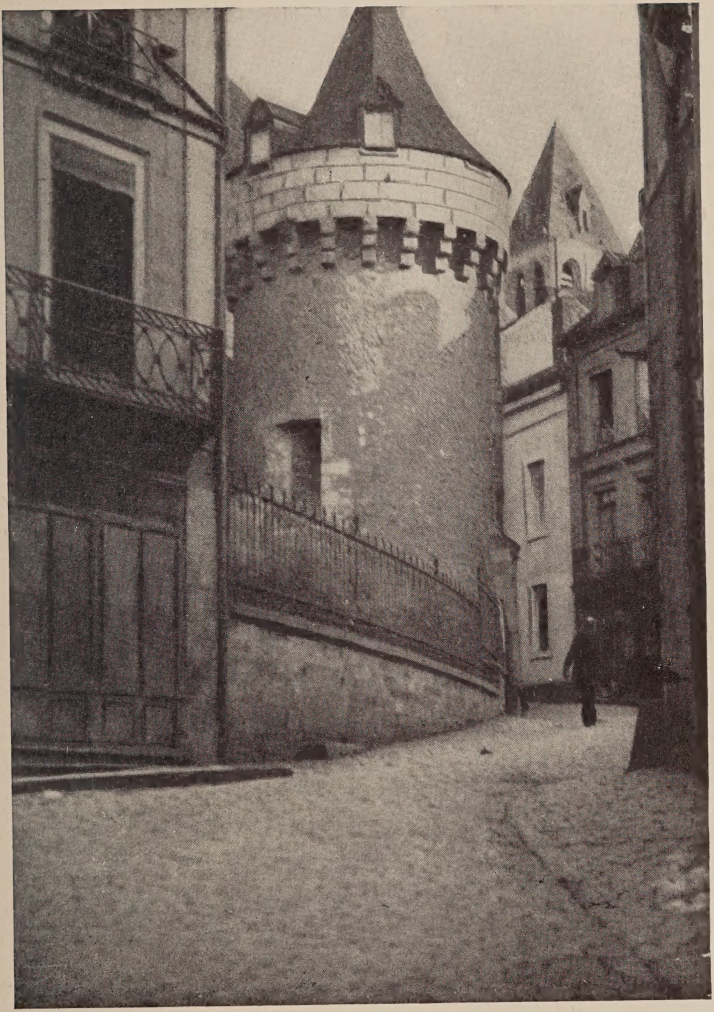
During the Hundred Years' War the province was a coveted prize of both combatants, and during the Wars of Religion, it had its bands of partisans—Catholic and Protestant—who went about working evil. Auvergne has always been a land of isolation and of rude manners, its political evolution was slow, and in that particular demonstration of the growth of the Third Estate, the communistic movement, it was noticeably backward.

In all warlike pursuits it was well learned; and even in the late days of Henry IV it had its Amazon in the person of the proud, virtuous, and beautiful Madeleine de Saint-Nectaire, who "went forth at the head of her soldiers to do battle" with the Seigneur de Montal, royal Lieutenant of Haute-Auvergne, whom she considered an oppressor. Although wars were becoming less of a habit and a pastime, the great Henry admired this ebullition of a valorous spirit and cried impulsively, "Ventre Saint-Gris, if I were not King I would choose to be Madeleine de Saint-Nectaire."

Burgundy.

Far more progressive than Auvergne was the great province of Burgundy. The Burgundians were believed to be the descendants of a Teutonic tribe which pushed across the Rhine and the Alps, and grew great on the ruins of the Roman Empire. Augustin Thierry claims that they derive their name from the old Teutonic words "Buhr" and "Gunden," "men confederated in war." Whether this be true or not, the men of Burgundy were strong and adventurous, powerful in body, quick in intelligence.

"The name of their province," writes Kirk in his "Charles the Bold," "calls up a picture of smiling vineyards, sheltered hillsides, where a climate and a soil peculiarly adapted to this species of culture give a golden beauty to the vintage. It carries the imagination back to the manners and institutions of the Middle Ages—to rich Abbeys and lordly castles, to scenes of festive pomp and brilliant feats of arms. It suggests recollections of the most fascinating pages in the literature of France—the vinous fecundity of sentiment, the easy copiousness of expression that characterises such writers, dissimilar in all other respects, as Bossuet, Buffon, and Lamartine." The Burgundian "cities, small but stately, adorned with many fountains and public walks, have an air of faded splendour, suggestive, not of the vulgar opulence of a



"THE BURGUNDIAN CITIES HAVE AN AIR OF FADED SPLENDOUR."—AUTUN.

prosperous burgher life, but of the assembling of princes, statesmen, soldiers, and ecclesiastics—of the pride and magnificence of martial courts."

In the Middle Ages "every rock had its castle and every town was a fortress." But besides its military rank and its natural riches Burgundy was one of the most enlightened provinces of France. It was here that the great Orders developed some of their most practical and helpful theories of life; it was here, for example, that they evolved many "model" ideas of farming; and had powerful foundations, "Cîteaux, the head of the great Carthusian Order and . . . parent . . . of more than three thousand religious houses, Clairvaux founded by Bernard, the most illustrious of Burgundians and most eminent of the Fathers of the Gallican Church, and Vézelay, now a ruin in the midst of a rocky solitude, but once the largest and most magnificent of monasteries."

The strange, volcanic beauty of the Auvergnat country is not reproduced in the opulent landscapes of Burgundy. Its broad, fertile plains, watered by many streams, are bounded by high and dignified hills, and Nature, in the mountain regions of the Jura, is grandiose rather than awe-full or severe.

Savoy.

It is Savoy which possesses the severity and majesty of the Alps. After passing through the lovely valley of Grenoble to the high pastures of Maurienne and the Tarentaise, after experiencing the dark, short days of a Savoyard winter, its great cold, its snows, and the fleetness of its summer, the awesome sublimity of the land becomes oppressive to the weaker foreigner, and one can comprehend that in the Middle Ages it was a country which none coveted, "for Frank, Burgundian, and Lombard alike eschew the high mountains."

The rulers of this strange, cold territory are, both in themselves and in what has been termed their "fate," one of the most—perhaps the most—remarkable of reigning houses. "There must be," claims an historian, "something more than chance to chain the wheel of fortune in favour of a dynasty"; and it may be boldly said that the race of Savoy has been noted for the absence of profligate women, idiotic, craven, or bad men, and for the rarity of startling crime and vice; and, although it has produced, like others, legislators and princes of European reputation, the singular continuance of rare ability in the forty

"MOURNERS," FROM THE TOMB OF A DUKE OF BURGUNDY.—DIJON.

sovereigns of twenty-seven generations is still more remarkable. In almost every case these men seem to have been actuated by a deep sense of duty to their race rather than by personal ambition or hope of emolument, and many a long minority of child-rulers has failed to produce among the Regents of Savoy any murderous Crookback.

The dominion of the Savoyard princes was also one of fairness toward the people. In that tiny little country every subject might know his sovereign, and lord and man lived in mutual loyalty and fidelity. They were reciprocally honourable, and, seeing the happiness of their poorer neighbours, the Italian towns, wailing under oppression, clamoured "Give us the Justice of Savoy!"

Living in a territory which no one desired, yet controlling the passes between the northern peoples and the rich and alluring land of Italy, the House of Savoy modestly styled itself "Guardian of the Alps"; and by reason of its powerful mental force, and in spite of comparative poverty both in money and territory, it outwitted the world for generations and finally succeeded to the sovereignty of one of the world's great powers.

This was the tragedy as well as the triumph of the race; for, in return for his aid, Napoleon III exacted the cession of Savoy, the "cradle" of Victor Emmanuel's ancient family. The price which the new Italian King paid for the "Liberation" was so great that he could not endure reference to it, but the Savoyards themselves are better content to belong to the French Republic, with which they have much natural affiliation, than to the Kingdom of Italy whose seat is in a strange and far-off Rome.

The Savoyards are a Catholic people, and, during their Cathedral-building era, they exhibited in a naïve degree all that strange mixture of credulity, ferocity, and loyalty which was characteristic of the orthodox of that period.

Of the simple faith of the land this letter, written by Yolande de France, Duchess of Savoy, who died in 1478, is a touching example. It is one of two which the Duchess directed should be placed in her coffin.

"Glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God and my Lady Mistress! I, Yolande de France, miserable sinner and Thy slave, confess and promise Thee with all my might, by the faith which I owe to God and Thee, to have paid Thee homage with body, soul, and goods. And hereby give Thee my body and soul, witness to Thee all my seigniory, my children, and all the country, and all the justice and power I have in this world to Thy government, put it in Thy hands—from this hour render to Thee in advance my body, my soul, my children, my country, seigniory, and beg Thy intercession for them, that Thou wilt guard them from their enemies, and all that might injure them. Also that Thou wilt guard me at the hour of my death from the Enemy, for I renounce Him and the world. And if I, through frailty, should fall into sin, that at the hour of my death He may have no power over me, for all my life since I was conscious I have paid Thee homage and am Thy slave, saying to Thee every day fifteen Ave Marias. And from my birth even to the end let the Enemy ask nothing of me in body or soul—or of the country which I give to Thee. I have written this present with my hand and seal it this twelfth day of September.

"Thy Miserable Slave,
"YOLANDE DE FRANCE.

"My Lord Saint Francis and Thou Mary Magdalene,

"I pray Thee present this letter to the Blessed Virgin Mary at the hour of my death, be my witnesses against the Enemy and declare to my good Angel, as well as to my Advocate, that I belong only to the Virgin Mary."

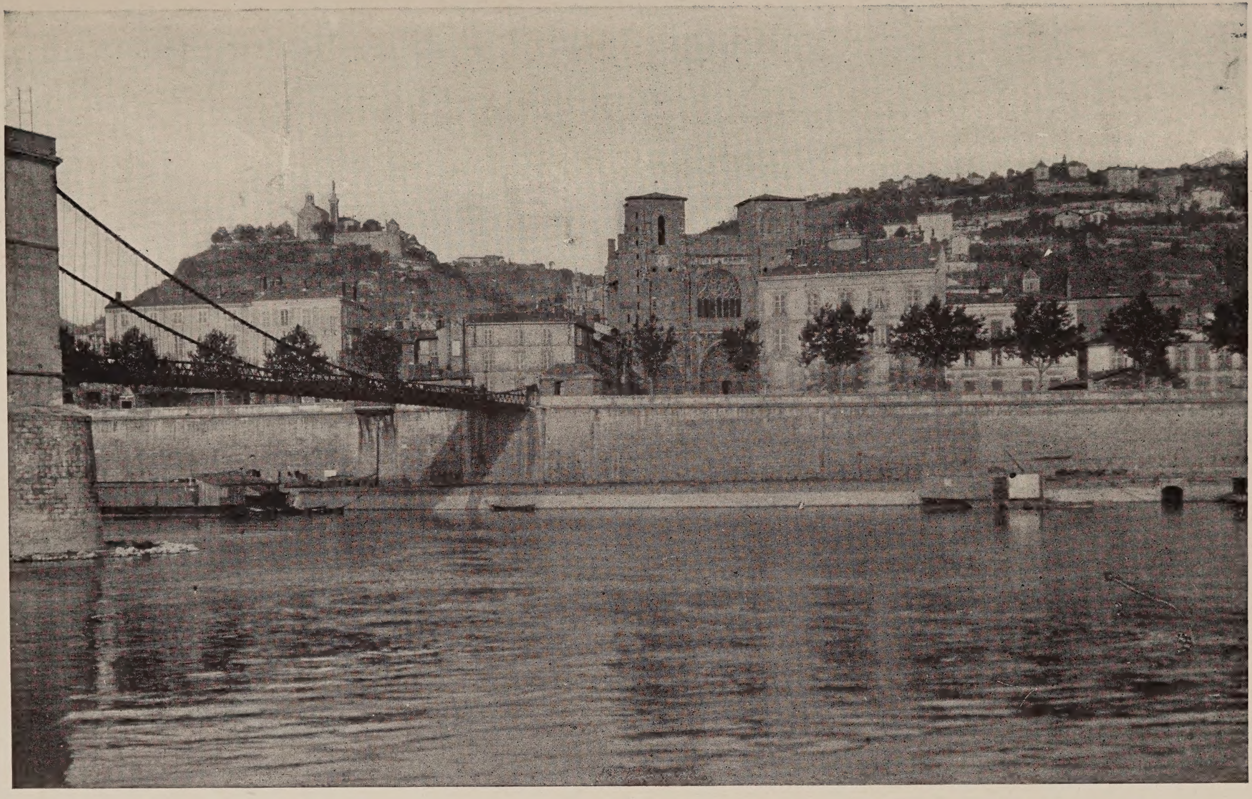
The ferocity of the Faithful of all classes was well illustrated in 1374 when a Bishop was cast by nobles from the top of the tower of his castle at Sion, and in 1385 when, during a popular outbreak, Rudolph of Clussé, Archbishop of Tarentaise, with his family and attendants, was cruelly murdered. "Evidently," writes the chronicler of these events, "the Bishops of Savoy required courage."

Yet, notwithstanding these acts of atrocious disrespect, the people were sincerely loyal to the older Church. The wide-spread heresies of Switzerland found few ready converts; those who, like the Genevese Bishops, fled from Protestant and Calvinistic persecutions found a refuge in Savoy, and nearly all who had accepted non-Catholic doctrines were gently weaned from their new ways by the kind, untiring Saint François de Sales.

IN THE CITY OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF TARENTAISE.—MOÛTIERS.

Dauphiné.

The people of Dauphiné were far from sharing this conservatism. The long, snow-bound winters of mountainous countries are conducive to thought and contemplation. "Every breath of the Reformation," writes Gertrude Bell, "carried a seed into the mountains" of this province; and not only has it struggled with religious problems, it has also been foremost in preserving its political rights and in claiming new privileges,



"THE CITIES WHICH LIE ALONG THE RHONE PARTAKE OF MUCH OF THE SUNNY CHARM OF PROVENCE."—VIENNE.

in a word, in being in the van of that political progress which ended in the overthrow of the monarchy and in the Great Revolution.

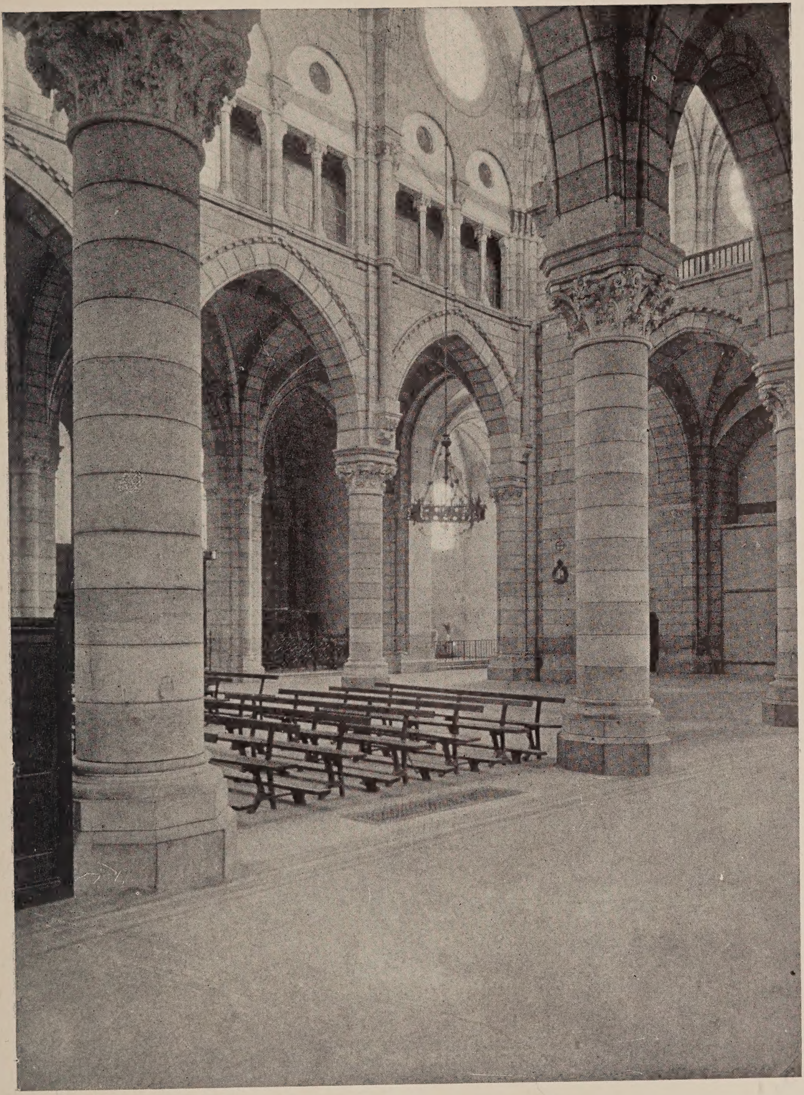
Dauphiné is a country of stern physical beauty. Its mountains are grim and bare, the ground is poor, and along the streams of the valleys modest church spires are seen to rise above the little towns. That part of the province which lies along the Rhone partakes of much of the sunny charm of Provence, but in the country back of the great river the fate of the inhabitant is hard. "The microscopic patches of thin, poor barley which are sown and garnered where you would think no barley could grow; the steep grass-fields where the hay is never ready for the scythe before September, and sometimes needs two or three summers before it can reach a reasonable height; the cobbled paths, half torrent and half road, in which men and mules climb endlessly to fetch the netted bundles of hay and bring them safely home into the valley—these are the conditions under which agriculture is conducted. Nay, more; sometimes the mule brings up the whole field on its back, for it not infrequently happens that the winter's snow and rain will wash all the earth away from some unfavoured slope, leaving the bare stone for the next year's crop, and earth must be carried back in sacks lest the value of the 'estate' should be impaired. In some fields," continues Gertrude Bell, "there is little but flowers, and if the population . . . could subsist on flowers they would feast like princes,—

another of the sweet contradictions of the land being that it is the most prolific in flowers of all the Alps. The corn may be thin and the grass short, but every field is clothed in a coat of many colours."

Like all the French provinces Dauphiné had various extensions and limitations of territory, and various rulers. Its Counts styled themselves "Dauphins," and in the XIV century the incumbent of the title was Humbert II, "vain, inconsistent, eccentric, a spendthrift, and all his life deep in debt." His only son having been accidentally dropped, or purposely thrown, from the Castle of Beauvoir into the Isère which flows beneath its windows, Humbert became willing to sell his birthright; and in 1349 Philip, the wily Valois, bought the province for his grandson Charles, and agreed that the eldest son of the King of France should henceforth bear the title of Dauphin and succeed to the seigneurial rights of the province. With royal princes as suzerains, it was but natural that Dauphiné should have become more intimately connected with the monarchy than any other province of the Midland.

The Church.

During all these years of political strife and changes, the Church throughout the country had prospered, fallen by the wayside, and risen again. Missionary in spirit and in fact, during the first centuries of our era, she had formed an hierarchy which was almost overthrown in the disorders of the VII century. Charles Martel



IN A NEW CATHEDRAL OF DAUPHINÉ.—GAP.

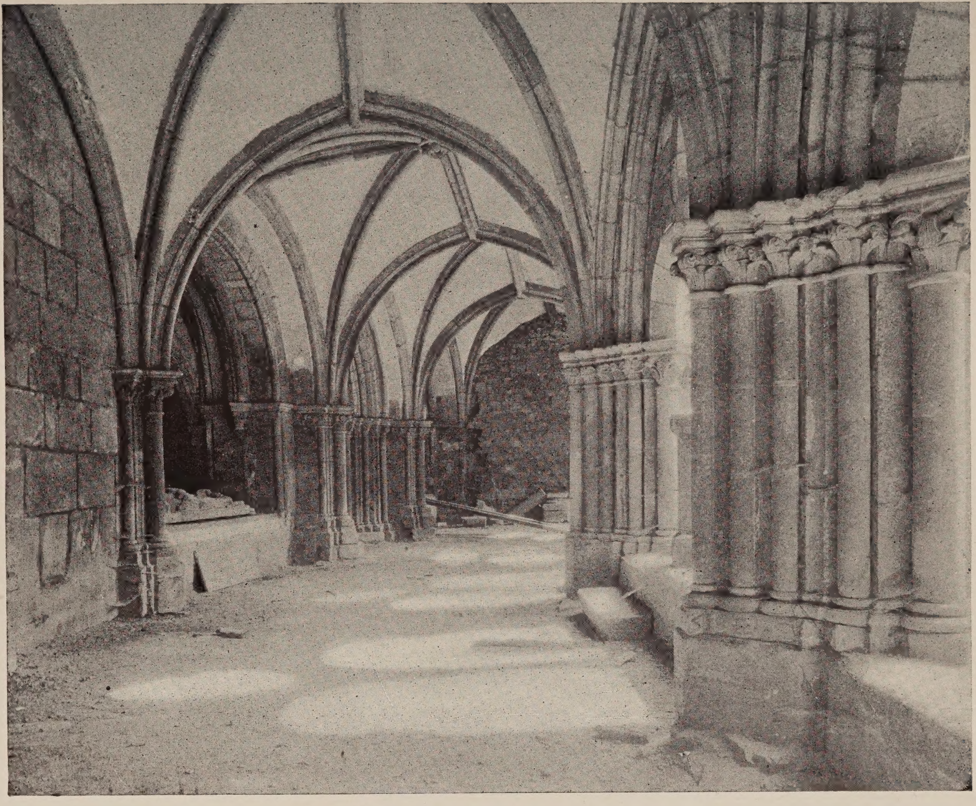
and even Pépin rewarded their followers with church lands, Bishoprics were sometimes given to laymen, while faithful regular clerics were often despoiled and starving. Then Pope Zacharius sent Boniface into Gaul, and before ten years had passed ecclesiastical order was restored.

In less than an hundred years, however, Charlemagne was obliged to write the following pregnant words: "We will beg the people of the Church to explain to us clearly what they mean by 'renouncing the world,' and in what way they who renounce it can be distinguished from those who remain therein. Let them tell us if 'giving up the world' means a daily augmentation of one's possessions by every legal and illegal means, by promising paradise and by menacing with hell to persuade simple souls to strip themselves of their goods and to defraud their legitimate heirs who are thereby reduced to brigandage; if by 'renouncing the world' they mean the pursuit of the passion of gain, even to the suborning of witnesses in order to gain that which belongs to others, even to surrounding one's self by cruel, greedy agents who are without the fear of God, even to the carrying about of Holy Relics in order to build new churches by leading the simple-minded to give up their possessions in order that they may be constructed."

These words of a King, who was a Saint as well, were followed by reforms wherever his powerful arm could reach; and Charlemagne not only regulated, he richly endowed and strengthened the ecclesiasticism of his Empire.

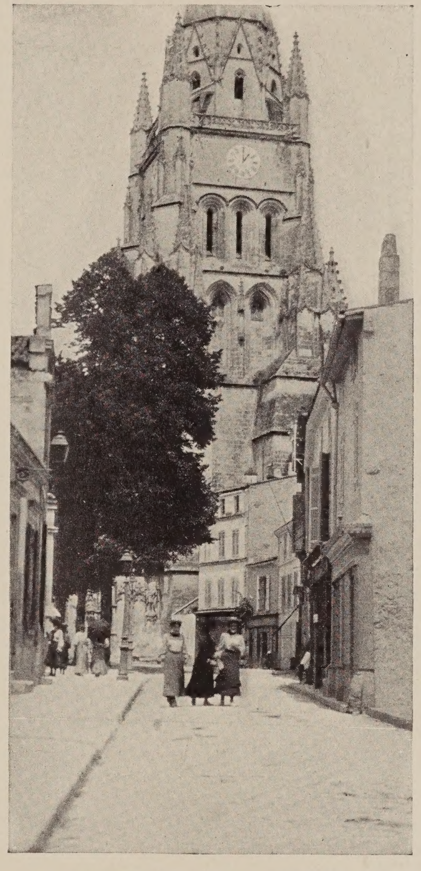
Other lapses and other reforms followed along the centuries. The Church in France became a feudal power, she grew inordinately rich; Popes were obliged to fulminate against her, native Saints arose to purify her with dreadful denunciations;—yet she persisted in mighty strength, as she persists now, because, in spite of some of her human agents, she is founded on the highest religious perfection the world has ever known, towards whose ideals mankind has been struggling for nineteen hundred years.

If these ideals were obscured or forgotten for a time, some great and pious soul arose from the meditation of the Cloister or the Altar to proclaim them anew; and the "immortal order" of the Church and its clergy, as Dean Milman has finely claimed, "rested on no precarious or hereditary descent. The Cathedral or the monastery might be burned, the clergy and the monks, massacred." An Order might fall into error, a Bishop might forget his cloth; but "a new generation arose immediately among the ruins, resumed their wasted estates, and repaired their scattered buildings. . . . The Church . . . renewed its strength, recovered its dilapidated resources, found some latent power which brought it back to its commanding superiority, revenged itself for its humiliation, and still grew on under every, it might seem, fatal change in the political atmosphere."



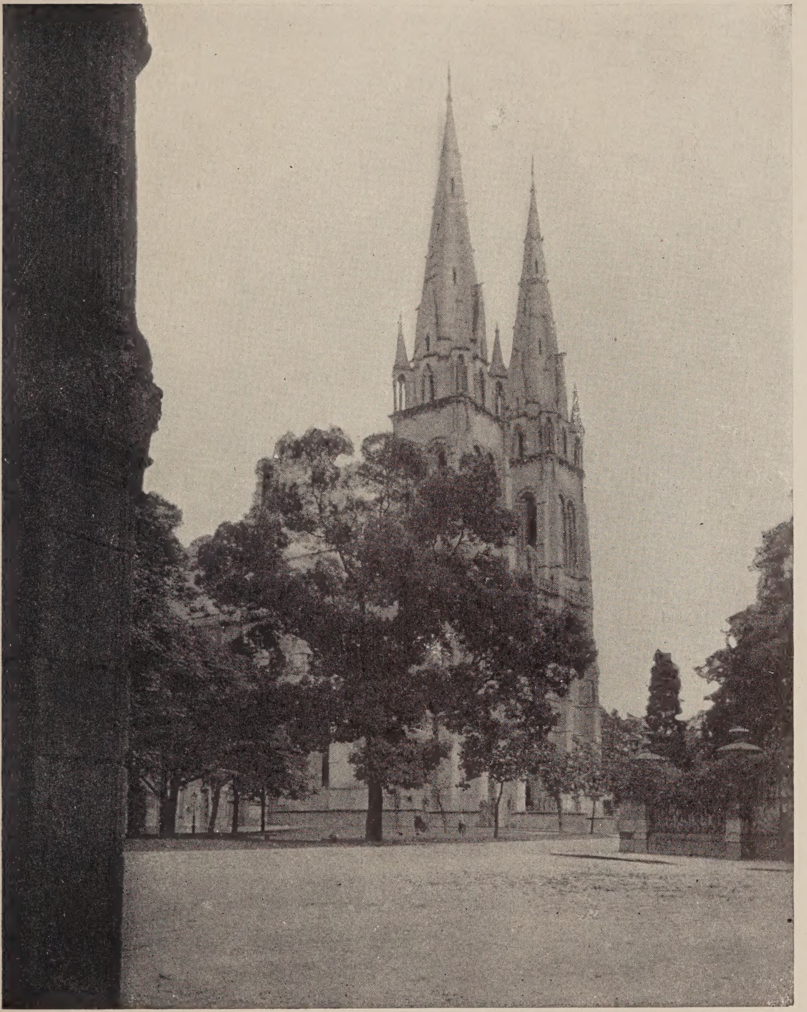
"THE . . . SOLITUDE OF A CLOISTER."—TULLE.

What then was the meaning to the Cathedral-building Ages of this great institution, this Latin Church? No words can so well describe it as those of Lea: "It is," he writes, "the great fact which dominates the history of modern civilisation. All other agencies which moulded the destinies of mediæval Europe were comparatively isolated or sporadic in their manifestations. In one place we may trace the beneficent influence of commerce at work, in another the turbulent energy of the rising Third Estate; the mortal contests of the feudal powers with each other and with progress are waged in detached and convulsive struggles; chivalry casts only occasional and evanescent flashes of light amid the darkness of military barbarism; literature seeks to gain support from any power which will condescend to lend transitory aid to the plaything of the moment. Nowhere do we see combined effort,



A TOWER OF "THE CATHEDRAL-BUILDING AGES."—SAINTES.

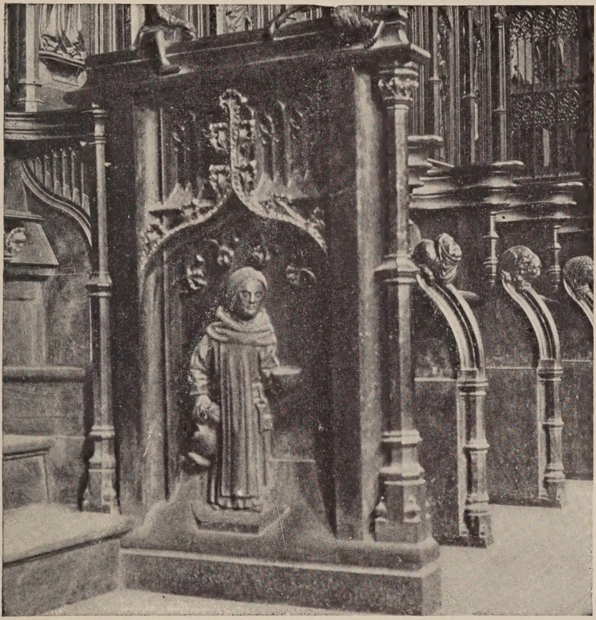
nowhere can we detect a pervading impulse, irrespective of locality or circumstance, save in the imposing machinery of the church establishment. This meets us at every point, in every age, and in every sphere of action. In the dim solitude of the Cloister, the monk is training the minds which are to mould the destinies of the period, while his roof is the refuge of the desolate, the home of the stranger. In the tribunal, the priest is wrestling with the baron, and is extending his more humane and equitable code. . . . In the royal Palace the hand of the ecclesiastic, visible or invisible, is guiding the helm of state, regulating the policy of nations, and converting the brittle force of chivalry into the supple instrument of his will. . . . Lordly prelates, with the temporal power and possessions of the highest princes, joined to the exclusive pretensions of the Church, make war and peace, and are sovereigns in all but name, owing no allegiance save to Emperors whom they elect and Popes whose cause they share. Far above all, the successor of Saint Peter from his pontifical throne claims the whole of Europe as his empire, and dictates terms to Kings who crouch under his reproof or are crushed in the vain effort of rebellion. At the other extremity of society, the humble minister of the Altar, with his delegated power over Heaven and Hell, wields in cottage as in castle an authority hardly less potent, and sways the minds of the Faithful with his right to implicit obedience. Even art offers a willing submission to the universal



"THE LOFTY POISE OF THE CATHEDRAL SPIRES."—MOULINS.

mistress, and seeks the embodiment of its noblest aspirations in the lofty poise of the Cathedral spire, the rainbow glories of the painted window, and the stately rhythm of the solemn chant."

Need it be asked, then, why Cathedrals are the centres, the pivotal points of such great interest, why they are the objects of so many long journeys, why they may be the places of philosophic as well as of religious meditation? In many cases they are so loftily and grandly beautiful that they can draw multitudes within their portals by æstheticism alone, in others, they are ennobled by the memory of some great deed



THE WOOD-CARVERS' ART IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-CLAUDE.

which took place within their walls. But it is not only as works of art, noble embodiments of the struggles of the mind of man to express nobility, grandeur, and worship, that they are worthy of modern thought; nor is it merely as reminders of interesting, sporadic incidents in the history of the race; they are—perhaps above all—suggestive, enduring witnesses of the great mediæval struggle of darkness with light, of that most interesting and vital evolution in the mind of man, the struggle of hidebound theology with religion "pure and undefiled."

Architecture in Midland France.

ARCHITECTURE IN MIDLAND FRANCE.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE, in his valuable *History of the Warfare between Science and Theology in Christendom*, has written a paragraph which is most interesting to the students of Cathedrals.

"Under the magic of the men who led in . . . the æsthetic reaction represented on the Continent by Chateaubriand, Manzoni, and Victor Hugo, and in England by Walter Scott, Pugin, Ruskin, and above all by Wordsworth, . . . Cathedrals and churches, which in the previous century had been regarded by men of culture as mere barbaric masses of stone and mortar, to be masked without by classic colonnades and within by rococo work in stucco and papier-maché, became even more beloved than in the XIII century. . . . Men who were repelled by theological disputations were fascinated and made devoted reactionists by the newly revealed beauties of mediæval architecture and ritual."

In a note Dr. White adds, "A very curious example of this insensibility among persons of really high culture is to be found in American literature towards the end of the XVIII century. Mrs. Adams, wife of

John Adams, afterwards President of the United States, but at that time minister to England, one of the most gifted women of her time, speaking in her very interesting letters from England, of her journey to the seashore, refers to Canterbury Cathedral seen from her carriage windows, and which she evidently did not take the trouble to enter, as 'looking like a vast prison.' So, too, about the same time, Thomas Jefferson, the American plenipotentiary in France, a devoted lover of classical and Renaissance architecture, giving an account of his journey to Paris, never refers to any of the beautiful Cathedrals or churches upon his route."

Cultivated Europeans of to-day, who have read the opinion of Mrs. Adams and noted the omissions of Jefferson, are apt to suggest that their authors were more accustomed to the sight of blockhouses than to the refinements of European architecture. But the same peculiar opinions distinguished Europeans of the same epoch, Europeans who had never seen wigwam or redskin. Natives of Périgueux used the old Latin Basilica of Saint-Front as a house, stones from Notre-Dame of Alet were used in building an aqueduct, and in 1770 its apse was destroyed to make way for a county road. Not only are such acts of vandalism no longer permitted, but the cult of Cathedrals, which succeeded, has changed to a saner and more reasoning admiration. It is still true that some are extolled, to the neglect of others as great. Reims, Paris, Amiens are names

"THE BEAUTY OF MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE."—LYONS.

to conjure by; Agde, Albi, Rodez are often all but unknown; while many of the Cathedrals of Central France are utterly ignored.

In the XVIII century Arthur Young, in his famous *Tour through France*, quaintly claims that the country "admits a division into three capital parts; first, of vines; secondly, of maize; thirdly, of olives—which give the three districts of, first, the northern, where vines are not planted; secondly, the central, in which maize is not planted; thirdly, the South, in which olives, mulberries, vines, and maize are all found." In such a manner architectural France might be divided,—first, the land of the Gothic; second, the land of the Romanesque; third, the land where both are found; the North where Romanesque is not indigenous, the South where Gothic is transplanted, and the Midland where, besides Gothic and Romanesque, a strange form was evolved which may—or may not—be worthy of a separate name.

No province of this part of France can lay claim to an exclusive development of any one architectural style. Auvergne possesses churches of the greatest originality; Aquitaine, an immense territory including many smaller fiefs, has a correspondingly large proportion of differing Cathedrals; Burgundy claims the great Cluniac style and the Gothic; Dauphiné, with good Gothic, has the finest and by far the most varied examples of the pure Romanesque; and Savoy, one of the most beautiful of countries, has Cathedrals which are often unworthy of classification under any great architectural name.

Each style has great representatives in Midland France, and it is not only a land of fine Cathedrals, but of many various and interesting churches, and the exacting traveller who finds much sameness in the great Gothic of the North, much monotony in the Romanesque of the South, will find surprising and delightful variety, as well as greatness, in the best architectural creations of the Centre.

The Gothic.

"The Gothic church is the expression of the religious ideal of the Middle Ages; it is, as it were, a prayer, a *sursum corda*, materialised and imperishable." These eloquent words of Beaumont and Monod fitly characterise the style which has realised more often than any other the highest ideal of Christian architecture. Other styles may beautifully express worship, reverence, but the Gothic, in all except its most bastard forms, is indeed a *sursum corda* to which every one is constrained to reply, *habemus ad Dominum.*

By common consent the greatest and purest expression of this style is that of the Isle de France, and it is often added as a corollary to this proposition that the Gothic which lies outside this enchanted region is of a far inferior creation.

Ruskin has called Amiens "the Parthenon of Gothic Architecture;" in like manner the churches of the Isle

"THEIR BEAUTIES ARE OFTEN ALL BUT UNKNOWN."—BELLEY.

de France might be termed "its perfection." There is, however, outside this "perfection" a great imperfection whose originality, force, and achievement are not less interesting, and sometimes, not less beautiful. This thesis may be proved by at least one of the native Gothic schools of Midland France and in more than one of its Gothic Cathedrals.

In the South of France, this great style was appreciated in all the majesty of its beauty; and its Cathedrals, if often left unfinished, were never meanly conceived. The choir of Narbonne is lofty and of noble inspiration, that of Saint-Nazaire in Carcassonne is the beauty of holiness expressed in stone, and even the lesser choir of Toulouse is not unworthy of its name.

The Gothic of the Midland, existing under very different conditions, had a correspondingly different development. It received the more direct inspiration of the Isle de France, became the most general manner of ecclesiastical architecture, and attained not only to the perfection of the most inspired southern builders, but to a greater completion and a larger number of differing and beautiful examples; and at the same time, suffering the misfortunes of an universal familiarity, it was employed in the construction of mean and poor buildings unworthy alike of its name and of the title of Cathedral. Thus the Midland Gothic reaches more frequently the heights of inspiration and descends more frequently to the depths of mediocrity.

The Poitevin development, "founded on Romanesque traditions . . . but Gothic in form," is well illustrated in the large Cathedral of Poitiers, which, with its pronounced Romanesque and Gothic, preserves also "in the manner of constructing the vaulting of the large naves a last trace of the cupola."

Much finer than this rather too bastard form is the Burgundian school, lofty and severe, which is nobly expressed in the interior of Saint-Bénigne of Dijon. It seems as if this "style of the pointed arch" were unlimited, not only in its greatness, which every one concedes, but in the variety of its creations; and the vastness of Poitiers, the sombre beauty of Clermont, the perfect harmony of Limoges, Saint-Claude's fine severity, the stateliness of Autun, the glowing beauty of the choir of Moulins, the more conventional greatness of Lyons and Bordeaux, and the impressive ruins of Maillezais, show the spontaneity and forceful genius of the Gothic builders of central France.

The Romanesque.

The great style of the South, the Romanesque, has but few examples in the Midland. Its first churches were in many cases destroyed during the continual invasions of the Dark Ages, and when the rival Gothic appeared it conquered without effort in the central provinces; and conquered so completely that only a few Cathedrals still possess fragments of an

"EACH STYLE HAS BEAUTIFUL REPRESENTATIONS IN MIDLAND FRANCE."—ANGOULÊME.

older construction, and only four belong obviously to this most ancient Christian manner of building.

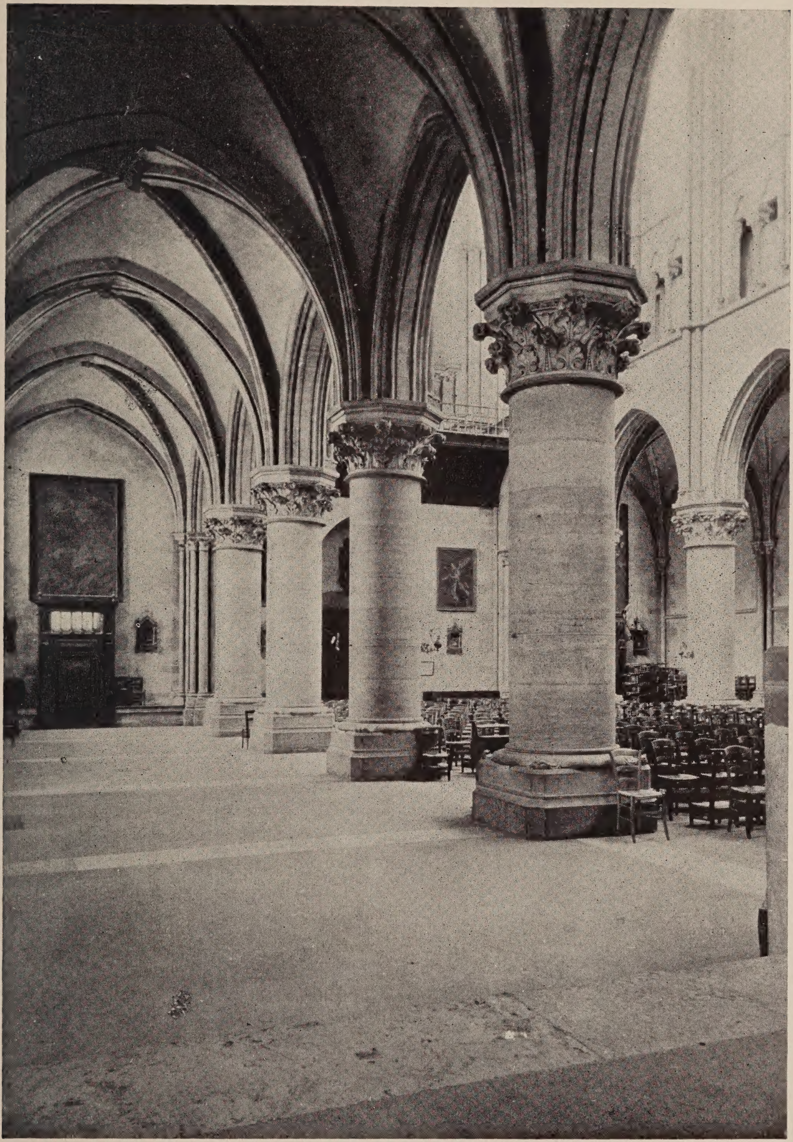
Yet Midland France is the home of a very distinctive form of the Romanesque; and, by a strange destiny, this type, which is especially strong, resourceful, and original, was evolved in Auvergne, a province which is conservative even to retrogression. The type took the name of its home-country; and developed early in so fine a degree that its churches of the XI and XII centuries were firmly vaulted, well proportioned, and decorated with both richness and skill. These architectural ideas were dominant not only in Auvergne, but penetrated into the Nivernais as shown in the construction of Saint-Etienne of Nevers, and into the South where it is seen in the glorious Basilica of Saint-Sernin of Toulouse. Unfortunately the irresistible success of the style of the Isle de France swept away this fine form in the fulness of its strength, and it has too few existing examples in the churches of France, and but one among the Cathedrals of Auvergne.

The distinctive traits of the Auvergnat Romanesque are its use of the dome, differing materially from the Aquitanian manner and the tentative Provençal method; the employment of a colour-scheme in its building-stone, well demonstrated in the Cathedral of Le Puy; and its strong and beautiful sculpture.

The most undisputed authority on French monuments, venturing into the realm of speculation, argues that the cupolas of Auvergne descend architecturally from those of the Adriatic, the different tones of the building-material strongly suggest an eastern source of influence, and the Auvergnat school of sculpture, much influenced by the Roman examples which lay in ruins over the entire province, was also guided by neighbouring and contemporary methods of carving. "It did not arrive at the formation of a new style of sculpture," continues Viollet-le-Duc, but "it redeemed . . . this . . . by the delicacy of its execution and by the refinement of its details," and is one of the most powerful expressions of the genius of the Romanesque.

In its fragmentary forms the central Romanesque is occasionally imposing, as in the magnificent porch of Saint-Nazaire of Autun; sometimes archæologically curious, as in the western entrance of Die, the Cathedral's only real claim to importance; and sometimes, as in the rounded arches of Besançon and Bordeaux, rather more disturbing to the general harmony of the church than interesting or significant.

But, as if to compensate for their poverty of numbers, the Romanesque Cathedrals of the Centre, with the single exception of Agen, are not only unusual and remarkable churches, but they also illustrate most strikingly several steps in the evolution of the style. Of the old, primitive, basilican form nothing so quaintly ancient exists as may still be seen in many a Provençal village, yet, in spite of Gothic reconstructions, the



MODERN GOTHIC OF THE MIDLAND.—MOULINS.

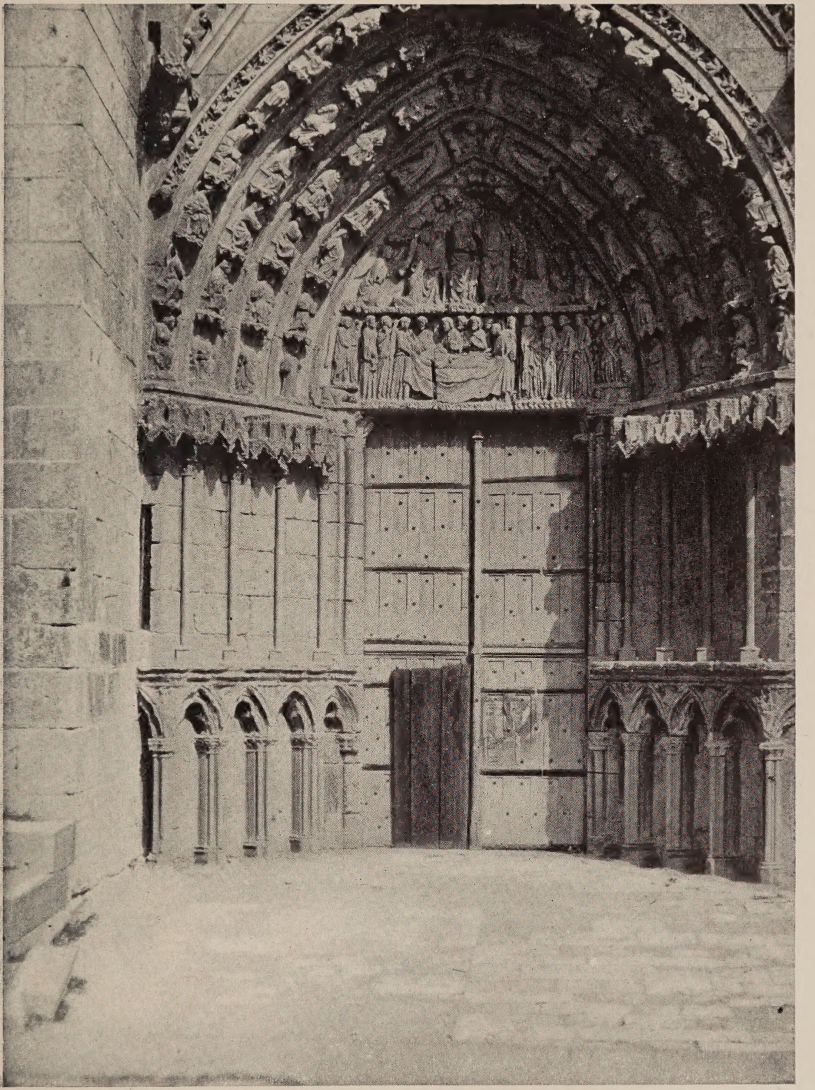
picturesque church of Embrun has preserved its old and close relationship to the venerable form. The severe and stately Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux is one of the most pure and beautiful types of classical Romanesque which now exists in France, and of the later development of the style, Valence is a most harmonious example. Sarlat and Tulle, Saintes and Poitiers, have traces of the older form, but no province of the Midland is so richly endowed as Dauphiné, and even Provence with its many Cathedrals has no three more interesting than those of Embrun, Valence, and Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux.

The Gallo-Byzantine.

There exist in France, besides the two great ecclesiastical styles which are universally recognised, and a certain nondescript form of construction to which a few of the central Cathedrals unhappily belong, other forms of great individuality which deserve a special name and would be placed in a class apart if they were more numerous, if they were more generally studied, or if they did not lend themselves so readily to an easy and not altogether illogical classification under the Gothic or Romanesque. Such are the creations of the Toulousan brick-builders, such also are the fortress-churches of the Midi. But the submergence of these strange and comparatively unknown types in the generic Gothic and Romanesque has met with none of the protest which has attended the classification of those numerous churches of the ancient province of Aquitaine, among which the Cathedrals of Périgueux, Angoulême, and Cahors are found. And this is not only because these edifices are so strikingly individual, but because they belong in part to each of the two great styles, and have such marked characteristics of both that respected and eminent authorities disagree as to their name and their place in the history of architecture.

Yet if it may be said, with as much accuracy as is ordinarily found in a sweeping generality, that the North is the home of the Gothic, the South the land of the Romanesque, and the Midland the meeting-place of the two, it may be claimed that the Midland is also the home of a style which, although similar to the Romanesque in detail, has an individuality so striking that it demands a distinctive name.

"Its primitive type," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "is found at Périgueux in the old Cathedral of the city and in the abbatial Church of Saint-Front. It is a Byzantine importation. The principle of this school is that of the cupola resting on pendentives. In an age when most of the Romanesque schools of France scarcely knew how to solve the problem of placing the vaulting upon the ancient basilica, this foreign importation was bound to have, and did have in fact, a great success. Thus, in the western provinces, during the XI and XII centuries, the Roman plan with rare exceptions was abandoned for the Byzantine. Those provinces which were more particularly attached to Latin tra-



"THE MIDLAND GOTHIC REACHES MORE FREQUENTLY THE HEIGHTS OF INSPIRATION."—POITIERS.

ditions, as the Isle de France, Champagne, and Burgundy, alone resisted this new influence and continued to seek the solution of the problem stated, which led them to the system of Gothic construction."

The presence of this Byzantine influence, indirectly traceable in many ways, has been the subject of many a learned chapter. Monks in their wanderings may have learned the manner. Eastern traders may have brought it, Crusaders may have seen and admired the "swelling dome." Some writers claim that if the Byzantine influence in the South was never great enough to give its name to southern buildings it had, at least, a marked existence there, and de Vogüé believes that long before the First Crusade, in the IX century, the churches of the Midi bore traces of Oriental suggestion.

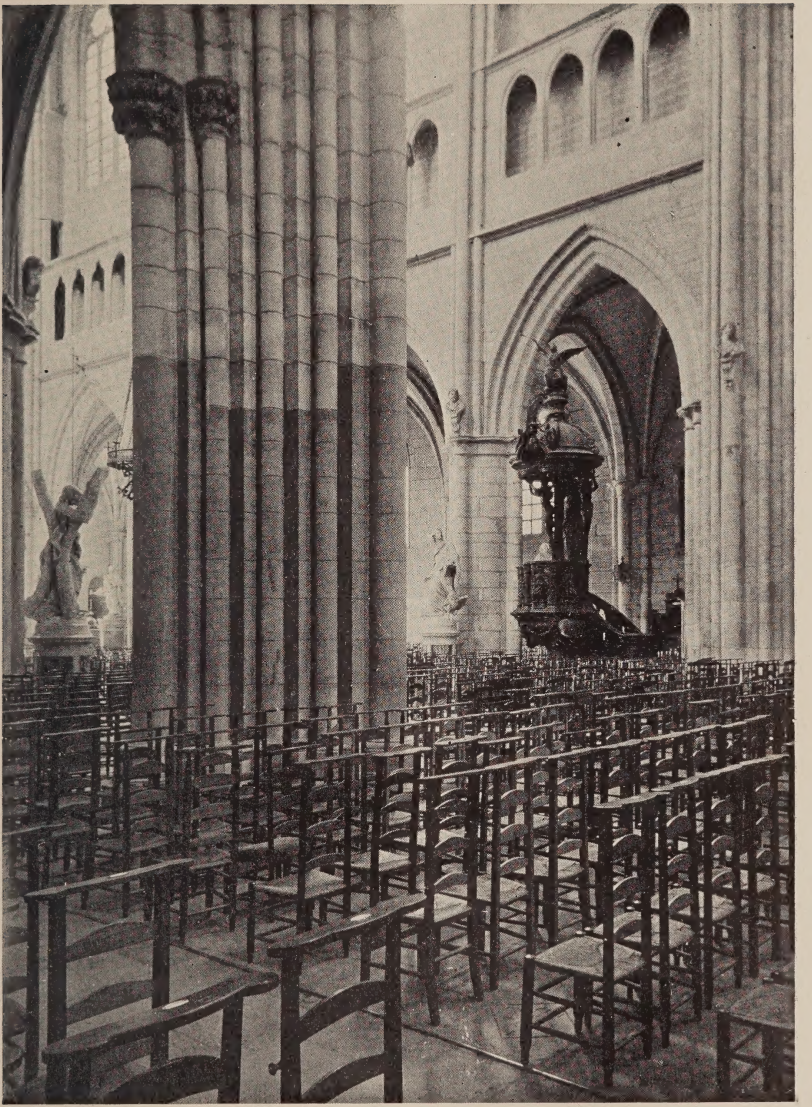
These "traces," however, are not to be compared with the potent influence which the Byzantine style exerted over the church-builders of Périgord. Contemporary records give but unimportant, laconic witness as to the origins of their constructive forms; some architectural authorities would catalogue them as "variations" of the Romanesque; others would insist simply on their "Orientalism." It is always impossible for students to decide where masters disagree, but in Périgord the problem is not to be lightly disregarded as it may be in the South where its features are not salient. Here, by the very magnitude of its material presence, its insistence, the domical form creates wonderings and imaginings and vague hypotheses, often elusive, often tantalising, often unsatisfactory, but always interesting.

Looking at the great Saint-Front of Périgueux, the most marvellous example of the French domical style, the layman is impressed by its Eastern form, but almost complete absence of Oriental atmosphere; Romanesque in ornamentation, yet singularly free from the distinctive impress of its ornament. It is an astounding, original structure. To call it Byzantine seems impossible when the blue-and-white tiled Santa Sophia is recalled; or Romanesque when one remembers Valence or Arles; and for lack of a better term, and because it partakes both of the French–Romanesque and the Eastern style, it may be termed the Gallo–Byzantine.

This form of construction is a product of the Midland, the most original expression of its genius, and has a notable place in the history of French building.

The Pseudo-Classic.

There is a style of religious architecture which is worthy neither of a place in any book nor in French Cathedrals, but it must be mentioned since, unhappily, it exists in France. This is the fashion of the XVII and XVIII centuries, the Pseudo-Classic. With the perfervid admiration for all that was "classical," which the Renaissance introduced, came also an adulation of the ancient forms of architecture. It



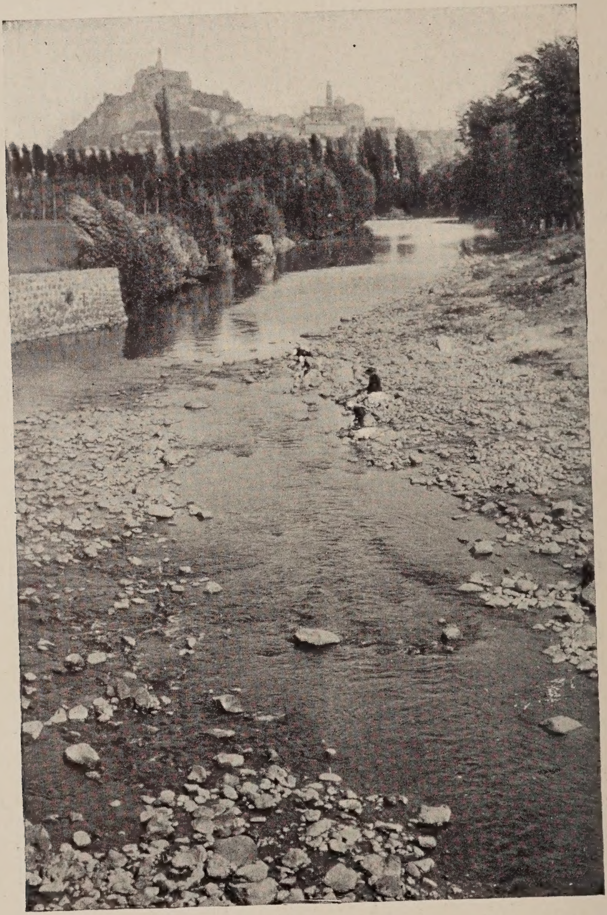
"THE BURGUNDIAN SCHOOL, . . . WHICH IS NOBLY EXPRESSED IN THE INTERIOR OF SAINT-BÉNIGNE OF DIJON."

was an enthusiastic and uncritical adulation; and proceeded, whenever possible, to create new buildings after the Grecian patterns.

Its imitations had what Doctor Gilly calls all the "symptoms of modernity and imposture." They were "imitations" in the lowest sense of the word. The marble columns of the ancients were reproduced in wood, stucco images of Saints took the place of

"THE IMPRESSIVE RUINS OF MAILLEZAIS."

statues of the gods, the vastness of the temple became the bareness of the church, and stained-glass added colouring where the antique style demanded unity



IN "THE HOME-COUNTRY" OF THE AUVERGNAT ROMANESQUE.—LE PUY.

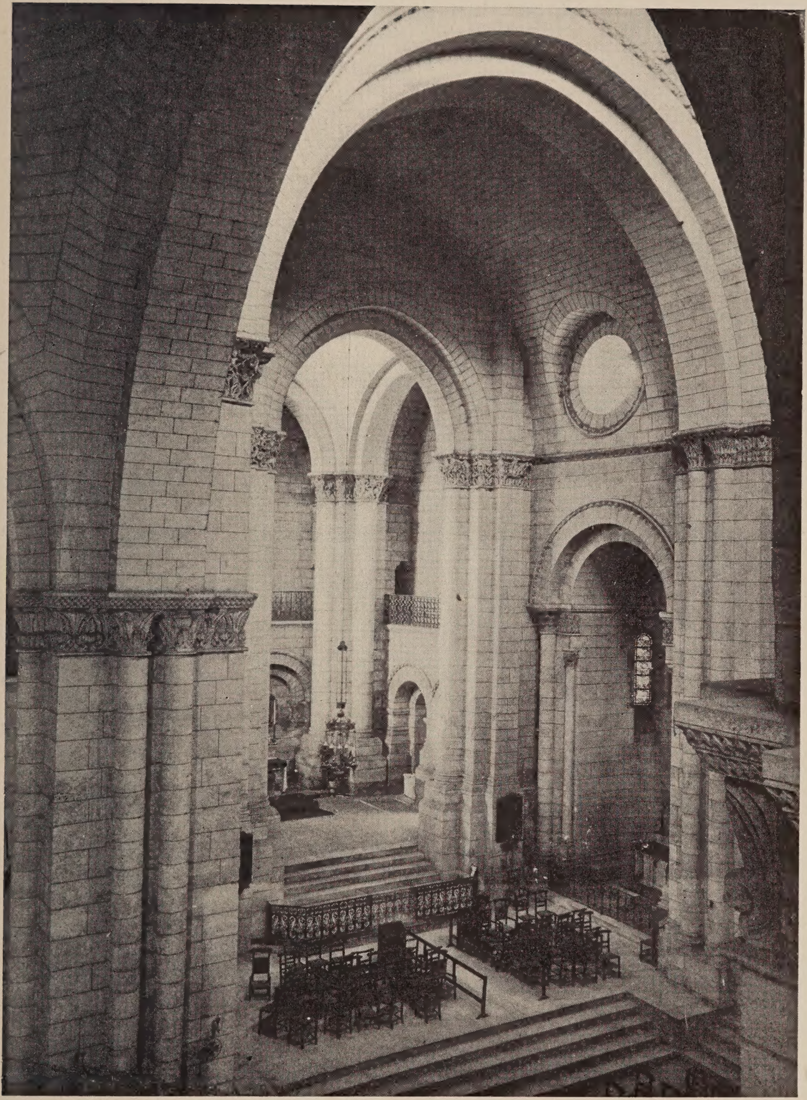
of tone. These builders of the XVII and XVIII centuries had often not even a primary concept of the great Grecian style they were attempting to copy.

Its proportions, its severity, its chaste nobility, were unperceived by these moderns; material and proportions did not disturb their imaginations; and they were content to make painted, wooden columns which they called "Ionic," "Doric," or "Composite," and to place them in such sizes and positions as appealed to their particular, distorted sense of fitness. In ecclesiastical architecture, the results have been some of the most undevotional and hideous churches of Christendom. The Cathedrals of Montauban and of Castres in Southern France are melancholy products of this bastard manner; and the Midland, in the Cathedral of Saint-Louis of La Rochelle, is encumbered by a massive specimen of the style.

THE SOUTH PORTAL OF EMBRUN.

It is impossible to imagine a more wretched and depressing form of churchly architecture; and it is not too much to say that its every touch is a blight. The façade of the Cathedral of Annecy is one of its creations, that of Luçon is another, the entrance of Moûtiers, a third, and the great Cathedral of Saint-Claude is defaced by a monumental western wall of the same poor style. The traveller, confronted by these architectural deformities, is often deeply depressed—but in the Midland Cathedrals he will always find some compensations. Even Saint-Louis of La Rochelle has, near by, the interesting old tower of Saint-Barthélemy; and for nearly every other Pseudo-Classic taint in other Cathedrals there are countervailing perspectives in the fine old styles or, at least, some quaint, consoling details; and Savoy, which surely contains the most modest churches in Europe, well repays the Cathedral-seeker in the grandeur of its Nature, "its Temples not made by hands."

It is too true that Cathedrals must have a certain beauty, a loftiness, one might even say a certain established renown and grandiose size, before they become generally interesting. Yet memories as well as magnificence should have their legitimate claim. A plain shaft causes many to pause and think, the bare field of Waterloo draws crowds from all the world because of the great destinies decided on it, a barren rock in the sea became full of significance because, Prometheus-like, a restless soul was bound there. So it is with Cathedrals—the meanest in Savoy has its ancient tale which Curés love to pour into the ears of willing listeners. And for those who see in churches only the beauty of the material, Clermont, Le Puy, Périgueux, Bordeaux, and as many others call for long



"A CATHEDRAL OF SUCH MARKED CHARACTERISTICS."—ANGOULÊME.

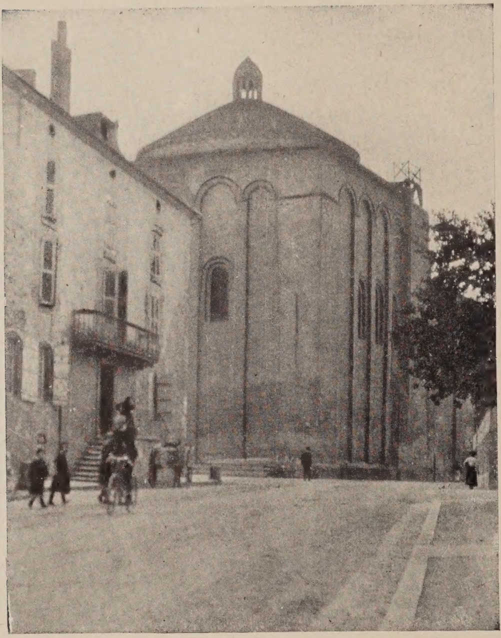
hours of study. The Midland has no mean place in the geography of architecture, for to it belong several great and original developments of the basic forms of religious architecture—the Poitevin Gothic, the Burgundian school, the Auvergnat Romanesque, and the Gallo-Byzantine of Aquitaine.

Origin of the Cathedral.

The basis of all mediæval ideas of church-building, in whatever country of Europe, lay in the diverse forms of the two earliest meeting-places which necessity gave to Christianity, the familiar "basilica" of the Roman house and the crypt of the Roman catacombs, those "venerable sanctuaries hollowed under ground . . . which had held the bodies of martyrs and in which the holy mysteries had been celebrated during the days of persecution."

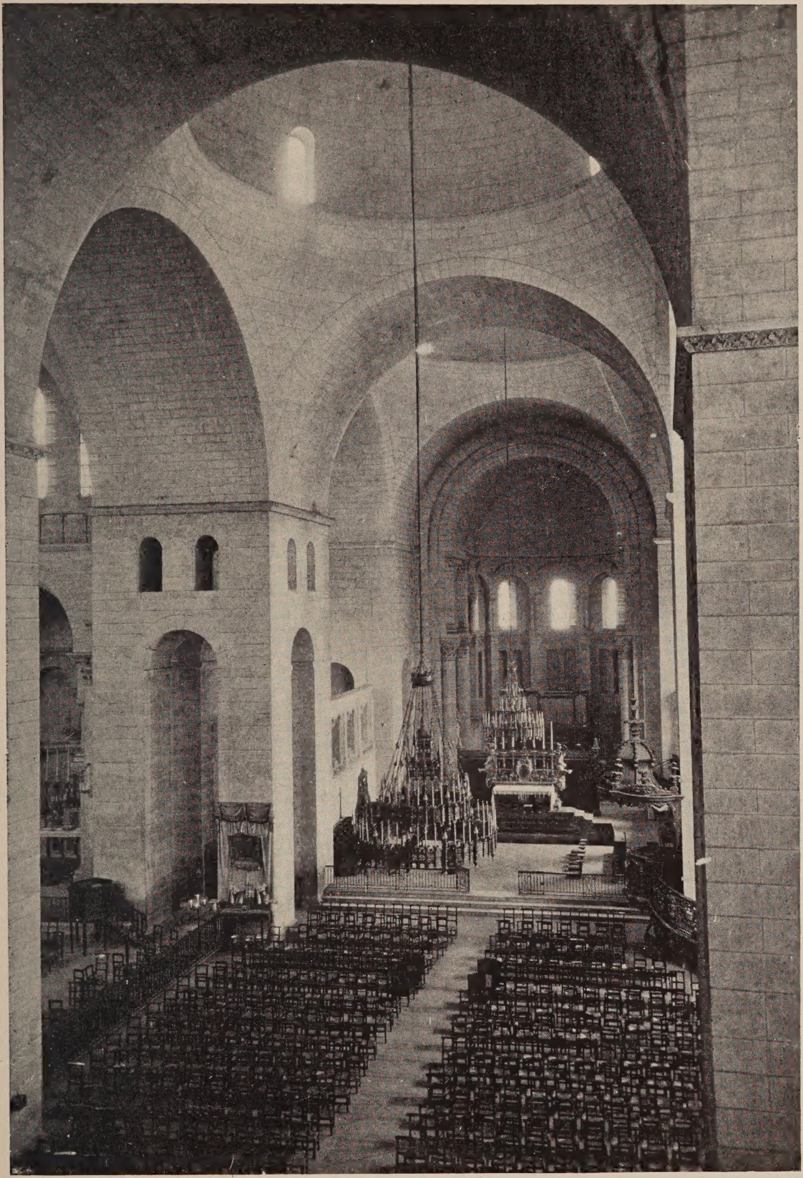
Nevertheless the traveller who is obliged to accept this simple statement finds it exasperating and elusive. Like the familiar puzzle of childhood, the oak from the little acorn, the development is so vast, the changes apparently so radical, that the very thought of the chasm between the beginnings of churchly architecture and the great Cathedrals of Midland France is bewildering.

In the South of France this feeling is not so well defined; for the provinces of the Midi, and particularly Provence, possess edifices which, if they do not form a complete connection between the Roman "basilica" and the church of the XII century, present many stages of the evolution.



"ITS PRIMITIVE TYPE IS FOUND IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL OF THE CITY."—PÉRIGUEUX.

Besides the lingering reminiscences of the early Christian meeting-places, the character of the ecclesiastical structures of France was formed by the remains of notable buildings of imperial Roman antiquity with which Gaul was covered. These buildings have been strangely misused and abused during the long centuries of the Christian era. The beautiful Temple of Augustus and Livia at Vienne became successively a Church of Our-Lady-the-Old, a church dedicated to Our-Lady-of-Life, a Jacobin Club, a revolutionary Temple of Reason, and a magistrate's office; and many other antique buildings have endured destinies as strange. But the remarkable uses which they served could not obscure their material presence or the unconscious power which that insistent presence exerted on those who lived



"THE PRINCIPLE OF THIS SCHOOL IS THAT OF THE CUPOLA RESTING ON PENDENTIVES."—PÉRIGUEUX.

within its reach. Unknowingly they accepted these pagan relics as models, and early French architecture shows everywhere their subtle influence, as well as the haunting traditions of the "basilica" and the catacombs.

To these native and religious influences must be added the foreign ideas brought at different times, in differing measure, with more or less of accuracy, by all sorts and conditions of mediæval travellers, monks, traders, builders, and the motley classes of Crusaders; and when it is considered that all these concepts served in the formation of many schools, it will be seen that French ecclesiastical architecture is not, as French poetry is sometimes said to be, the exhibition of a more or less mechanical perfection. It is a many-sided, an almost bewildering manifestation of a genius whose spontaneity, creative force, and varied magnificence has not been excelled by that of any other Christian nation. It was in vain that the asceticism of the Middle Ages rose to protest against the material glory of these churches, in vain Saint Bernard condemned "the richness of their polished materials and paintings which attract the eye"; the ideal grew until it found its final expression in the sublimity of the Gothic Cathedral.

Savoy.

SAVOY.

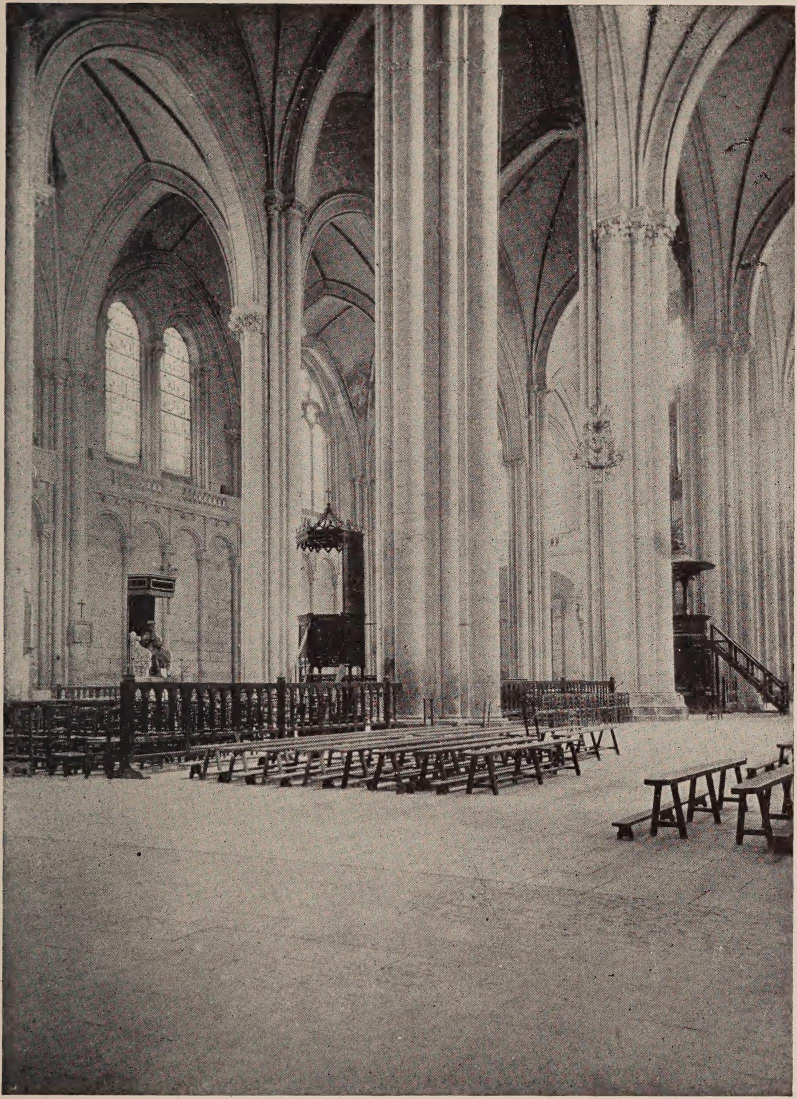
Saint-Jean-de-Maurieme.

The little valley-town of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, surrounded by the tall, snowy peaks of the Savoyard Alps and itself cold and snow-bound during many months of the year, has but little to remind the modern traveller that, in the Middle Ages, it was the seat of powerful Bishops who not only exercised seigneurial rights in the valley of Maurienne and ruled from their Palace of Saint-Jean both temporally and spiritually, but had also their "Hôtel des Monnaies," whose great "hunchback tower" still stands, recalling that they possessed the proudest temporal privilege of mediæval nobility, the right of coinage.

The present Palace of the Bishops is so like a big, pleasant country-house and their town is such a big village that it needs the great tower and old fortifications to suggest the Bishop's seat as it was in its former, more glorious days,—a "strong place" in the mountains, surrounded and protected by its high walls and conical towers, and most picturesque in its lonely isolation amid the bare, stormy peaks. Unfortunately the charm of mediæval strength is almost gone, and only the rugged and rather savage charm of Alpine nature remains.

The town has one long, busy street, a continuation of the country road, where wandering merchants display the plaid kerchiefs and bright-coloured aprons dear to the peasants, where great cattle-fairs are held, where sundry small shops ply a quiet trade, and where two rival hostelries serve anything from a glass of liqueur to a farmer's dinner at one franc fifty or a more impressive "table d'hôte" at two francs. Various little paths and byways and, sometimes, a more ambitious street straggle across the great high-road which is the scene of the bustling industry of Saint-Jean; and behind one of the old towers, in a bedraggled little square, is the Cathedral.

Perhaps no Cathedral in France has so dreary, monotonous, and unchurchly a façade. It is much to say that the beauty of the surrounding mountains is not only powerless to lend it attractiveness, but rather makes its angular, artificial Classicism of the XVIII century cruder and more bald in comparison with their fine severity. As if to heighten the sordid and worldly character of the western and chief entrance to the church, the cast of a tomb intended for Humbert of the White Hands, first Duke of Savoy, has been placed at one end of the portico; there is also an interesting bas-relief by the Collini brothers which represents the Emperor Conrad giving to the Duke the investiture of Maurienne. As the plaster cast was never used and the bas-relief does not adorn the tomb of the great Duke, they are purely art relics and so obviously fitted for a museum that it is not until one has actually



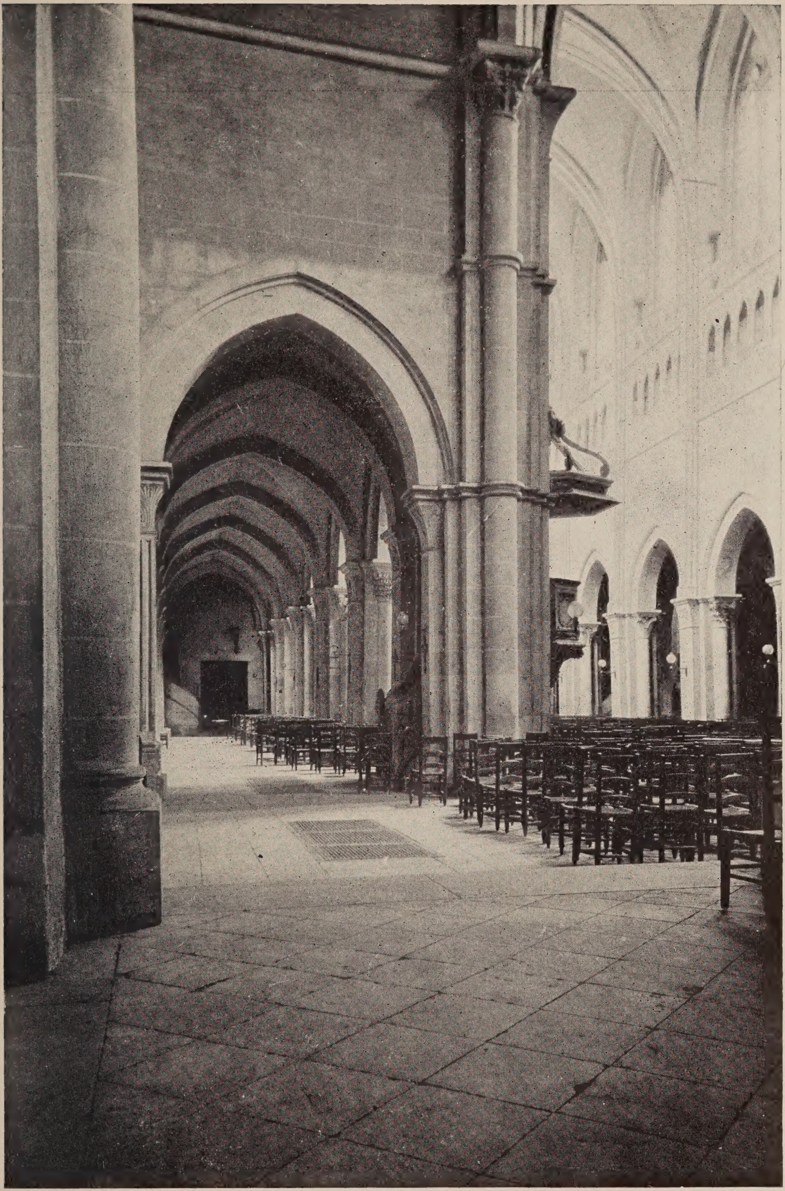
"THE POITEVIN GOTHIC."—POITIERS.

stepped into the church and caught the glimmer of the gentle Sanctuary-light that one fully realises the sacred character of the building.

The Cathedral has a large, low, broad interior of simplest Gothic, with three aisles and chapels. The central nave has a deep choir which is somewhat dark and mystically impressive, and the side aisles end in smaller chapels. The interior has been very considerably restored by the Carthusian Fathers in the rather irrelevant style of their Order. As a whole it has little grandeur and no real majesty, but rather the measured and coldly pleasant attractiveness of low, broad-arched space and a cleanly, well-kept condition.

The real interest of the Cathedral lies in its artistic details, the monuments of wood and stone which have been added from time to time, to the greater glory of God, Bishop, and Saint. Several Bishops of Maurienne have impressive tombs in this church and its choir is filled with beautiful works. Here are the choir-stalls, carved by the Genevese Mochet in the XV century, rows of statues of holy men and women cut in the rich, dark wood above the Canons' seats and surmounted by delicate, traceried canopies. Here also, in a large panel, is another wood-carving of more dramatic composition, the Baptism of Christ. Yet the strength and art of these works in wood pale before the graceful and more fragile elegance of the alabaster ciborium which contains the great relic of the Cathedral, three fingers of Saint John the Baptist, which Saint Thecla is believed to have brought here in the VI century. This exquisite shrine, very tall, very slender, is a pyramid of purest Gothic, covered with lace-like designs and statues in turreted niches, and the pinnacle is crowned with a charming figure of the Madonna and Child. This lovely shrine, the fine choir-wood, and the tomb of a prelate are seen but dimly from the nave, yet it does not seem inappropriate that the most beautiful treasures of the Cathedral should be gathered in this, its Holy of Holies.

The crypt, which is the oldest part of the church, was so filled with earth and stones during the inundation of 1459 that its churchly appearance was much injured. The Cloister, however, although so worn by age and time that its arcades have no longer the original beauty of their rare alabaster, is architecturally the most appealing and significant part of the Cathedral. Here the apse looms above the Cloister-roofs in simple dignity; and, seen through the arches of the walks, across the narrow expanse of the dusty little close, the mountains which rise and shut in the horizon add lofty picturesqueness to the quiet scene. The Cloister is simply vaulted, its arches are almost uncarved, and its piers are straight and plain. It is essentially melancholy and monotonous; not unbeautiful but architecturally colourless, and is not only a place where human moods can find a refuge, but one which reflects the moods of nature, and varies greatly in cheerful and in lonely suggestiveness with



"A FAR PURER AND LESS LABOURED FORM, THE BEAUTIFUL AND SEVERE BURGUNDIAN TYPE."—CHALON-SUR-SAÔNE.

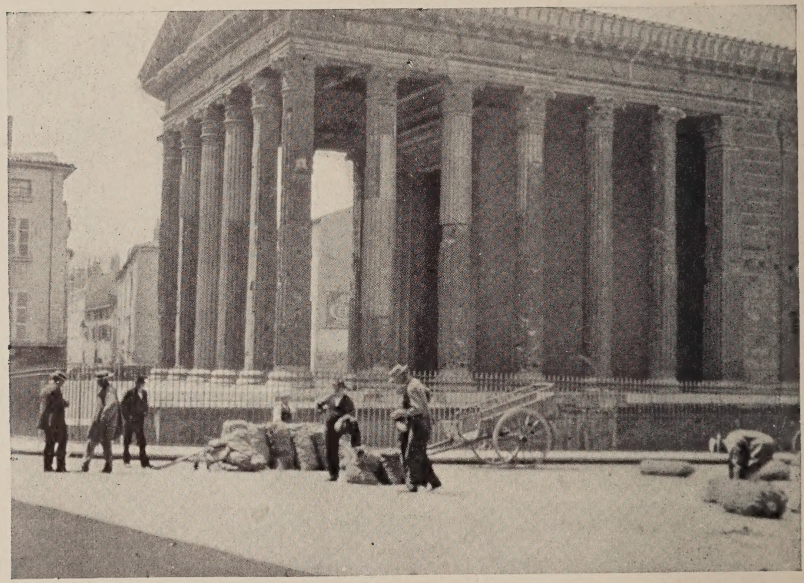
the clouds and sunshine of the mountains. This is the quaintest and most satisfying part of the Cathedral; for the interior is bare, the façade is poor and barren, and the little bell-turret is of mean construction. The beautiful details of carving seem artistic accessories rather than architectural and essential parts of a great whole, and from all these points of view it is again the Cloister which is the most pleasing portion of the church, the one most often remembered when the thoughts of the traveller turn to the ample but unmajestic Cathedral of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne.

Moûtiers-en-Tarentaise.

Hidden in the very heart of Savoy and surrounded by Alps that are often covered with snow, lies the little mountain-town of Moûtiers-en-Tarentaise. The river Isère, scarcely more than a big, rollicking creek, rushes and tumbles through it, and bordering the river-banks and narrow streets are the high, quaintly timbered houses and the peaked roofs of the Alpine country.

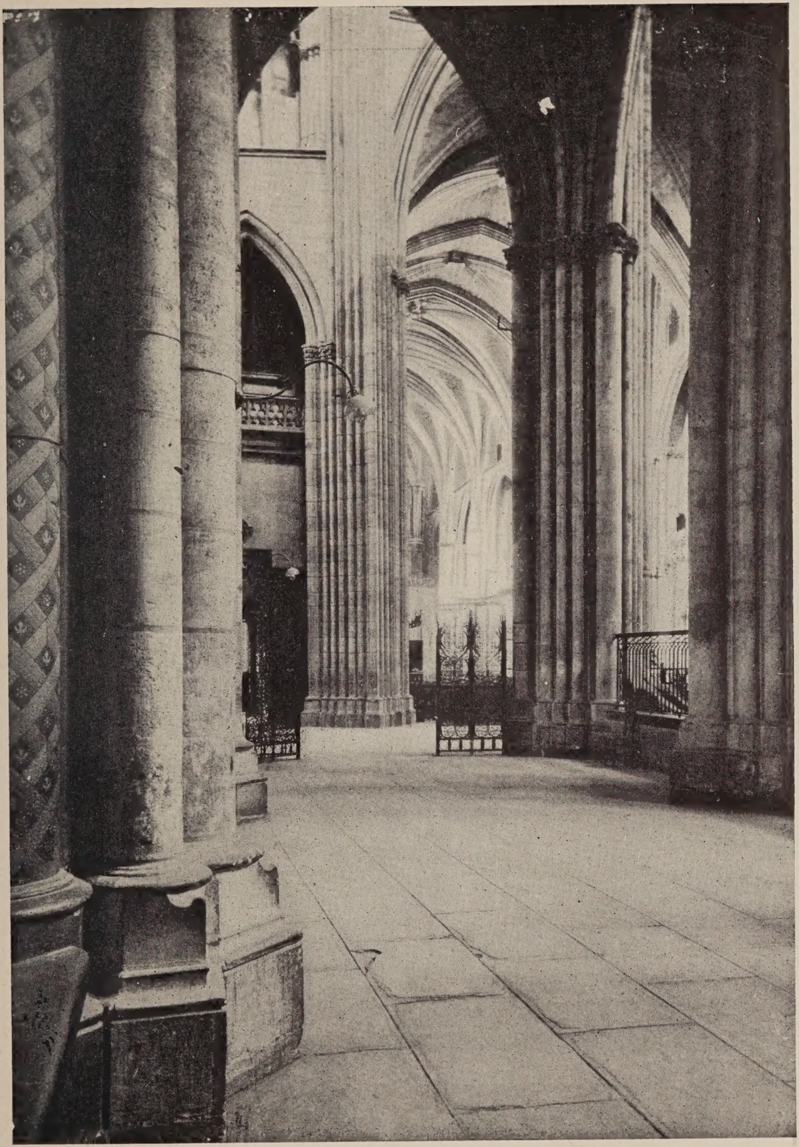
The little streets that seem always in shadow, the glimpses of high rocks that recur at every turn in the way, the sound of goat-bells, and the sturdy figures and weather-beaten faces of the inhabitants, betoken the mountaineer's struggles, industry, and poverty. Such an atmosphere is most unlike that of the richer Alpine cities, of Grenoble, Berne, or Lucerne, and it suggests the idyl of Jocelyn, the life of a poor country parish rather than the pomps and dignities of the Episcopacy.

There is a church on either side of the river, each as architecturally insignificant as the other. One is old and almost in ruins, the other old and restored. Neither implies the importance of a Bishop's church; yet Saint-Pierre, the restored, is the Cathedral of the very ancient diocese of Moûtiers, and Moûtiers itself is a very ancient and historic town.



"THE BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE OF AUGUSTUS AND LIVIA AT VIENNE."

In the first centuries of Christianity it was called Darentasia, but after Saint Jacques and his monks settled there in the V century, the town was called simply Moûtiers or "Monastery." The prelates retain the old Roman form and entitle themselves "Bishops



"THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL" OF BORDEAUX.

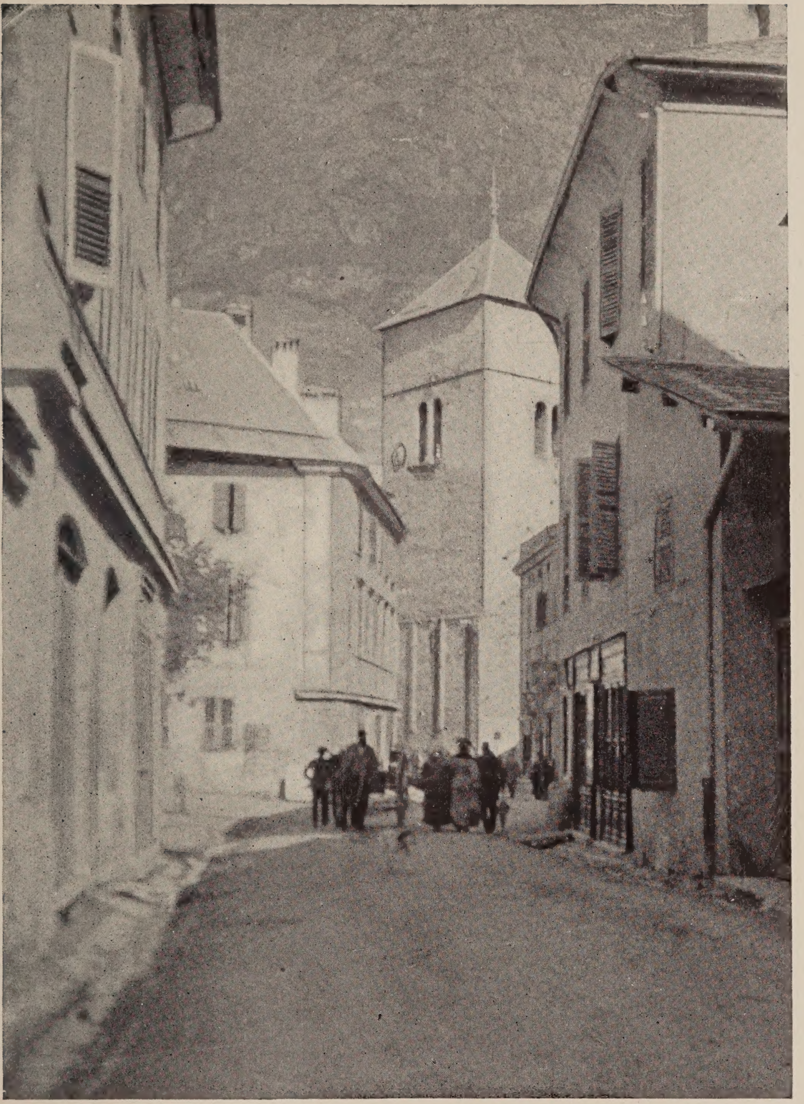
of Tarentaise," while their little city keeps its old conventual name.

In the century of its foundation, churchly honours began to rain upon the Monastery of Saint-Jacques. It was made a Bishopric, the Bishopric then became an Archbishopric, and it was not until Charlemagne had granted its spiritual lords the temporal jurisdiction of the city that their dignity received its first disrespectful rebuff. In those days episcopal lands often suffered as great violence as the territories of lay nobles; and the Lords of Briançon, seeing in the possessions of the Archbishops of Tarentaise a fair kingdom of this world, coveted it and attacked them. They, in turn, called to their aid Humbert II of Savoy; and after he had delivered them, he administered a second and more severe rebuke by retaining their lands as payment for his services.

The Cathedral of Moûtiers, which has so little beauty to attract, has reminiscences that are still pregnant with meaning and can teach a lesson as long as the Church shall cling to temporal claims. For from 1097, when the orthodox Duke of Savoy "delivered" the Archbishops of Tarentaise by despoiling them, until 1870, when the Savoyard entered Rome and the Popes became "Prisoners of the Vatican," the Church has known only shame and loss through her material possessions and alliances. Mediæval prelates in coats of mail gave up their birthright of spirituality for temporal greatness; internal corruption followed, and the dismemberment of the Church of Christ. An imprisoned Pontiff in the XIX century sold the freedom of many churches for his personal liberty and an annual ecclesiastical budget, and, after this sowing of the wind, the Church in France is now reaping the whirlwind. Not an Archbishopric, not a Bishopric in the country, but has thus sown and thus reaped, and it seems as if every prelate must hear in the quiet of his Cathedral-church the warning tones of his Master, Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world."

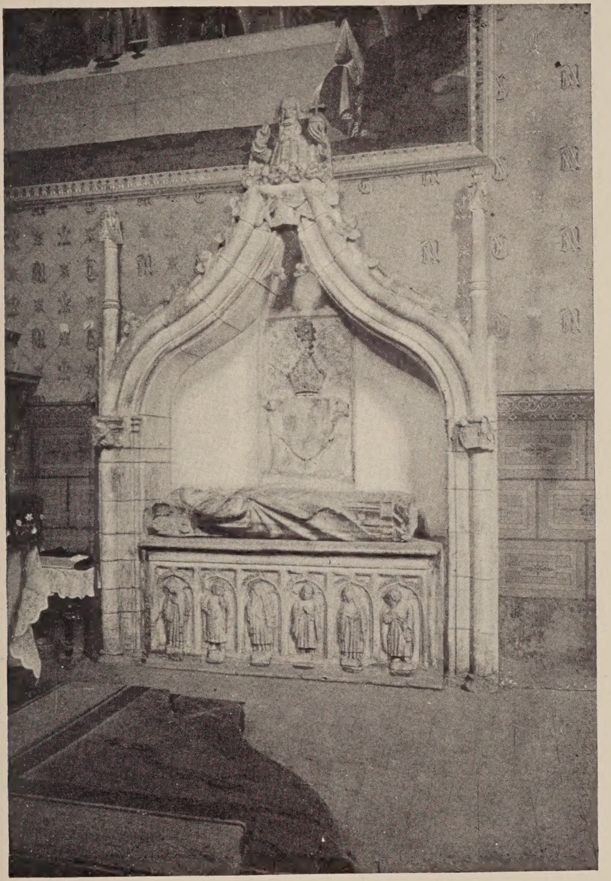
In the XIII century Moûtiers gave Pierre de Champagny to the Church and he ascended the papal throne as Innocent V; but her ecclesiastical greatness was even then expiring. With the passing of feudalism and the new centralisation of power, she became more and more isolated, less and less important, till, during the Revolution, she ceased forever to be the Metropolitan See of Savoy, and in 1825 succeeded only in re-establishment as a suffragan of Chambéry.

The Cathedral is not only one of the most uninteresting in France but even in Savoy. Its Renaissance porch leads to a poor Gothic portal, its tower is low, the pointed gable of its façade-wall plain. The little, near-by Cloister is bare, and the apse, with its irregular, over-hanging, wooden roofs, tells of the snowy winters of the Alps rather than of the glories of architecture. The three aisles and the small transepts of the interior have no beauty of line or proportion, and their coloured decorations of bands and conventional designs are



"THE GREAT 'HUNCHBACK TOWER' STILL STANDS."—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

strongly reminiscent of the patterns of oilcloth. A lighted dome at the crossing, a High Altar elevated many steps above the body of the church, the choir's rounded vault, and its huge fresco of Christ adored by Saint Peter II and Saint Jacobus Assyriensis, have a certain meretricious effectiveness that is enhanced



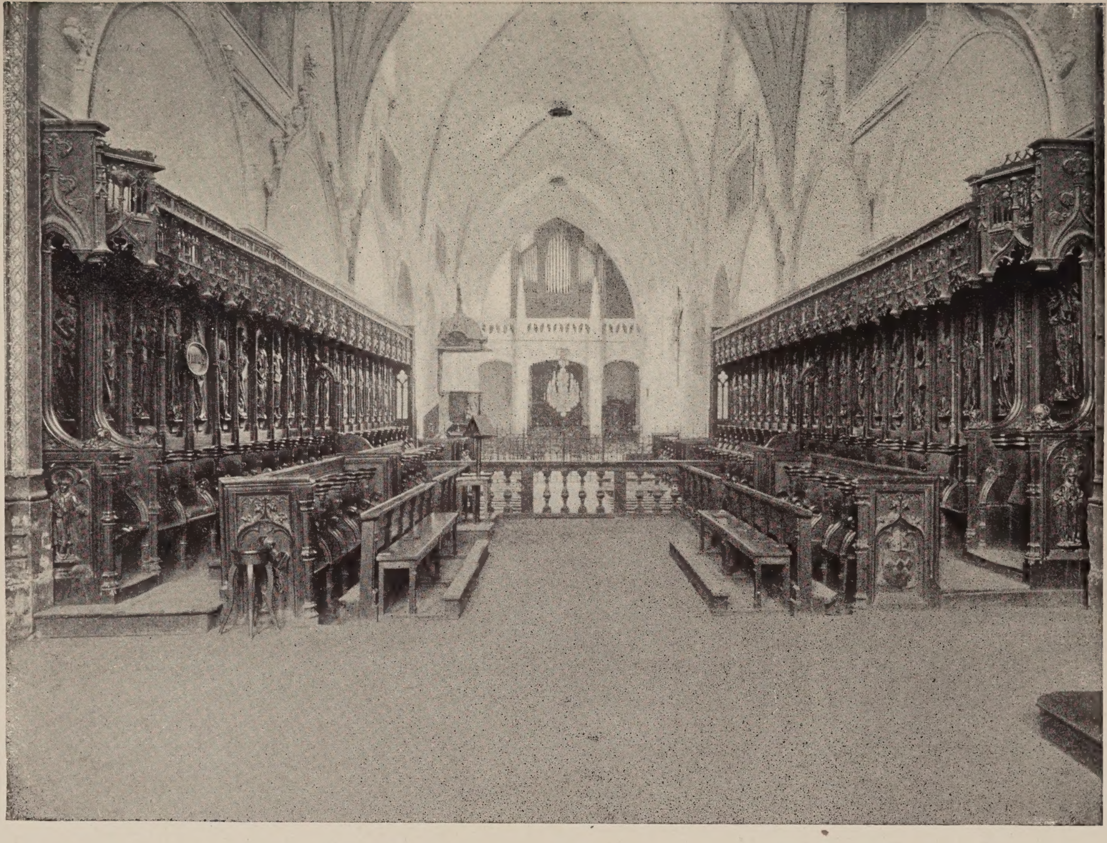
TOMB OF A BISHOP OF MAURIENNE.—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

by the many lights and gorgeous vestments of a holy-day, by smoky clouds of incense, and the presence of the Bishop in his trailing robes.

The effectiveness has no genuine merit, and to realise the former magnificence of the See, which was very real, one must look at the relics of the Treasury which are far more significant than the church itself. The Shrine in enamel of Limoges, the coffer of filigree and pearls and crystal, the personal insignia of its great lords, the abbatial crook, and the white silk gloves sewn in thread of gold which belonged to a Saint, Peter II, who became Archbishop of Tarentaise,—all these give reality to the Cathedral's history.

To form an idea of its architectural past is more difficult, and the most satisfactory place for such imaginary re-construction is the crypt. Often difficult of discovery, often locked with a key which is hard to find, always damp and always musty, the sub-structures of these old churches have been so neglected both by destroyers and restorers that they are unspoiled in their antique plan and often in their details.

Except the Treasury and the crypt and a baptismal font of carven wood, Moûtiers suggests but little of old and great ecclesiasticism; and its records, which are said to have been kept regularly from 420 to the Reign of Terror, must portray its past. In an unhappy endeavour to give new dignity to the church, prelates throughout the last three centuries have so re-built, restored, patched, and painted it that they

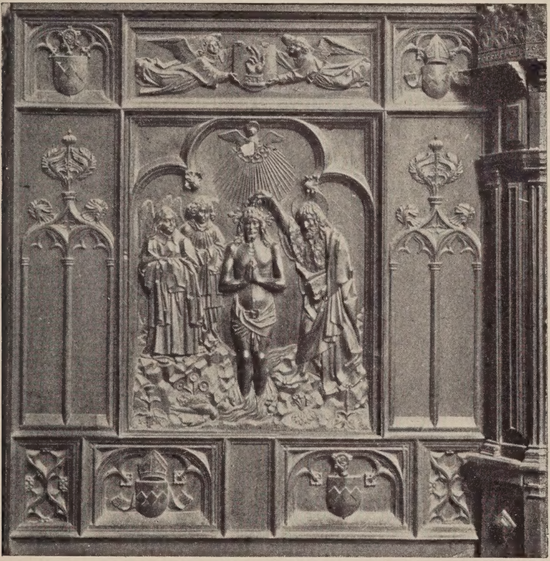


"THE CHOIR-STALLS, CARVED BY THE GENEVESE MOCHET, IN THE XV CENTURY."—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

have given hopeless mediocrity and confusion to its original, modest proportions, and it is far more appropriate as the village-church of Moûtiers than as the Cathedral of the ancient Metropolitan See of Savoy.

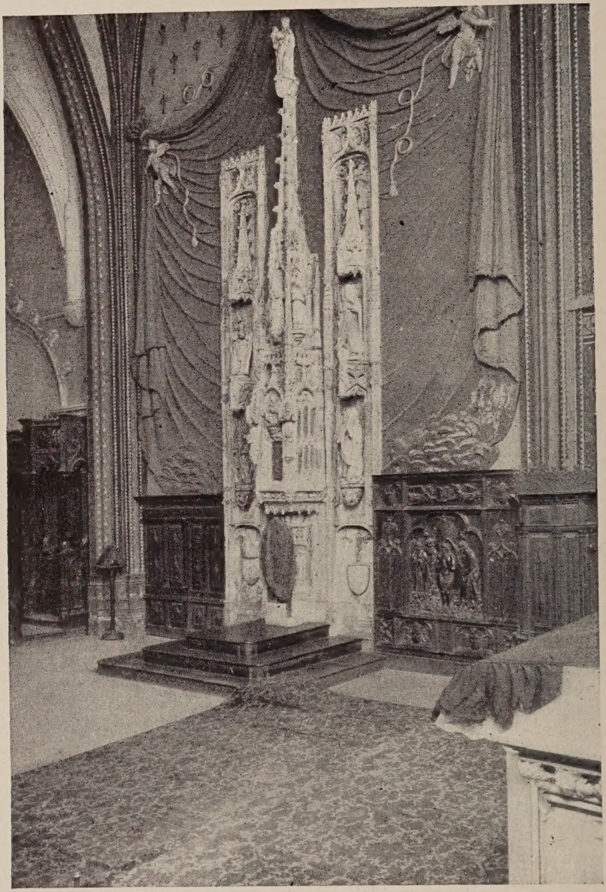
Annecy.

Tourists and the restless commercialism which follows in their train have transformed the old town of Geneva into a resort, a place of fine shops, and fine hotels; and it is to Annecy a smaller city on a smaller lake, that we go for everything which Geneva was, and is no more. The Lake of Annecy washes gently against the quays, a little woodsy park and pleasant promenades shaded by over-



"ANOTHER WOOD-CARVING OF MORE DRAMATIC COMPOSITION, THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST."—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

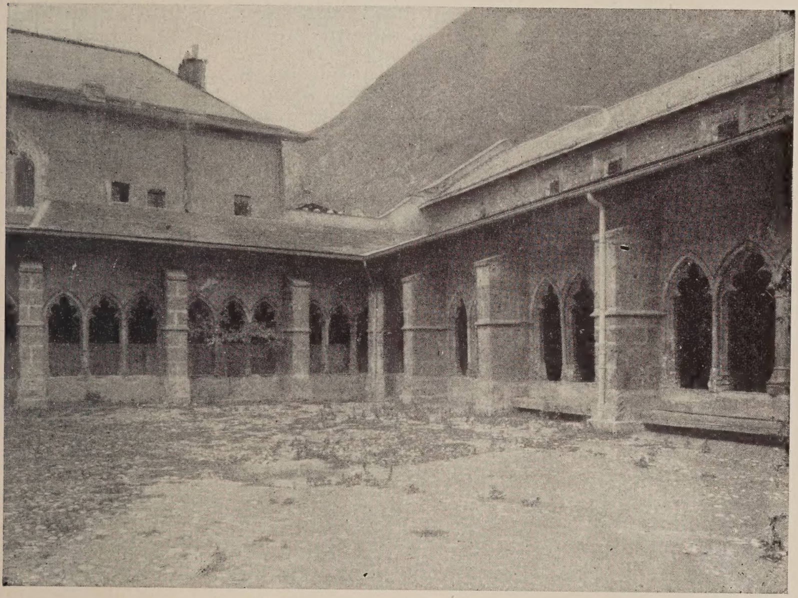
hanging trees stretch along the shore, and stately swans swim out to a tiny pleasure island. Across the lake sunny slopes are dotted with hamlets and villas, green hills rise behind; and about them all, about the city and the lake and the hills, close the tall, frowning mountains which are often covered with snow. The



"THE GRACEFUL AND MORE FRAGILE ELEGANCE OF THE ALABASTER CIBORIUM."—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

town itself is of drab-coloured, slate-coloured buildings massed together in many curious heights and shapes, and surmounted by a picturesque old castle with a multitude of peaked roofs. It is a town of quiet streets with historic churches and convents, of little canals bordered by queer old houses and gardens whose roses peep above the walls.

In one of the most quiet of these streets, half hidden by buildings, stands the Cathedral of Saint-Pierre-ès-liens, one of the poorest and ugliest churches which ever arose to disgrace ecclesiastical architecture. A low, heavy, Gothic apse and an old, rough-stone tower are its least unworthy parts. The lateral wall is a



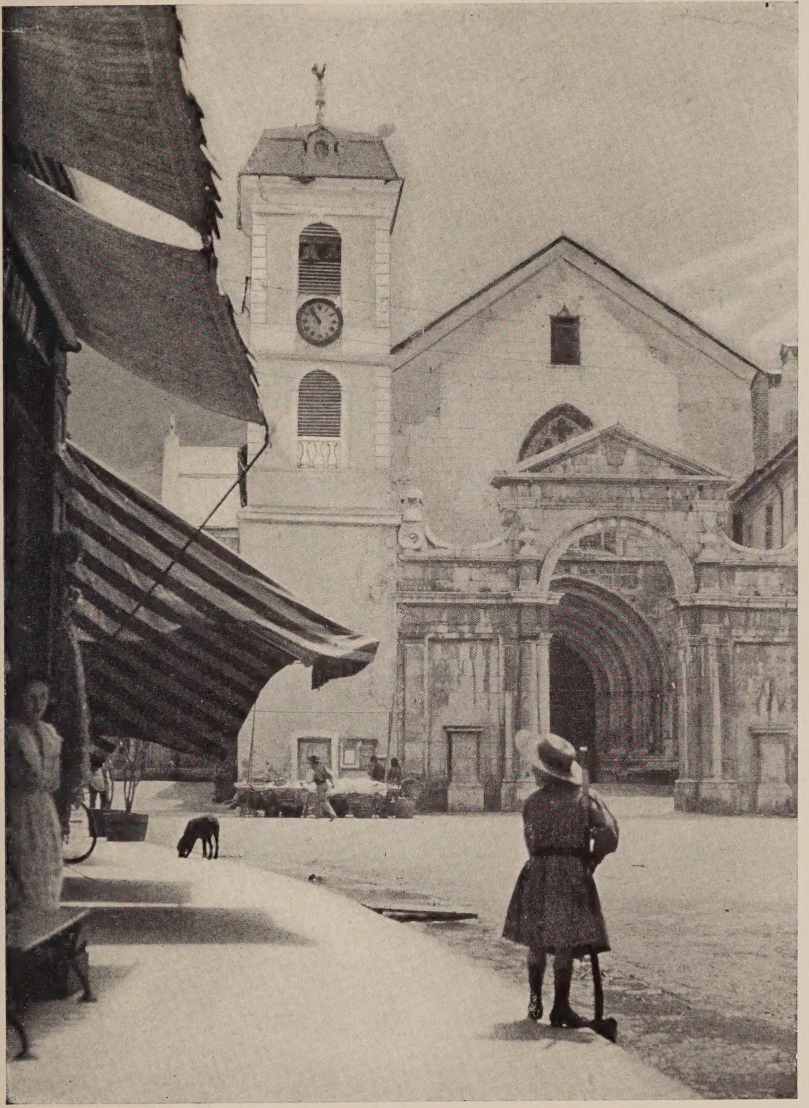
"THE CLOISTER IS ESSENTIALLY MELANCHOLY AND MONOTONOUS."—SAINT-JEAN-DE-MAURIENNE.

long stretch of stout masonry, and the façade resembles the upright, angular slab of a huge tombstone.

The chief, the undisputed merit of the interior is its semi-darkness, which gives to the high, narrow nave and aisles and the chapels that lie in the deep recesses of the walls an atmosphere of religious mystery.

"BORDERING THE RIVER BANKS . . . ARE THE . . . QUAINTLY TIMBERED HOUSES . . . OF THE ALPINE COUNTRY."—MOÛTIERS.

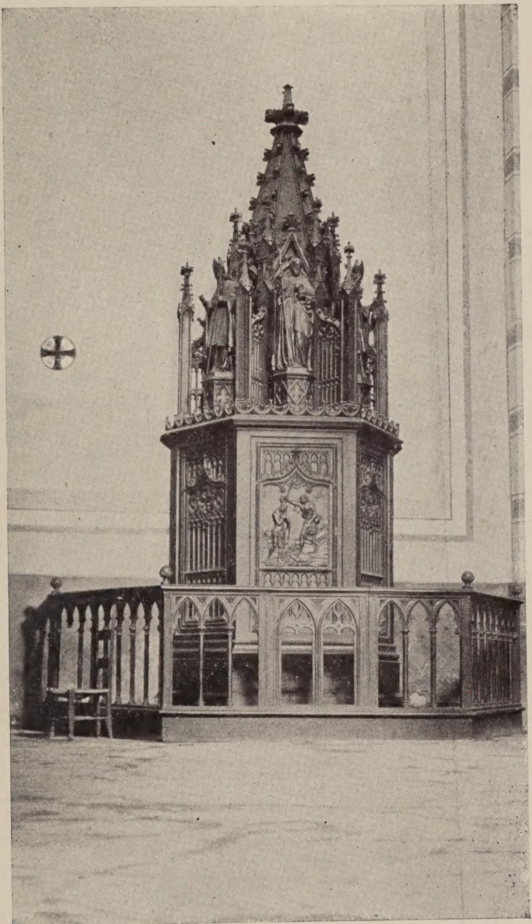
As if to enhance this emotional effect, gentle rays of light from the choir windows filter into the aisles, into the darkness of the nave; and thus the choir, the Holy of Holies, is actually as well as spiritually the place of hope and light. In cold fact the interior is architecturally mediocre, covered with designs in yellows



"THE CATHEDRAL . . . HAS LITTLE BEAUTY."—MOÛTIERS.

and blues and with simulated statues,—poor in form and poorer still as decoration.

It is sometimes well and pleasant to rise above mere forms and to consider the memories they evoke. Sitting in the darkness of Saint-Pierre-ès-liens it is not difficult to recall the varied past of the church;—when



" A BAPTISMAL FONT OF CARVEN WOOD."—MOÛTIERS.

it was in the Duchy of Savoy and Charles Emmanuel II came there to be married, when Rousseau sang with the choir boys, when it became the refuge of the persecuted Canons of Geneva, and above all when Saint-François-de-Sales came again and again to receive each new sacerdotal dignity and to officiate as Confessor, as Provost, and as Bishop.

The history of the church is far more interesting than its architecture. It was built by Peter Lambert, a Canon of Geneva, for the Cordeliers, and, as the inscription of the façade declares, it was dedicated to the Holy Cross and Saint Francis of Assisi in 1535. This was the epoch of the Reformation, a religious revolt which was so thorough and successful in the neighbouring city of Geneva that its Bishop and its priests were obliged to flee to the more orthodox

"PLEASANT PROMENADES SHADED BY OVERHANGING TREES STRETCH ALONG THE SHORE."—ANNECY.

Annecy. In 1569 Ange Justiniani, Bishop of Geneva, transferred his episcopal residence, and the Canons, establishing themselves in the church which had been built for the monks, began to intone the canonical offices.

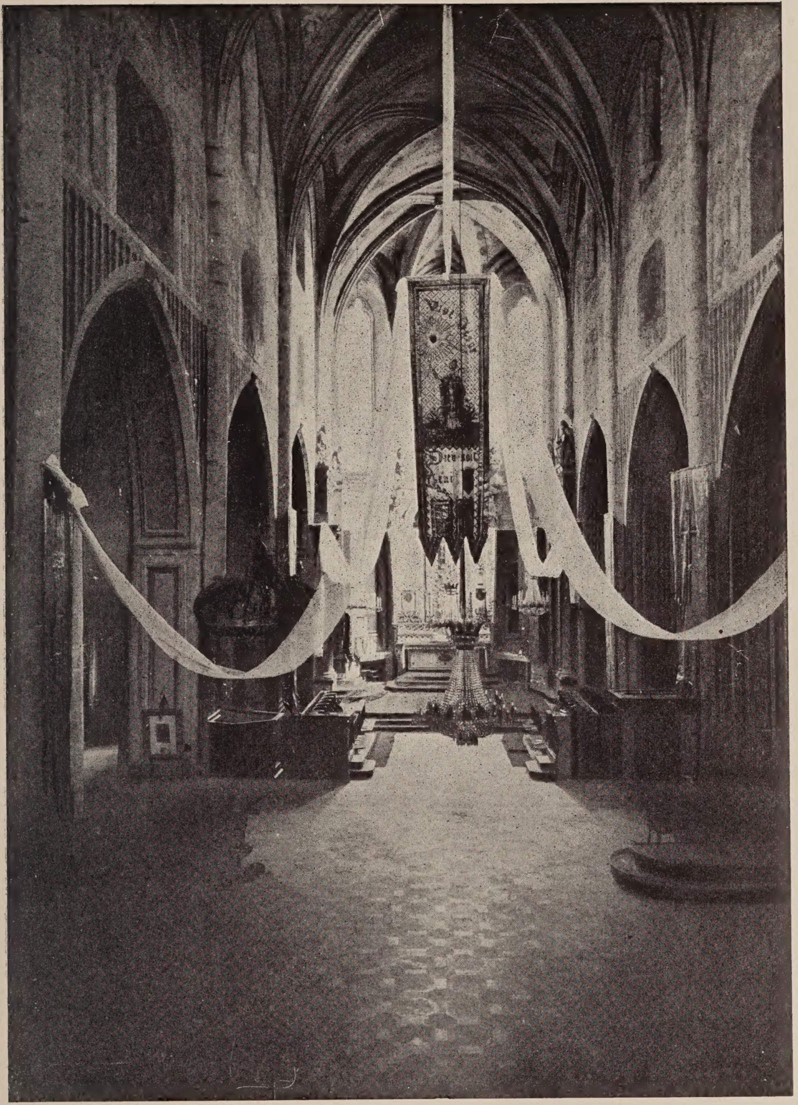
"The Protestants of Geneva," writes the Abbé Gonthier, "tried more than once to sow the seeds of error" here; but the persecuted Bishop, ever watchful, "pursued them with holy zeal and one day, when they were holding a secret meeting, . . . ran in person and drove the preachers away." This "holy zeal" was more successful in Annecy than it had been in Geneva, and in 1630 when the city made its final surrender to the French these two significant clauses

"LITTLE CANALS BORDERED BY QUEER OLD HOUSES."—ANNECY.

were placed in the treaty, first, "that the body of Saint-François-de-Sales shall never be taken from the city," and second, "that the Roman Catholic religion, and the Roman Catholic religion only, shall be exercised in the province." This orthodox spirit did not disappear with the succeeding years; the Bishops of Geneva continued to live there, and finally in 1829 the city was elevated to the episcopacy, the new prelate took the double title of "Bishop of Annecy and Geneva," and Saint-Pierre-ès-liens, as the old church was re-christened, became his Cathedral.

The maintenance of the orthodoxy of the little Savoyard city was the life-work of a prelate, Saint-François-de-Sales, who constantly preached in the town and in the country, in halls, in churches, in the woods, and in the fields, strengthening the belief of the Faithful and re-converting many of those who had strayed from his fold.

Saint-François-de-Sales is one of the most interesting figures of the Catholic Reformation of the XVII century. Unlike the reformers of early times, unlike the eloquent Saint Bernard and the ascetic Dominic, this man was an apostle of peace, of gentle, persistent persuasion rather than militant orthodoxy. In an age when faithful Spain was still enjoying the tortures of her heretics, he converted with loving patience, and had all the irons of the Inquisition been placed at his disposal, it is safe to say that he would have used none of them.



"'ITS UNDISPUTED MERIT IS THE SEMI-DARKNESS WHICH GIVES . . . AN ATMOSPHERE OF RELIGIOUS MYSTERY."—ANNECY.

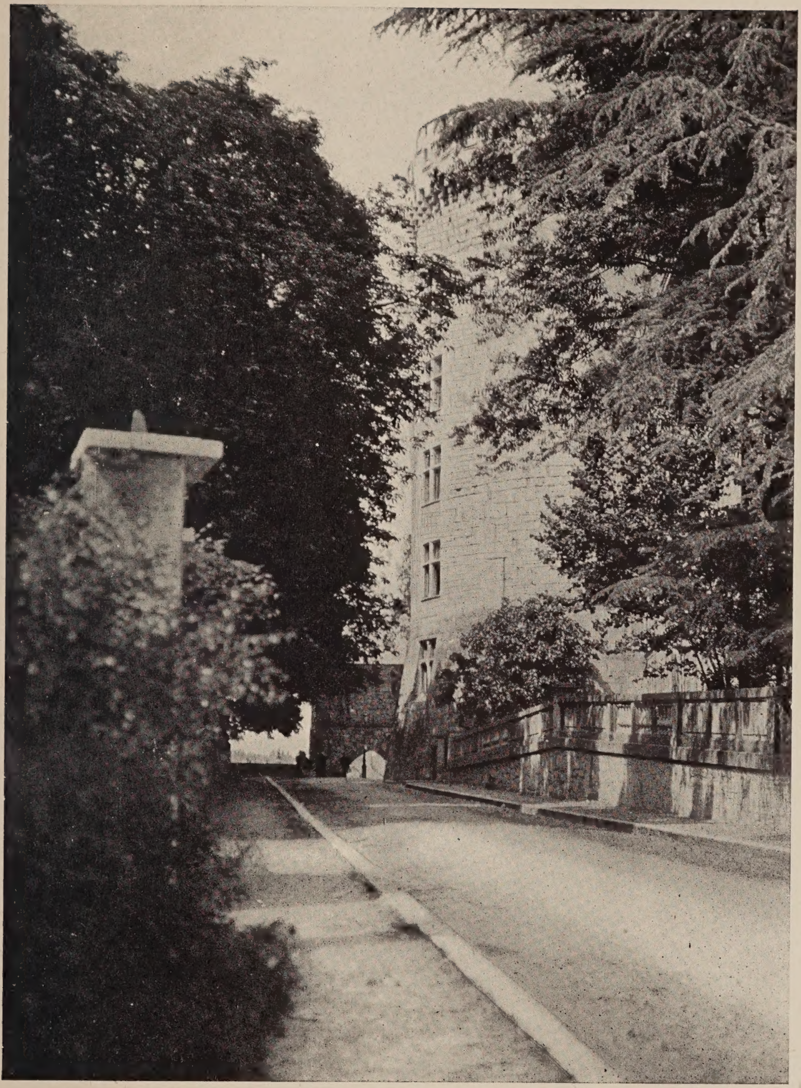
Moved by the preaching of the great Savoyard, a noble widow, Madame Jeanne de Chantal, gave up the world, and in leaving the world, stepped over the body of her only son who had thrown himself in protest before her. Saint-François wrote tender books of devotion, in her convent Sainte-Jeanne taught lessons of holy tolerance, she founded an Order with seventy-five houses, and he, with Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, gave to the world one of the greatest glories of Catholicism—the Order of the Sisters of Charity. In Annecy they lived their lives of charity and good works, in Annecy their bodies now lie, and it is of their memory, not of its episcopacy, that the city is fragrant. The towns where the holy Bishop and the earnest Superior laboured are the country's most holy shrines; every church for miles about has its altars to these beloved Saints; and, to the pious Annecais, the Cathedral's most glorious memories are of days when Saint-François-de-Sales preached from its pulpit, and Sainte-Jeanne de Chantal listened at his feet.

Chambéry.

When that unhappy King, Charles VII, discovered that his son Louis was tampering with the fidelity of the royal Scottish body-guard and planning to seize the royal person and the reins of government, he bethought him what was best to do. Forgiveness, which the King had granted to disaffected nobles, had proven unavailing; the weak, amiable father did not wish to imprison his son or to put him to death, so he sent him to govern the far-away province of Dauphiné of which Louis was already the titular lord.

Far from the French Court, safely hidden in his new mountain-home, the Dauphin cared little for Charles VII either as suzerain or parent, and, while waiting to ascend the throne of France as Louis XI, experimented in Dauphiné as an independent sovereign. One of the first duties of a ruler being an alliance with a Princess of a powerful House, he asked his neighbour Duke Louis of Savoy for the hand of his daughter Charlotte. "When Pride rides before, Misfortune follows fast behind," the astute Valois was fond of saying after he had become King, and, doubtless, as Dauphin he was learning the lesson he later knew so well—to hurry with the one and out-ride the other.

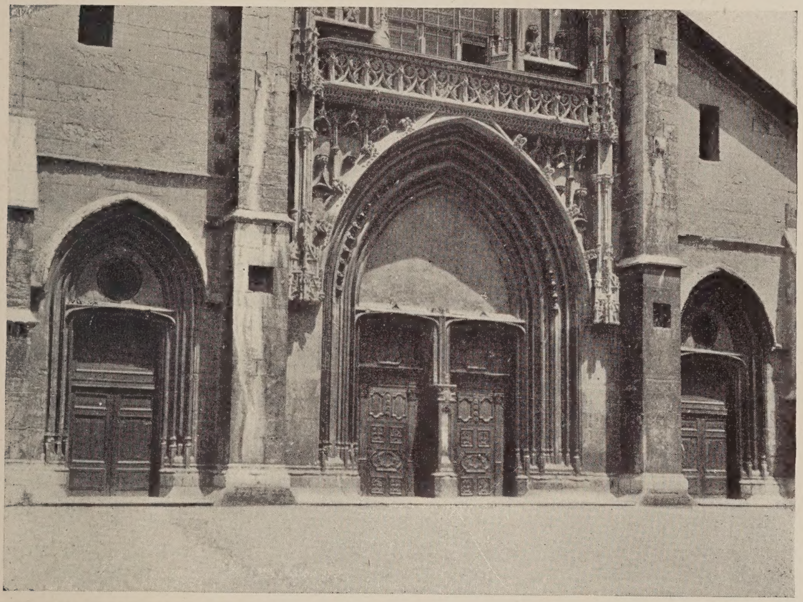
Prevailing upon the feeble Duke of Savoy to consent to an early marriage and sending a letter to his father to ask for congratulations, the wily Dauphin set out for Chambéry as he knew that Charles VII was negotiating a marriage for him with an English Princess. His father was furious when he heard of it and immediately sent Normandy, King-at-arms, bearing protestations, to the Duke of Savoy. "Misfortune was indeed following fast behind," but the Dauphin was watchful; and when the King-at-arms arrived in Chambéry he was warmly welcomed by a band of his own compatriots, "provided," writes Kirk, "with excellent lodging, exhorted . . . to make good cheer;



THE DONJON TOWER OF THE DUKES OF SAVOY.—CHAMBÉRY.

. . . and next morning he was taken to the obscure corner of a church from which he caught a glimpse of the splendour of the bridal train of my lord the Dauphin dressed in a robe of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine."

One can picture the scene which met the eye of the peering, discomfited envoy,—the brilliantly lighted Altar, the chanting priests, the gay crowd of courtiers, the bride, and—sinister sight—the awkward, ungainly bridegroom who allowed no expression of his mental exultation to appear in his face.



"THE MEAGRE, GRACEFUL ORNAMENTATION ABOUT THE ARCH OF ITS PORTAL."—CHAMBÉRY.

It is to be hoped that the church with "the obscure corner" was the building which is now the Cathedral of Chambéry, for few edifices of its ecclesiastical rank have greater need of historic interest to cover their architectural bareness. A low apse and chapel-roofs which spread fan-like from the narrow walls of the central nave; bare lateral walls; a homely expanse of façade whose higher central section has meagre, graceful ornamentation about the arch of its portal and its large, upper window, a little, arched entrance to the Cloister, and the single story of apartments which are above it; the little tower which rises beyond like the poor, peaked steeple of a New England village-church, —these are the outward signs of the archiepiscopal rank of Chambéry.

"THE CLOISTER."—CHAMBÉRY.

The interior has an architectural plan, but it is almost drowned in a sea of paint. There is a real nave and side aisles, a real choir, ambulatory, and chapels, and a genuine and curious peculiarity in the low, broad vaulting which stretches like a great fan across each chapel and the adjoining bay of the aisle. But, after these solid facts have been ascertained, all is confusion, and it is difficult to decide where religious symbolism begins and where simulated architecture ends. On the grey walls of the nave there is a painted frieze, and large arches are sketched which are adorned with the spectral figures of Saints. The vault is covered with a conventional design in blue, and in the side aisles gilt stars on a similar blue ground recall the old religious symbol of the vault of heaven, which is supposedly the dwelling-place of God. The choir has a triforium produced by paint, the stars of the sky re-appear in the ambulatory, and rich reds and yellows cover the walls in more or less conventional design. The Italian taste for meaningless display of counterfeited architecture exists here in an exuberance that is almost maniacal. Modern stained-glass windows only add to the confusion of colour, and what small architectural merit there is in the poor little Cathedral is entirely submerged. It realises two unhappy extremes, the tasteless ostentation of the interior and the humble bareness of the outer walls.

The streets of Chambéry are peaceful and silent, arcaded walks which stretch in long perspective past little shops; and the Castle of the Dukes stands alone on the side of the hill. The whole city has an atmosphere of deserted stateliness; it seems as if no new life had ever come to waken it, as if it were merely what old monarchic history made it,—the ancient capital of a departed power.

The traveller who tarries here takes many pleasant walks among the surrounding hills, following the footsteps of Louis XI, of Rousseau, of Madame de Warens, and of many another person who came to Chambéry in the past; but always as he returns to the city he has the same haunting impression, an impression which Georges Sand has beautifully expressed in *Mademoiselle de Quintinie,* "the strange city of Chambéry with its roofs of sombre slate . . . framed in shining tin, like . . . black shrouds embroidered in silver tears! The mountains which dominate it with their fantastic shapes, the sound of the torrents which pass through it, its old edifices, its rows of aged trees, —all appear to me as if a dream," a shadow, a mirage of an age long dead, of Mediævalism.

Dauphiné.

DAUPHINÉ.

Embrun.

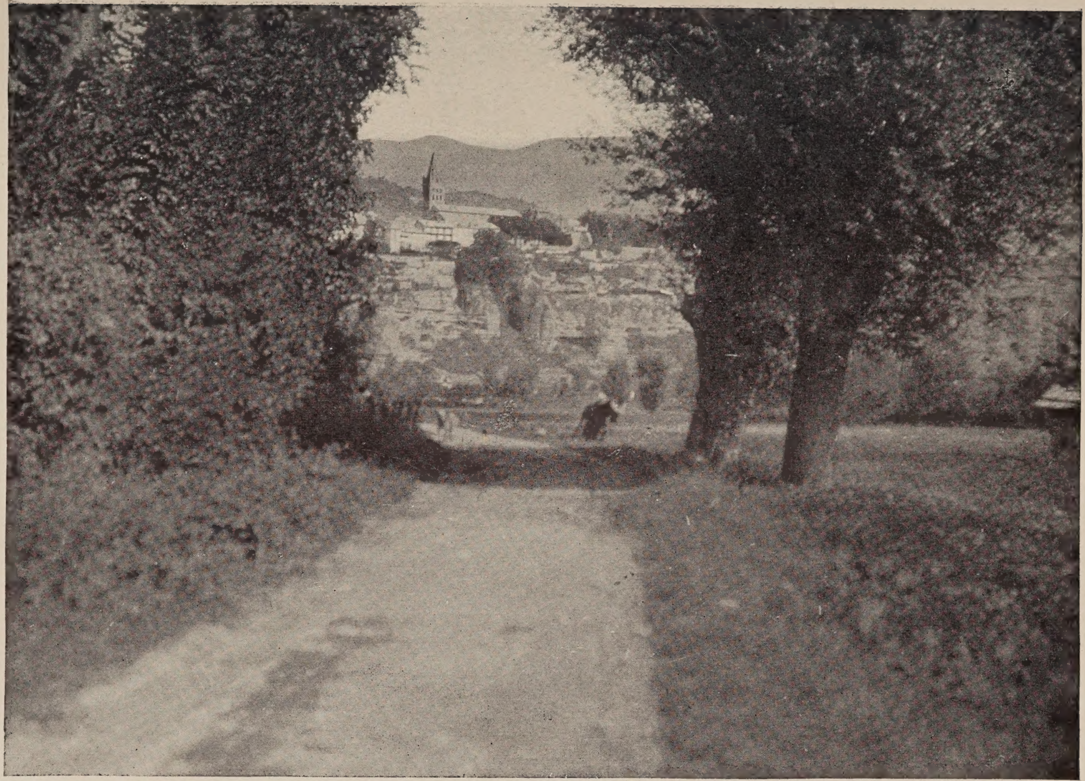
In the great Revolution an attempt was made to suppress not only Sees, but the Christian religion as well. And in the general re-organisation which followed the anarchy of '93, there were not only vast social and political revisions which caused many heart-burnings, but ecclesiastical changes equally productive of argument and distress. For administrative purposes the ancient provinces of the monarchy had been divided into "departments," and it was decided that one Bishopric should be established in each of the new sub-divisions of the country. The department of the Hautes-Alpes contained two old Sees, that of Gap and the venerable Archbishopric of Embrun. The fall of one was unhappily inevitable, and each determined to be the survivor.

Gap urged its accessible position; Embrun its great ecclesiastical buildings and its holy renown. Gap represented ideas which it considered "practical" and which its opponents termed "new-fangled"; since these were the "new days" when the majority ruled, it was but just to consider the welfare of the majority; therefore it was argued that a city which could be reached alike in summer and winter was more suitable than one which, in winter, was often practically cut off from the rest of the world by storms, snows, and overflowing torrents. As an off-set to these claims, Embrun reiterated the importance of its ecclesiastical buildings; but it rested its strongest arguments on its traditionally holier and higher rank, it represented the poetry of holy legends, the dignity of venerable power; in a word, it appealed to every conviction which the fallen régime held dear and which the new despised.

Strange to relate, the eloquent, logical, and material reasoning of Gap failed, conservative Embrun triumphed; and it was not till 1823 that the modern ideas prevailed and the Bishopric passed to its rival.

Although there may have been much unanswerable wisdom in this final change, no one can see the remains of archiepiscopal Embrun without regret. Its beautiful and romantic position on a high cliff above the Durance, and the surrounding mountains, snow-covered during many months of the year, are far more majestic than the scenery of the valley of Gap. It is melancholy to find the dignified old Palace, which stands on a terrace overlooking the river and the Alps, given over to unepiscopal uses; to see the great donjon looming above the courtyard of the barracks; to look at the Canons' curious houses, where Canons no longer live, and at the Seminary which is closed. All these buildings lie close to the old Cathedral which alone preserves its religious character. What a procession of Bishops, Canons, priests, and choristers, what crowds of the village Faithful, what multitudes of earnest pilgrims,

> "The interior of Saint-Apollinaire . . . . has a beautiful. . . . . lithe strength . . . . with a grace and lightness of form that is most unusual in the Romanesque."
>
> *Valence.*



"ITS SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS AND . . . BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC POSITION ON A HIGH CLIFF."—EMBRUN.

Kings, Emperors, nobles, and peasants once flocked to this place whose porch stands in solemn loneliness.

Except by the faithful Curé or a solitary worshipper it is seldom visited, but he who looks at it cannot fail to be impressed by the melancholy beauty of the porch and the memory of the myriads of people who knelt in supplication, the gorgeous ceremonials, the chants, the clouds of sweet-smelling incense, the prayers and invocations which have hallowed this place. For here, under the Cathedral's northern porch, stood the miracle-working statue of Our Lady of Embrun.

Of all statues which ever fell from heaven, which were ever found in fields or grottoes, or which ever appeared in any wondrous way for the healing of mankind, none has had greater fame or worship than this Black Virgin. It was a statue whose very blackness held a subtle, incomprehensible force and beauty, which, if not apparent to material sight, had a spiritual significance sanctioned and explained to those who had the apperceptive mind, by a verse from the Song of Solomon, which held so many other subtle analogies for the mediæval theologian, "I am black, but comely." To this statue the pious prayers of thousands were directed.

Of the humble, who packed meagre provisions of black bread and wine and tramped over miles of rough country to kneel before the porch of Embrun, there is no memory; and the records of the mighty, of pilgrim Emperors, Kings, Churchmen, and nobles, carefully preserved in the Cathedral's Treasury, were burned during the Revolution. The list was long and imposing and some names are still remembered, those of Henry II, Louis XI, Louis XII, and Louis XIII, those of two English Kings, and of the gay and debonair Francis I.

And when it is recalled that Embrun is in a snowy, mountainous district, inaccessible during the rigorous winters, that even at the end of the XVIII century it was "approached by only two roads, of which one was but the prolongation of the other, roads crossed by dangerous torrents and near the rapid river Durance," the pilgrimages of Kings will be seen to have been not mere pleasant, pious excursions as they may be in these days of railroads and comfortable travelling, but journeys full of peril and fraught with inconveniences, discomforts, and delays.

Great faith or great desire urged these Kings to the pilgrimage; and in the case of Louis XI, who travelled from Our Lady of Sarrance in the South-west to Our Lady of Embrun in the East, from the Virgin of Le Puy in Auvergne to her of Boulogne in the North, motives seem to have been as curious and complicated as the journeys themselves. Once safely arrived within the walls of the holy city, ceremonials were begun worthy of Our Lady and of the rank, the efforts, and the pious generosity of the great visitor. And here again, as the traveller stood outside the porch of Embrun, he longed to see the old parchment records, burned by the foolish ferocity of the Terrorists, and read of the processions and gifts, the gorgeous raiment, the guards of honour, the services which had taken place and which his imagination might have vividly pictured in the deserted stillness of the Cathedral.

One tale of 1540 the Curé told him. The Pope made Henry II a Canon of the Cathedral of Embrun, and the eighth of September was fixed as the date of investiture. The eighth of September is the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and one may imagine the pious activities of the Vigil, the inhabitants coming to prepare themselves with prayer and confession for the Holy Day, the decoration of the church and of the shrine. One may imagine the cool, September evening in the mountains, when twilight falls early, and belated worshippers and those who were responsible for the preparations hurried with their little lanterns through the dark, narrow streets to the Cathedral, where, doubtless, a thousand tapers were burning and being continually renewed. The windows of the Archbishop's Palace must have been aglow, and lights must have burned late in the Canons' house and in the Seminary. Doubtless, too, the King slept in the town that night, with those of the Court who were to witness his investiture.

The next day, duly surrounded by these lords and ladies and followed by the multitude of delighted Embrunais, Henry solemnly approached the Cathedral. At the porch he received the surplice and the Canon's cape; he then entered the church and proceeded down the central aisle to the communion-rail where, in all the magnificence of their insignia, the Archbishop and the entire Chapter came to meet him. The great organ—a gift of his predecessor, Louis XI—pealed forth, the Mass began, and his Majesty, the King of France became a Canon of Our Lady.

These and other spiritual and ecclesiastical favours were gratefully acknowledged by gifts worthy of Our Lady and of her mighty suppliants; and besides the records of their comings and goings, the Treasury of the church was filled with their splendid offerings, jewelled crowns and jewelled vestments wrought in thread of gold, Chalices set with precious stones, gold Monstrances, and Crucifixes,—it was a very storehouse of wealth and art.

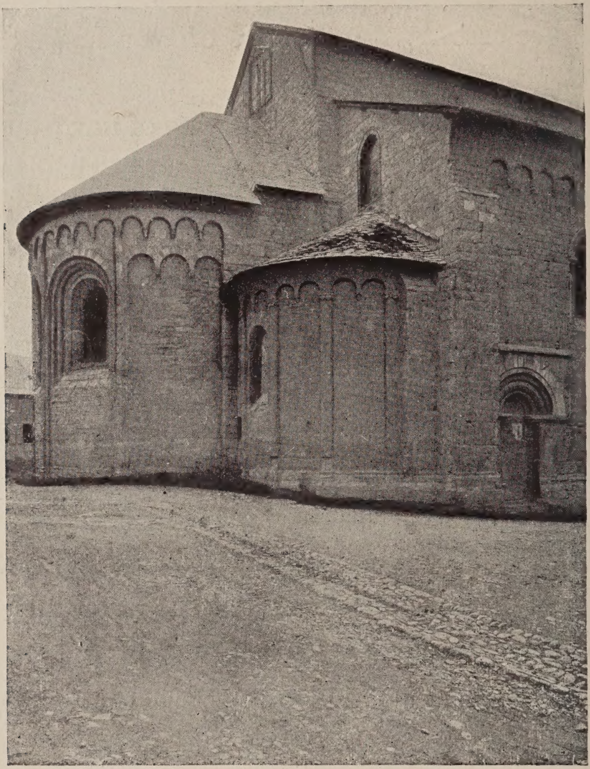
But the revolutionists looted and pillaged. A few beautiful vestments were saved, a pious woman hid a gold Monstrance in the manure heap of her little stable until the Terror was past, a lovely marble figure of the Virgin escaped destruction; and in the sacristy, in places behind secret doors in the choir-wood there are still bones of martyrs, ancient statues, and relics of very holy Saints. But almost all the kingly gifts have been melted and dispersed, even the memory of the vast treasure is faint, and saddest of all, in those dark days of '93 the "black but comely" statue of Our Lady of Embrun mysteriously disappeared, and the modern statue of the tender Mother and Child has never become the shrine of multitudes. Perhaps Salette which is near by and the wide fame of Lourdes have caused the obscurity of Embrun, perhaps it has suffered too much through its loss of archiepiscopal prestige, perhaps, as the Curé sadly said, "Where faith is no longer strong, the favours of Our Lady can but decrease."

The town of Embrun is a small one of narrow streets, poorly lighted, and at night almost as shadowy and mysterious, if not as perilous, as in the Middle Ages. With the Archbishops, Canons, priests, and seminarists, the ecclesiastical atmosphere has entirely disappeared. A bustling, secular life has not, however, usurped the houses of the clerics. Some are closed, and others, used for worldly purposes, seem stagnant and spiritless.

The first Cathedral of Embrun, said to have been built by Saint Marcellin in the III century, was burned five hundred years later by the invading Lombards. The reigning Pope immediately issued a Bull—which still exists—commanding that the church be re-built in a style befitting the importance of the diocese, the saintly memory of its prelates, and the glory of God and of the Church.

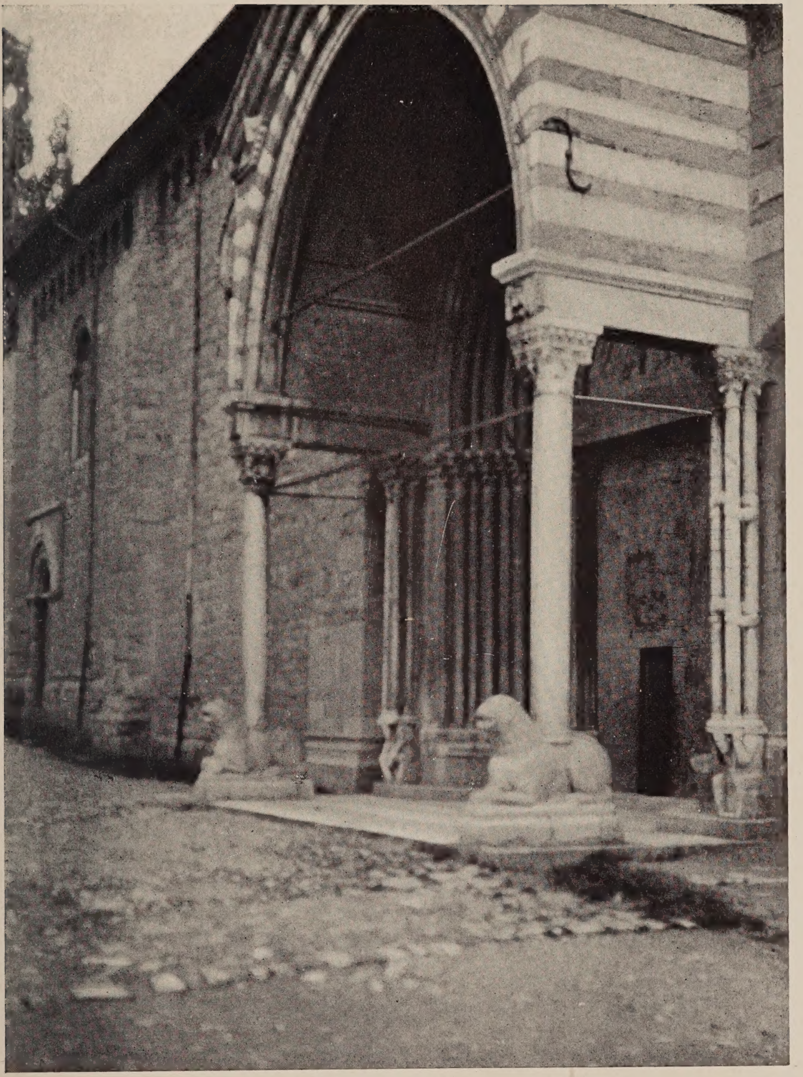
In obedience to this mandate, another and more commanding site was chosen for the new Cathedral, near the precipice of the rocky ledge on which the town is built, and here the church arose in the X century. Its growing wealth naturally attracted the greed of the impious, orthodox and heretic, from the

Duke of Savoy, who sacked it and destroyed its vaulting, to the wild Protestant Captain who, booted, spurred, and mounted, attempted to ride under the Cathedral's north portal, as the trace of his mule's hoof still shows.



"THE OLDEST PORTIONS OF THE EXTERIOR ARE THE LITTLE, ROUNDED APSES."—EMBRUN.

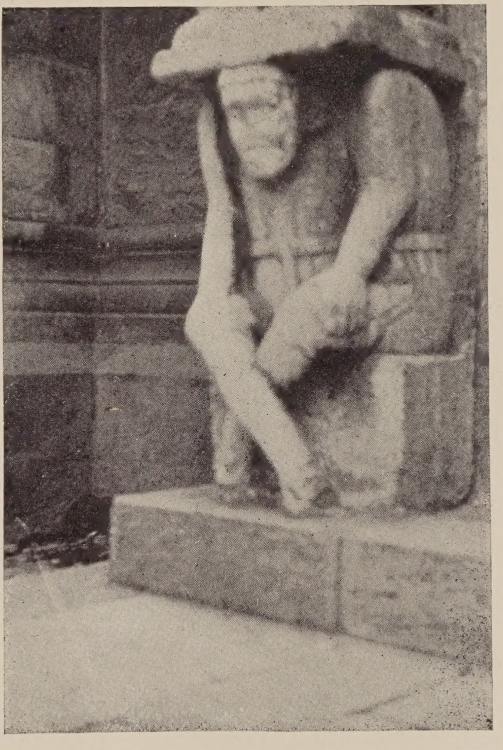
These incursions naturally occasioned many repairings, and it is easy to see that the oldest portions of the exterior are the little, rounded apses and the lateral walls with their Romanesque windows and severe decoration. The façade shows another influence



"THE PORTAL IS PROTECTED BY A ROUNDED CANOPY, BUILT OF . . . DARK AND LIGHT STONE."—EMBRUN.

less akin to the old Provençal style, an alternate use of light and dark stones, and this is carried out in the beautiful tower which is a faithful reproduction of that which was injured by lightning in 1852. This use of a colour scheme is faintly reminiscent of early churches of the Auvergnat manner and of a favourite Italian development; and this Italian reminiscence becomes more decided when the north portal is studied, a work of the XIII century which is, incontestably, the artistic treasure of the Cathedral.

In form, the portal, with a half-arch on either side of its full, rounded arch, is very like other Romanesque doorways, but it is protected by a rounded canopy, built of alternate courses of dark and light stone. The slender pillars on which this canopy falls are of beautiful marble, resting, in their turn, on the backs of great lions and on wearied-looking cary-



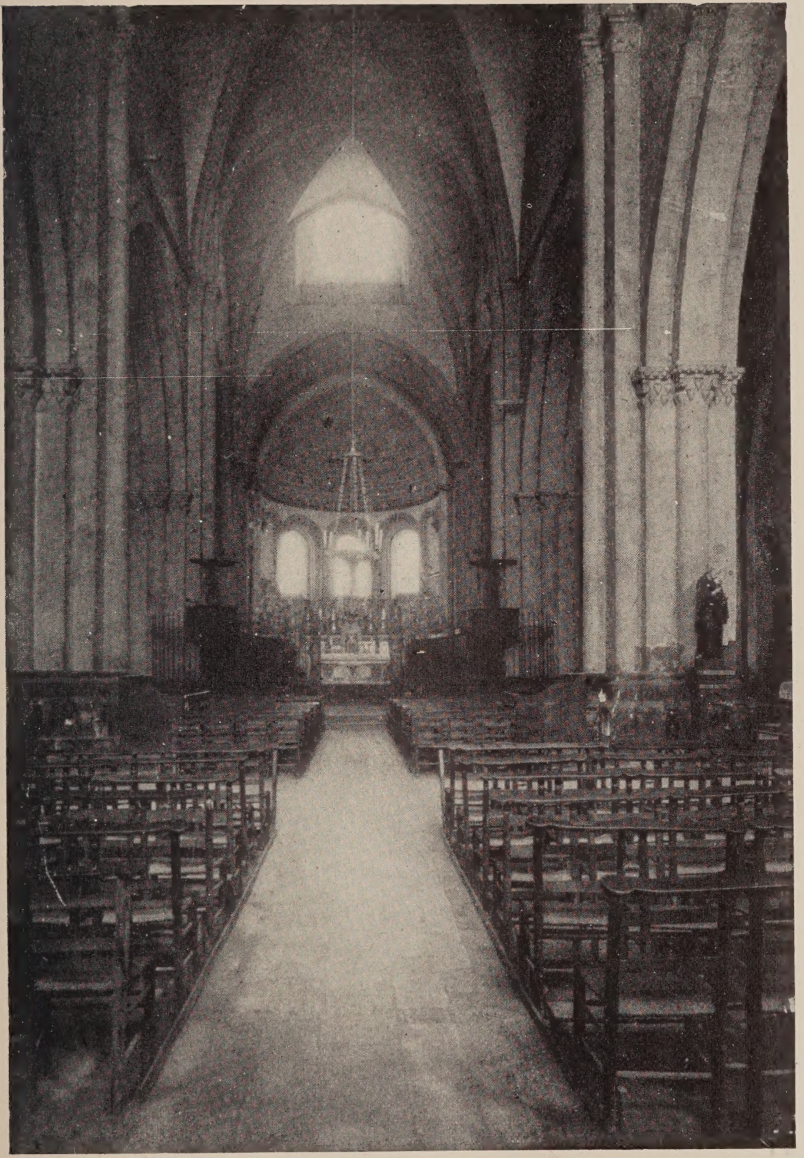
"RESTING ON THE BACK OF . . . A WEARIED-LOOKING CARYATID."—EMBRUN.

atides. The marble has tonings of gray and pink; and these delicate shades of marble and stone, the sculptured figures, the slim columns, and the delicate strength of the whole porch are far removed from the Romanesque.

The interior of the Cathedral, interesting in detail, is dark and impressive as a whole. Although it was used as a storehouse for a short time after the Revolution, it was but slightly harmed and has been restored but little. High in its vaulting, the recurring dark and light stone gives an idea of the original intention of its builders, and even the generous whitewashers of the XVIII century have been unable to destroy the sombre dignity of the central nave.

The organ is curiously, rather than artistically, hung on one of the pillars, and the western wall, where organs are usually placed, is pierced by a most beautiful rose-window with three surrounding little circular windows which softly light the nave. In the old choir is a High Altar of the XVIII century which is locally much esteemed. Its ends are guarded, as it were, by two beautifully carved faces which are really portraits of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Before the Altar stands a railing given by Louis XI, who seems to have delighted in this form of gift. It is related that the King was piously assisting at Mass in the Church of Saint-Martin at Tours and, perhaps, praying for the defeat of his enemy, Charles of Burgundy, who was even then fighting the fatal battle of



"THE SOMBRE DIGNITY OF THE CENTRAL NAVE."—EMBRUN.

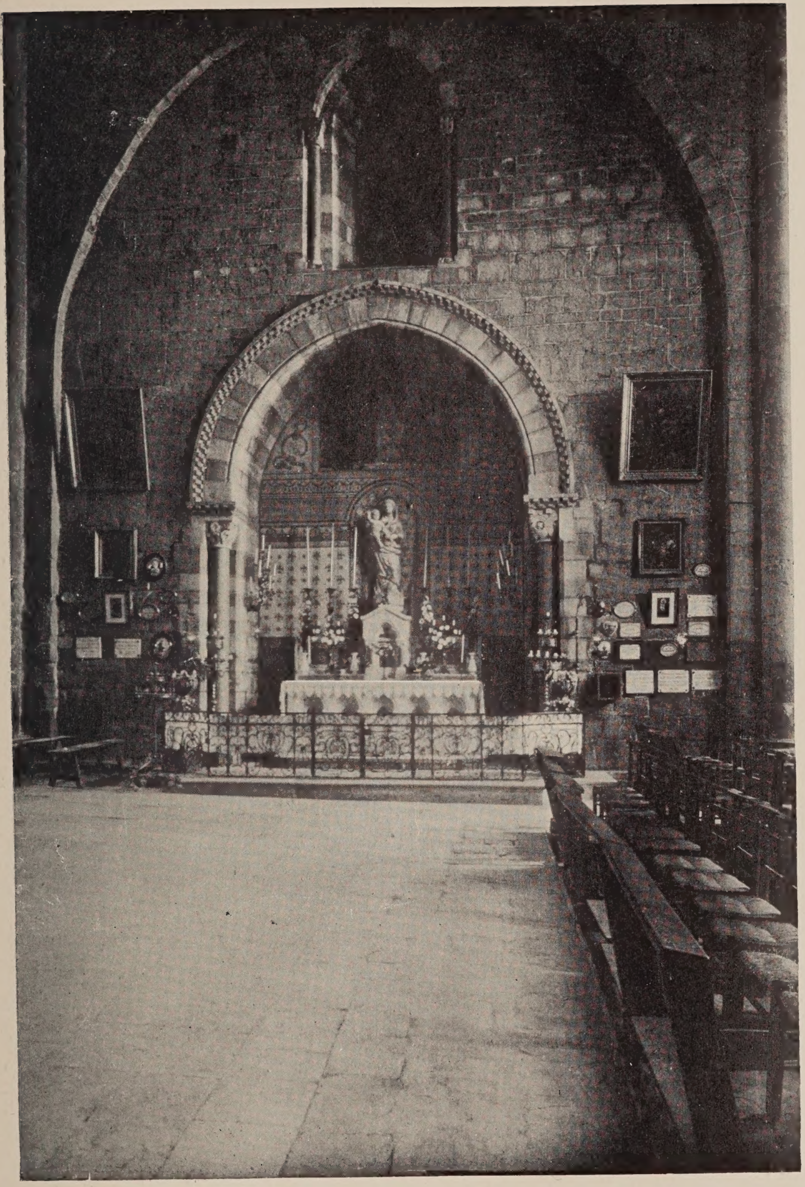
Nancy. When the officiating priest, presenting the Pax, said to his kneeling sovereign, "Sire, *consummatum est*, your enemy is dead," the King replied, "I will replace this iron trellis by one of silver, if that be true."

At another time the "Universal Spider" was ill, and feared to die. As was his custom he invoked the Lady of those shrines which he most affected. In addressing the Virgin of Embrun he added a promise—that if he lived she should have a screen of pure silver. The King recovered; and as his strength increased his mind grew more and more perplexed, his qualms of conscience greater, his pious soul was violently troubled that, in the selfishness of his illness, he should have wronged the Blessed Virgin by a rash and wicked promise. For, if he placed a silver trellis before her Altar at Embrun, would not the cupidity of sinners be excited? Might not bold marauders break in and steal the screen? And would not his Lady be then in far worse case than before? Would she not be without a trellis, even as before, and have the added grief which is ever caused her by mortal sin?

Such were the questionings of Louis, and, in the end, he decided to give to Our Lady an iron railing which no one would ever be tempted to take from her. So literally did he fulfil this vow that his gift still stands before the Altar, a tall, plain, economical, and hideous fencing which even the revolutionists of '89 disdained.

In the latter part of the XV century, the Archbishop of Embrun was much annoyed by an inveterate custom of the Canons of his Cathedral. In spite of warnings and reprovals they insisted on talking during the celebration of the Mass. The Metropolitan was determined to stop this scandal. In this dilemma it was the Canons who took the bull by the horns. In 1482 they built a large chapel, at their own expense, on the north side of the church, and here they retired from the stalls of the Cathedral to commit, at their own will and pleasure, their favourite sin of irreverence. A low door in the south wall, so insignificant as to be almost unnoticeable, opens into this long, narrow Chapel of Sainte-Anne which is architecturally uninteresting enough to have no history and seems scarcely more than a store-room for venerable altars and holy pictures.

The traveller left the church and climbed the hill-side near the town. And as he looked over its little roofs at the big "Brown Tower," at the long line of the Cathedral and the spire pointing so high and sharp against the Alps, he thought again of the happenings of which the Chapel of Sainte-Anne is the old, mute witness, of the beautiful, worn porch, the scene of so many long-gone pageants, and he realised that the barest and most dusty corners of these old places have interesting stories of our fellow-men. As the sun set gloriously behind the mountains and its glow lighted the dull roofs and cast a glimmer on the swift waters of the Durance, he longed to know more of those many

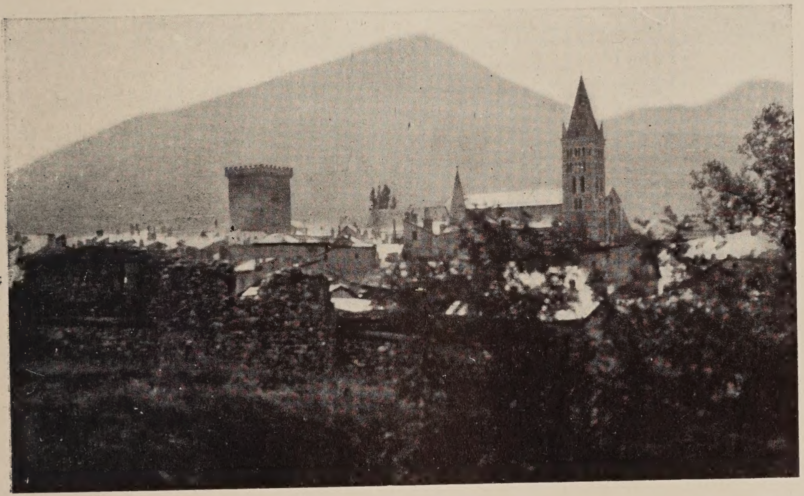


THE MODERN SHRINE OF OUR LADY.—EMBRUN.

lost stories of Embrun which make the people of its past alive and akin to us all.

Gap.

"The irresistible law of Progress, of civilisation, is to push aside, to overturn everything which impedes it morally and physically. . . . The department of the Hautes-Alpes, and particularly its capital, our old and dear Gap, . . . had long escaped . . . the general trend. Until the coming of the railroad, this frenzy for novelty, for destructivenenss, was almost unknown. Gap had preserved its atmosphere of rustic simplicity, the "bonhomie" of a mountain village, and had clung tenaciously to its old customs. But, since that day, one might think that all its population desired only to



"THE BIG 'BROWN TOWER' . . . AND THE SPIRE POINTING SO HIGH AND SHARP AGAINST THE ALPS."—EMBRUN.

make up for lost time. New fashions, innovations, demolitions, reconstructions, are the order of the day and soon every vestige of our old edifices, our ancient shops, our ancestral homes and firesides—as well as the simple modesty of our forefathers—will be things of the past. Everything will be modernised. . . . And, in spite of the relative shortness of my life, even I shall have assisted at the destruction and the transformation of the greater part of my native city. Fragments of our ramparts, city gates and towers, belfries, old churches, ancient fountains, public squares, market-hall, theatre, and Champ de Mars, —nearly all . . . will have disappeared."

This lament of a patriotic Gapençais, Monsieur Sibour, is the more convincing and appealing because the removal of these picturesque old landmarks is usually not for the real betterment of the town, as is so often pleaded, but for the convenience and material profit of some one or two owners, and because the stout, old tower which is removed is almost invariably replaced by some banal, modern structure, short-lived and ugly. Beauty seems to have been an inherent characteristic of old-time styles, comfort and convenience but secondary requirements. Happily, comfort and convenience are now considerations of the very highest importance while, unhappily, beauty is too often a neglected ideal.

No better illustration of this can exist than the small town of Gap and its Cathedral. It is a very ancient town, one of the hundred and fifteen of Gallo-Roman times. It considers itself far more "progressive" than its neighbour and one-time rival, Embrun; but where Embrun still possesses a charm, an atmosphere of olden days, Gap seems a commonplace town. Its new boulevards are broad, bare roads, its houses have but little quaintness, its "monuments" have almost entirely disappeared; and, although it is prettily situated in the large basin of the Chorges and surrounded by fertile hills and picturesque, rocky mountains, Gap itself is quiet and stagnant, enveloped by an atmosphere of dusty, provincial rusticity.

On the contrary, the history of the town is most warlike, and leads one to believe that generation after generation of Gapençais must have led anxious, excited lives. All the early enemies of the province, Christian and Infidel alike, attacked it; the Religious Wars were bitterly contested in Dauphiné; and the city itself, so divided in opinion that it produced both an "Inquisitor" and a "Reformer," succumbed alternately to Captains of the opposing Faiths. It was one of the many districts to suffer keenly from the emigration caused by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and even after the Revolution it was struggling and appealing for the restoration of the Bishopric of which it had been despoiled.

This See had been founded in the early missionary ages of Gallic Christianity by Demetrius, saint and martyr, who, according to churchly authorities, was a friend of Saint John the Evangelist and, in the history of laymen, is represented as a prelate of the III century. Whatever the exact date, his successors of the XII century seem to have acquired the manners and habits most common to the prelates of their later day. They were temporal lords of a vast domain, and quarrelled lustily with their flock until the end of the Middle Ages, when Francis I relieved them of seigneurial rights and privileges.

"THE CHÂTEAU OF CHARANCE . . . ON THE PLEASANT HILL-SIDE."—GAP.

Still retaining the title of Counts, but bending no longer under its weight of responsibilities, the Bishops seem to have turned to a life of pleasure in keeping with their worldly rank. They often retired to their summer palace, the Château of Charance, and there, on the pleasant hillside, their episcopal cares, like Gap in the valley beyond, must have seemed a mere speck on the horizon. The Château is a large, sunny country-house overlooking miles of country and the range of snow-capped mountains. Cold in winter, with biting winds, the climate is deliciously cool in spring and summer. A little pond, forest paths, and its gracious meadow and park make the grounds a veritable mountain Trianon, and it is not at all difficult to believe that at least one courtly Monseigneur of the XVIII century earned here his added title of "the most jovial prelate of France," nor that the charming fêtes given in the groves and by the little lake became as famous in Dauphiné as those of the King of Versailles.

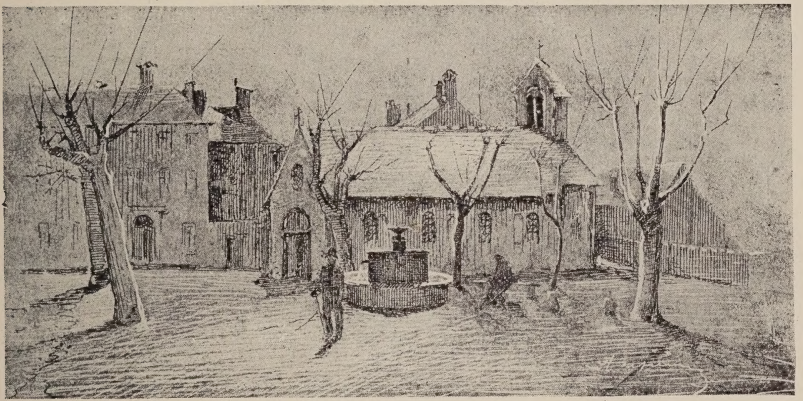
When, finally, the storm of the Revolution broke and swept before it the happy participants of these fairy-like, moonlit revels, the people of Gap begged their "dear Pastor" to stay with them and aid them to uphold his claims to the menaced Bishopric. But it would seem that they loved the office, which added to their town's importance, rather than the incumbent of the office; for in a year, almost to a day, this same "cherished Pastor" was attacked in his episcopal palace; and after a nerve-racking experience was obliged to descend to the humiliation of a disguise and to flee at night from his diocesan city.

If the Bishops of Gap are a very interesting line, including saints, administrators, an apostate to Protestantism, "the most jovial prelate in France," and other priests both bellicose and saintly, the Cathedral-churches of Gap have a story that is scarcely less varied, and few chapters of the history of diocesan architecture are more replete with misfortune.

There is a charming legend of a church which undoubtedly once existed in some form, and which served for a time as Cathedral of Gap. This is the Ecclesia Sancti Joannis Rotundi or Saint-Jean-le-Rond, which Raymond Juvénis, one of the oldest historians of Dauphiné, tells us "was a marvellous structure, a great monument of Gallo-Roman times, whose form was spherical. In the very centre was a round Altar, and high above this Altar was the opening through which the smoke of sacrifice escaped. This Temple was converted into a Cathedral, and several martyrs and Saint Demetrius, first Bishop of the city, were buried here." This tradition of Saint John the Round—ancient Temple or ancient Baptistery—is most interesting, but unfortunately the church has been destroyed and nothing of actual authenticity can be affirmed of it.

About 1010 another Cathedral was built and dedicated to Our Lady, and nearly a hundred years later it was burned and re-built. This again was demolished to make way for the Gothic Cathedral which Furmeyer and his heretical soldiers piously ruined in 1562. There was another re-building, another destruction, still another re-building in 1702, and in 1866 a final demolition and the beginnings of "the new Cathedral" in which the Gapençais have worshipped since 1895.

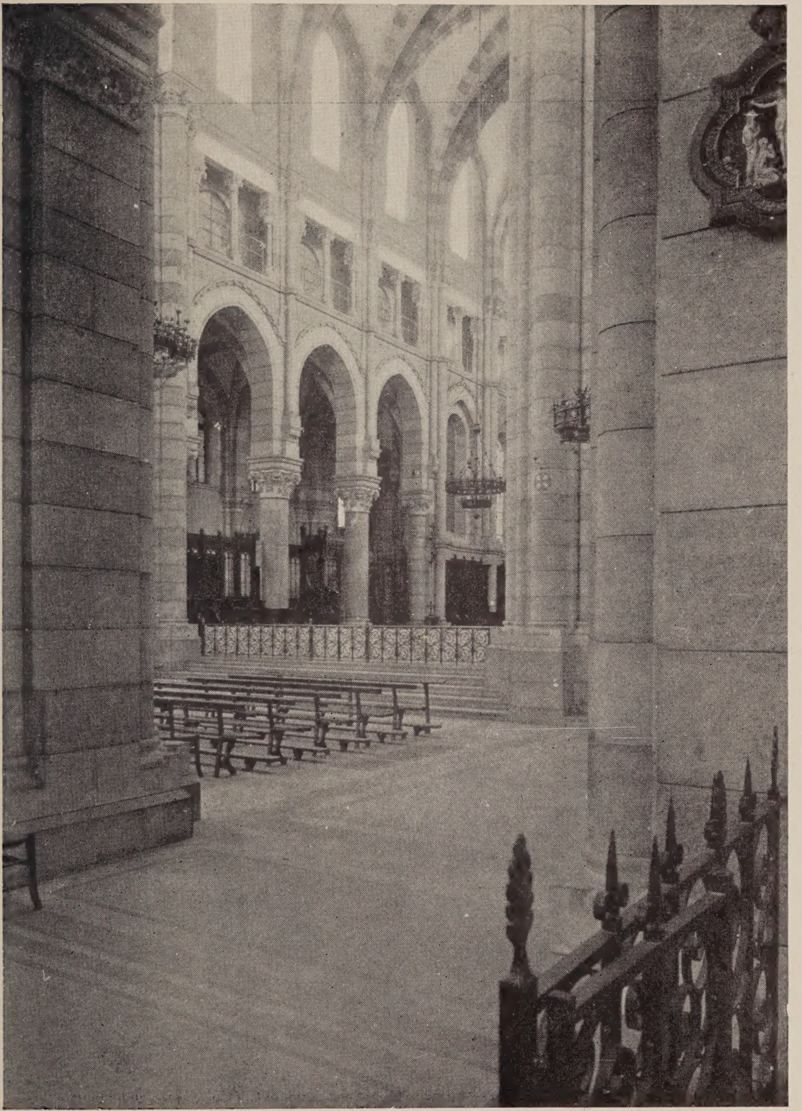
During the interim from 1866 to 1895 this harassed flock met in a very modest church which, strangely enough, stood on the holy and historic site of Saint-Jean-le-Rond. This was a building of strange fates. It had served as Chapel of the Confraternity of Penitents, as a hall for mass-meetings, and finally as a theatre. In taking possession of this strange pro-cathedral Monseigneur added a little nave, which profane writers have called "a wing," a few altars, and finally a diminutive campanile. This chimney-like structure, courteously described as "Romanesque in



"MONSEIGNEUR AND THE CHAPTER DESIRED NOTHING SO MUCH AS TO SEE IT CONSIGNED TO OBLIVION."—GAP.

style," was surmounted by an iron Cross, and in this manner the holy, regenerate character of the place was sufficiently proclaimed. A few quaint prints of this provisional church adequately explain to the sympathetic soul why "all the Gapençais and particularly Monseigneur and the Chapter desired nothing so much as to see it consigned to oblivion."

Very different indeed was the Cathedral which quickly rose by the side of this modest church, a building at once large, costly, and ambitious, which illustrates a very interesting phase of architecture—modern effort. What is lacking in the buildings of our own times that makes them so essentially inferior to the great works of the past? That they are generally inferior, even the most optimistic, even those not blinded by a cult of the things of the past, must admit. They have, sometimes, elements of the great and beautiful, they are sometimes worthy of far more than the casual mention they receive in architectural descriptions where they are often relegated to a last paragraph; but why is it that they are so often uninspired? Why are they not only lacking in originality, but, even when they are copies, always poorer than their great prototypes? Is it the rush of an age which longs for completion at too great a sacrifice of quality? Is it rush combined with enforced economy? Or is ours an age of architectural appreciation rather than of architectural creation? These are thoughts which assail the traveller before the greatest of modern churches, before La



"VERY DIFFERENT INDEED WAS THE NEW CATHEDRAL WHICH QUICKLY AROSE BY THE SIDE OF THIS MODEST CHURCH."—GAP.

Majeure of Marseilles, before the new Catholic Cathedral of London, and before Notre-Dame of Gap, which, although lesser, is not unworthy of mention with these vast works.

"THE SINGLE, TAPERING TOWER"—GAP..

The exterior, a large construction of whitish stone, is so near completion that it may be fairly judged.

Except for its rather generous size, it is not particularly interesting. The apse and the lateral walls are clumsily heavy, and only the deep entrance of the façade—still unfinished—and the single tower tapering above it, give to this exterior a promise of the majestic dignity which should be inherent in a cathedral so largely planned.

The style of the church has been described as "modernised Byzantine-Romanesque-Gothic," and this confused pell-mell of terms suggests the bewildered judgment of the traveller as he stepped into the interior. In plan the Gothic has triumphed. The room has three aisles and side-chapels, narrow transepts, a choir with its ambulatory, a clerestory, and a triforium. The Oriental influence is strongly evident in a colour-scheme in stone, which is yet not Oriental—its tints are too attenuated, too ethereal. The interior is large and fine; it is almost imposing. The perspectives through its strong, round pillars are impressive. Yet the effect is never entirely good; and, although it is far from the province of a mere traveller to declare that "modern Byzantine–Romanesque–Gothic" could not somewhere be ideally united in one church, it is not too much to say that this Cathedral has not realised the ideal.

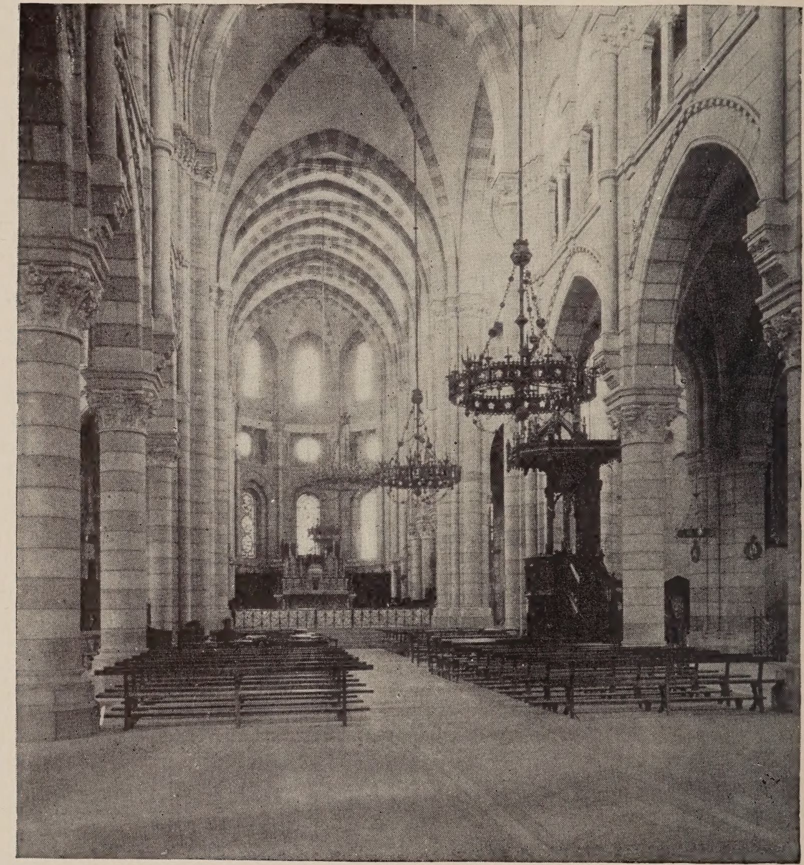
Rose-coloured marble of Chorges and of the Roche-de-Rame alternates in the pillars with the greyish stone of Maurin. The ribs of the vaulting have alternating blocks of black marble from the Champsaur.

Sometimes the white shades faintly towards green, the rose becomes dull and reddish, and the sharp, new carvings of the capitals are softened by the creamy tints in their huge blocks. The floor is paved in mosaic. In itself the blending of all these tints is exceptionally delicate and charming, but in so large a church they immediately become effeminate; and considering them only, one's mind wanders off to a Nymphæum where they would be ideal. Brought back to the realities of a Christian Cathedral one wonders how these colours can be made to harmonise with the stained-glass which will eventually fill the many different windows of the church.

The traveller, half impressed, more than half pleased, feels himself captious and considers the church from new points of view, from those of proportion and form. In imitative force the exterior seems vastly inferior to the great domed Cathedral of Marseilles; the interior, by contrast, appears more truly majestic and imposing than that of La Majeure. Its size, and proportions are pleasing; and the choir, raised above the level of the nave, has an atmosphere of remoteness which is appropriate to the holiness of the mysteries celebrated within its gates.

The nave is lofty and spacious without bareness, and will receive, with the opacity of stained-glass, the subdued light so becoming in sacred places. The piers and columns are finely strong and their capitals, if not very varied, are very beautiful and effective.

The vaulting is high and simple, but the artistic value of the triforium with its multitude of poor details is meagre; and even in the choir, where the clerestory windows are in greater consonance with the general plan, pointed instead of round as in the nave, the development of line is not perfect. As in this detail, so in the whole, complete harmony does not exist, and it



"THE NAVE IS LOFTY AND SPACIOUS WITHOUT BARENESS."—GAP.

would appear as if each style maintained its own particular beauty of part at the expense rather than for the betterment of the whole.

Such is the modern glory of Gap, impressive in effort but lacking the simplicity of genius which created the Romanesque of Notre-Dame-du-Bourg of Digne and the sense of the eternal fitness which dwells, like a familiar spirit, in churches of the purely Gothic style.

Die.

In spite of the high-sounding, ancient name of Dea Augusta Vocontiorum, an old-time dedication to Cybele, "the good goddess," and in spite of its former position of prominence on the great Roman road between Milan and Vienne, Die has fallen to low estate.

It has little that is in harmony with the peaceful valley in which it lies, and seems, in its narrow streets, its unbeautiful buildings, and general stagnation, to be pervaded by a barrenness of spirit which is typified physically in the desolate, naked masses of rock which rise into mountains behind the town. The setting sun casts a deep glow on these seared hills, and the glow is reflected on the walls of the houses; but when the light fades, the hills become bleak and menacing and the little town sinks into its commonplace provincialism. Even the Roman ruins, whose "Arch of Triumph," "Palatium," and "Walls" sound imposing, are so mutilated and fragmentary that they are characterless, mere melancholy suggestions of a dead past, and have nothing of the beauty and inspiring suggestiveness of the ruins of Orange, Riez, and Vienne.

In the records of Die both history and tradition tell that Christianity has exerted comparatively little of its influence of peace and good-will. Founded in the legendary days of the III century, long before those of Valence and Viviers, her Bishopric strongly militant, emerged into a stormy period whose story adds still greater force to the argument that, although ideally and theoretically it should not be, practically it is and always has been true that the temporal power of the episcopacy is a great menace to the growth and even the existence of its true spirituality.

If the early, canonised Bishops of the diocese are excepted, neither history nor kindly tradition has much to tell of holy, self-sacrificing administrators. These prelates were, on the contrary, men of affairs and of wars. In 1030 the feud between Bishop and Count had begun. At first the lord of Diois was the lay disputant; he bequeathed the quarrel to his heir, the Count of Valentinois; and, for over two centuries, the so-called "War of the Prelates" kept the house of Poitiers and the Bishops and Canons of Die in a continual state of most unchristlike rage, hatred, and dissension.

In the meantime, a third party to these disputes had arisen—the people of Die themselves. They had been granted a Charter and, with new power, began to take so great an interest in the management of affairs that, from spectators and victims, they became active participants; and when Bishop Humbert IV tried to curtail their privileges, they killed him before one of the doors of his Cathedral. Since then, with melancholy significance, that door has been called "the red portal."

In vain Pope Gregory X tried to suppress these scandals by uniting the See to that of Valence. The Canons and the people rose against their new Bishop, and the struggles were not ended until 1419 when Die and its surrounding country finally became part of Dauphiné and fell under the immediate rule of the Kings of France.

In spite of its vicissitudes, the city was at this time prosperous and growing. Wars seem to have been to the Middle Ages what storms and winds are to the present day, natural phenomena of every-day life, expected, prepared for, destructive, but not necessarily fatal to the prosperity of a strong, walled town.

Such was Die at the opening of the terrible dissensions between Catholics and Huguenots. Through all Dauphiné "the new religion," as it was often called, had been received with enthusiasm. Persecution had the same effect here as everywhere. He who tortured heretics to-day, might, to-morrow, expect the fate of the Catholic general who was seized by the Protestant Baron des Adrets, killed in holy reprisal, and left hanging in a window of his own home.

Catholics and Huguenots in turn held Die, and what was respected by the one was so completely ruined by the other that destruction menaced the city.

For a time the Huguenots were all-powerful. They founded a college and added greatly to the town's industrial importance. But gradually the royal authority and the Church regained the ascendency; and, yielding to the prayers of the King, Innocent XI reconstituted the Bishopric. The Cathedral, which had been demolished by the Huguenots in the XVI century and had stood for nearly a hundred years in gaping ruin, was restored. Louis XIV's proscription of 1684 gave a death-blow to the commerce and industry of the city; and, like Valence and Romans and many another town in France, Die, in her restoration to orthodoxy, was deprived of many of her best citizens who fled for liberty of conscience to other, more tolerant countries.

Die had successfully defied and survived Barbarians, Moors, Normans, Lombards, and generations of pestering Counts and warlike Bishops; but, in the terrible internecine wars so equivocally called "religious," her era of civic prosperity came abruptly to an end. Much has been written of the losses entailed upon France by these brutal, unholy struggles, of the industrial gain of England, Holland, and Germany, of a depletion which France felt bitterly in 1870, of a depopulation more fatal than that of the Napoleonic wars; but no statistics nor historic reasonings are so striking as a walk in the decayed little city of Die, an example in miniature of the far-reaching result of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

If the monuments of its pagan age are so mutilated as to be fragmentary, those of the long centuries of Christianity, although more complete, are scarcely more beautiful or interesting. In the Promenade de la Mairie—once the episcopal gardens—is a small bust of a poetical Countess of Die. This little bust, which was modelled by a woman, was presented in 1888 by the literary Félibres and Cigaliers and is the city's solitary romantic suggestion.

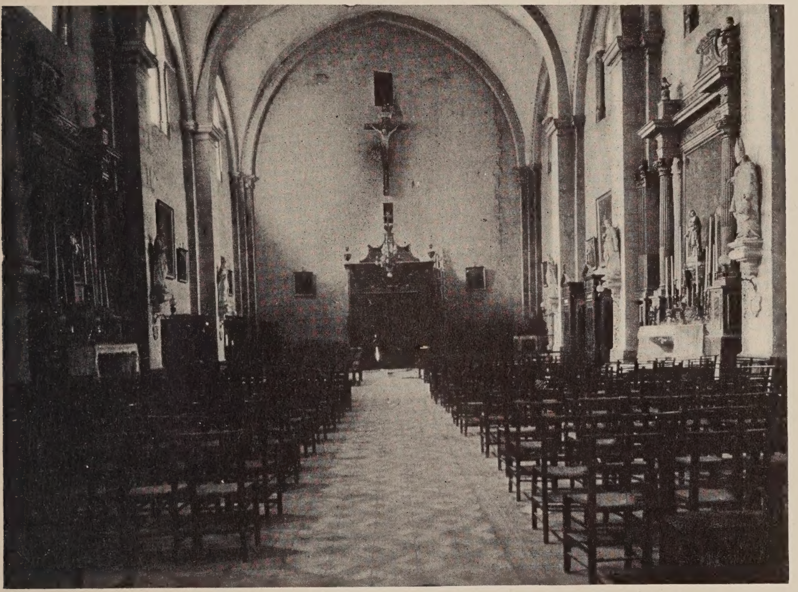
Much more in harmony with the long history of the town is the Protestant "Temple," a chapel of the Older Faith whose episcopal escutcheon and "idolatrous" figure have been rudely obliterated; and the gaunt and angular Catholic church, the Cathedral of Sainte-Marie.

"No edifice in the diocese of Valence shows more profoundly the impress . . . of an unhappy history. It bears not only scars, . . . but wounds badly healed and the marks of dreadful amputations . . . inflicted not by time, but by the sacrilegious hand of man. It is the symbol of the immortal Catholic Church who receives the blows of her enemies with no thought of revenge and who lives on forever after they believe that they have killed her."

Thus eloquently the Curé writes of his old Cathedral-church, and he has need of all the beauty of religious thought and symbolism; for of architectural beauty, of grace, of dignity, or simplicity, the church is singularly destitute. Even from the neighbouring hills, with all the enchantment of distance, the uncompromising heaviness and angularity of the Cathedral are plainly evident. The "amputations," "scars," "wounds badly healed," of which the Curé writes, suggest a body dreadful to behold, and so it is with this unfortunate church.

It may be supposed that its style originally was Romanesque, and the south wall bears distinct traces of this good old form; but the north wall is hideously patched, the apse with its walled windows protrudes heavily, and over the unfinished tower is a huge, iron cage, suggestive of a menagerie, which is grotesquely called "the campanile." The porch of the Cathedral, two stories in height, is its oldest part and, although a somewhat sombre structure, it is the only portion of the edifice which arouses a real interest. The columns which carry its vaulting were probably cut in Roman days from the quarries of the Plan de la Queyrie near Die and were, perhaps, first used in the Temple to Cybele, the early protectress of the valley. They are simple, heavy, Corinthian, consonant with the equally simple, heavily rounded arches which rest upon them.

In the shadow of this dark, low porch the principal portal opens; and entering, the great space of the interior, broad, high, aisleless,—bare and desolate—greets the eye. It is in vain that the traveller recalls what he has read of this room, that it is "vast," that the arithmetical calculation of its proportions is quite imposing. The room is not "vast," it is merely big. There is no effect of true simplicity, for there are stalls and statues and other accessories of conflicting styles. There are no beautiful details, no old and exquisite episcopal throne, no canopied tomb, no wondrous choir-wood as at Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, to gently distract his thought from the general barrenness.



"THE ROOM IS NOT 'VAST,' IT IS MERELY BIG."—DIE.

It is inconceivable that this was the aspect of that Notre-Dame which, according to the calendar of an ancient Missal, was consecrated in 1250. The Huguenot vandals deprived the Cathedral of every vestige of its rich and time-honoured furnishings, the Marquis of Gouvernet, chief of their band, even carried its stones to Aix for the building of his château; and one feels, with the Curé, that "the elements of a happier general proportion must also have disappeared."

It is only too evident, in spite of the munificence of Louis XIV and the generosity of the Bishop who added ten thousand crowns from his private fortune, that the diocese was too lukewarm or too poor to aid in the work of reconstruction, that architectural ideals had become degraded, and that in 1699, when the Cathedral was solemnly re-consecrated, its old-time character had disappeared to give place to the present uninteresting desolation.

Saint-Paul-trois-Chateaux.

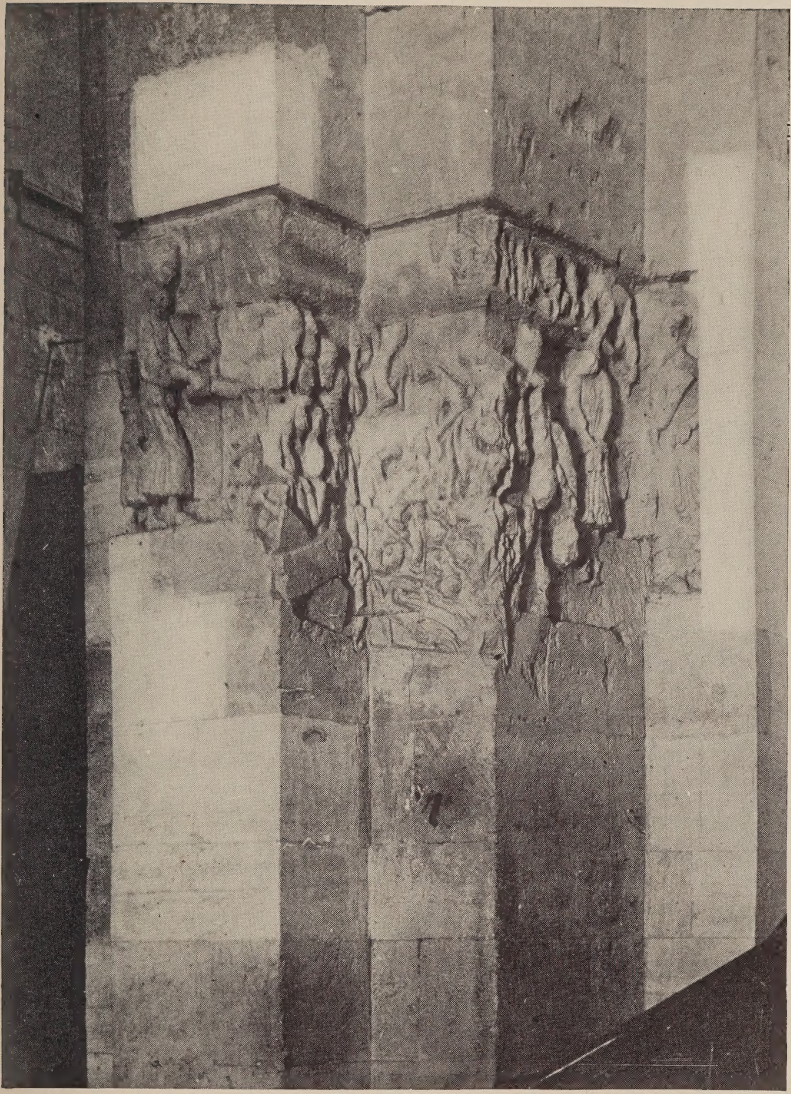
The beautiful remains of ancient, ruined cities, evoking great memories, inspire respect for the little historic villages which cluster about them or for the barren land which they still overshadow, the land where cities once stood. Such are the great Temples of Sicily, of Pæstum, such the ruins of the high Syrian plateau which still seems to echo with the cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." In France this antique spirit lives in Nîmes where even a surrounding, encroaching modernity cannot minimise the ruins of the Roman past, it lives at Saint-Remy where a single arch and a tall monument stand in solemn loneliness near the bare, seared rocks of the lower Alps. But it is not alive at Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux, the majestic Augusta Tricastinorum of the ancients, a centre of the imperial Provincia so renowned that Livy writes of it, Pliny ranks it with the "colonies" of the Mediterranean basin, with Marseilles, Narbonne, and Arles, and the Roman Emperor himself deigned to grant it his godlike name. Silius Italicus, the poet, singing of warlike deeds, tells us that Hannibal, his army, and his elephants, halted at the city of the Three Fortresses in his march against Rome.

No memory of pagan glory seems possible in the present "Augusta of the three Fortresses," the very name seems ironical, and "Saint Paul of the three Castles" is not less inappropriate to the quaint, country village by which this site is now marked.

The strongholds have vanished. The Reverend Father Boyer speaks of the remains of an amphitheatre and the ruins of an arena which were still traceable in 1710; but like the fortresses, the amphitheatre and the arena have crumbled to dust, and he who would prove the former greatness of Saint-Paul must leave its village streets and travel down the Rhone to Avignon, where in the Calvet Museum some of the marvels of its Roman days are preserved,—in statues, bronzes, mosaics, jewels, coins, and medals, works of art which argue eloquently for the value of its lost architecture.

Not into the valley of the Rhone as it now is, fertile, industrious, and contented, but into the valley of the Roman Rhone, that valley of the far past, of imperial luxuriousness and imperial riches, came the earliest missionaries of the Christian story, Lazarus, Martha, Mary, and their little company. The humble friends of Jesus were blown to Provence in a bark that had neither sail nor oar, and courageously entered into the gay and pagan life of the Gallo-Roman world. According to the poetic history of these Saints of Provence, it was he who had been the most dependent of them all who became the most adventurous, and leaving Lazarus at Marseilles, Martha at Avignon, and Saint Maxime and Mary Magdalene near the sea, pushed onward to Augusta Tricastinorum. This hero was Sidonius, or Restitut, the "Restored," as he preferred to be called, the man "blind from his birth," whose sight was restored by the Divine Master in whose Name he founded the first Bishopric of the great and growing Gallic city.

It was none of these great Saints or martyrs whom Augusta Tricastinorum chose for its patron, but one Paul, a native of the north country. In an old Tricastine breviary the story is told that Paul, hard-pressed by the barbarians who descended upon the territory near Reims, migrated to Saint-Remy and began to till the fields of his new home. At this time a holy Bishop of Augusta Tricastinorum died, and the clergy and people, seeking counsel in the choice of a successor, received a heavenly command to place on the empty throne a tiller of the neighbouring fields named Paul. They immediately began the search for the unknown man; and finding Paul of Saint-Remy in his field told him their mission. Striking the bare stick, which he



"THE SCULPTURE IS WORN, INTERESTING, AND ENIGMATIC."—SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

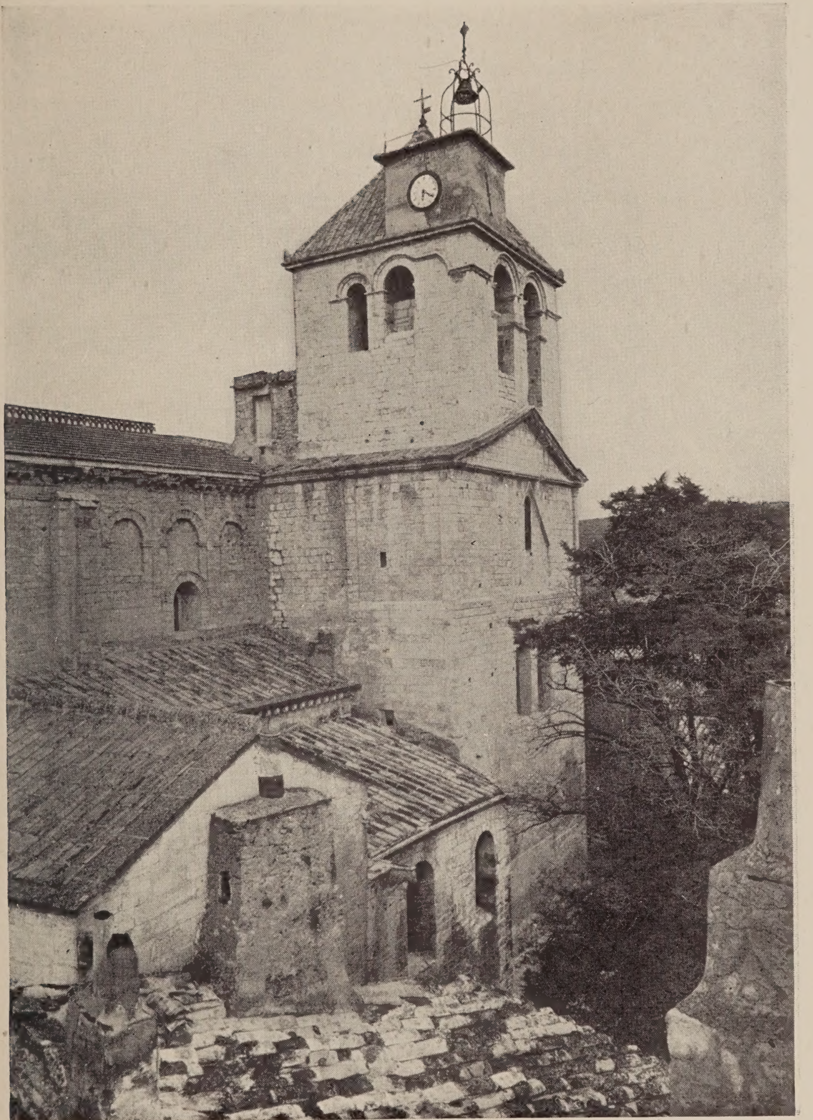
used to prod his oxen, into the ground, Paul said emphatically, "I will be your Bishop only when this dead branch is covered with leaves and flowers."

At his words a branch covered with beautiful blossoms replaced the old stick; and overwhelmed and convinced, Paul was carried away from his home and his wife to assume the heavy burdens of the episcopacy.

This miraculous incident of his life and miracles accomplished after death, "by his powerful intercession with God," so aroused the gratitude of the people of his city that they changed its name to Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux and inaugurated a yearly procession in his memory, in which they carried a stick covered with foliage or, in mild seasons, a branch of the flowering almond-tree. And this name and this procession of the first Sunday in February, originally celebrated in a great city, is still religiously preserved by its civic descendants in the little country village.

Other miracle-working Saints succeeded to the Tricastine See, Saint Maximus, Saint Michael, and Saint Martin of the Elms whose most wondrous deed, perhaps, was that of preserving the devotees from the contagion of his leprous body. None of these wonder-workers cared sufficiently for worldly prosperity to intercede for the continuation of Saint-Paul's pagan greatness, and it is a singular fact that of all her wealth of monuments nothing remains except the Christian church, the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. In spite of the barbarians, the heretics, and the revolutionists, Notre-Dame still survives, scarred and seared, one of the first churches of the Provençal type to be met in a southward journey, and one of the most consistent, dignified, and truly classical of the type.

Like many churches of very ancient tradition the date of its building is uncertain. Father Boyer, writing in the uncritical XVIII century, affirms that it was constructed by order of the Emperor Lothaire, in the year 834, and in honour of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary. Tradition asserts that Charlemagne, munificent Patron of churches and as untiring in gifts of corner-stones to Provence as Edward VII in laying those of modern England, was the patron of the early Church of Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux. Stones of the apse carved with the letters C. M. have been shown in support of this popular story, and a curious, much defaced bas-relief of one of the nave piers has been proudly claimed as a representation of Bishop Aldebrand of Saint-Paul and the great Carlovingian Emperor himself. But the only basis for this hypothesis is a general resemblance of the figures to a Bishop with his Crozier, and a personage accompanied by a retinue. The sculpture is worn, interesting, and enigmatic. It might represent God the Father, sceptre in hand, receiving a ransomed soul, or any saintly prelate encouraging any noble pilgrim or the souls in purgatory; but the traveller, standing before it, was less vividly reminded of Bishops and Emperors than of representations of Purgatory and the words of Saint Thomas Aquinas, that "the joy of the



"IT IS AT FIRST SIGHT MERELY A QUAINT AND VENERABLE EDIFICE."—
SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

Blessed throughout eternity will partly consist in beholding the sufferings of the Damned."

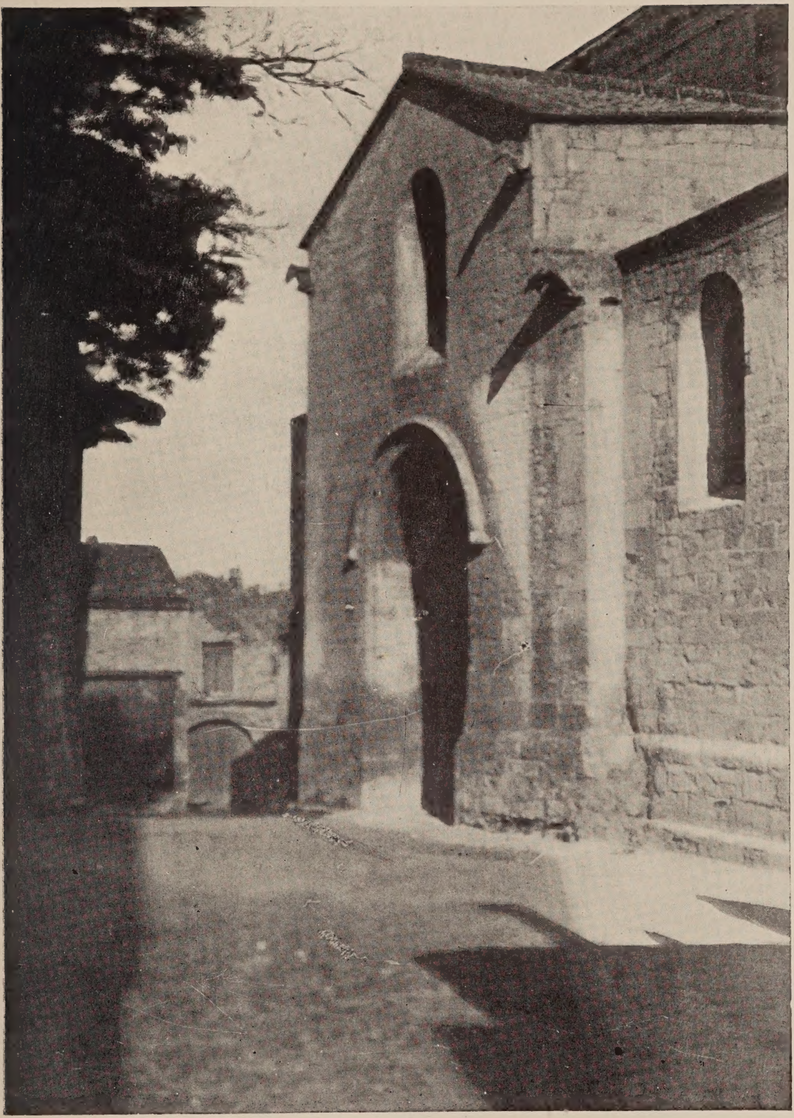
Leaving tradition for the less romantic testimony of archæology, it is only possible to say with Révoil that the apse and the transepts seem to belong to the end of the IX or to the X century, and that the greater part of the nave dates from the XII century.

Although too closely shadowed by the irregular houses of the townsfolk, Notre-Dame of Saint-Paul has the great advantage of being entirely detached from them, of standing alone in its little square. It is at first sight merely a quaint and venerable edifice, rather largely angular, with square-cut transepts, squat tower, plain façade, and severe side walls. Even the very usual rounded apses, three irregular excrescences which project from a straight, blank wall, give to the church an added quaintness without alleviating its essential squareness of line.

As the traveller sat on a low wall opposite the church and wrote these lines he felt that they contained an undeserved stigma, that they implied a gaunt old building, ugly in its rigidity. Such a criticism would be far from truth. Those who know the great pagan monuments of the Roman Empire will remember that their angularity has a fine and even an elegant severity of line, and this quality of the antique is felt at Saint-Paul even before the purity of its classicism is perceived in its rare and beautiful ornamentation. "Pilasters crowned with complete entablature of architrave, frieze, and cornice, and filled in with an intermediate arcade, might be part of a Roman amphitheatre," and "the ornaments of the cornice are directly imitated from the modillions and leaf enrichments of Roman work; the egg and dart and other classic details are frequently used throughout."

The entrances to the church are a severe-lined portal opening into a porch of the south wall whose chief ornaments are three rather primeval gargoyles and the mutilated but finely rounded door of the façade. This is a beautiful and enigmatical structure, perhaps part of an elaborate porch commenced and left unfinished, or finished and destroyed. Even tradition is silent regarding its earliest form; but the richness of its decoration, its leaf and egg patterns, its little sculptured heads, and the deep channelled columns in the wall, presuppose a structure worthy of these details and of the general conception of the Cathedral.

The interior is very much purer in style than almost any other three-aisled interior of the Provençal type; that of Sisteron receives much of its effect from the sombre tone of its stone, that of the far-famed Arles is less classic, and that of Vaison has a bourgeois quality when compared with the more majestic dignity of Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux. Less perfect as a finished whole than Arles, it is more classic in atmosphere, the span of its arches is more finely generous, the simple tunnel vaulting spreads above a greater height of nave, and it is more imposing and



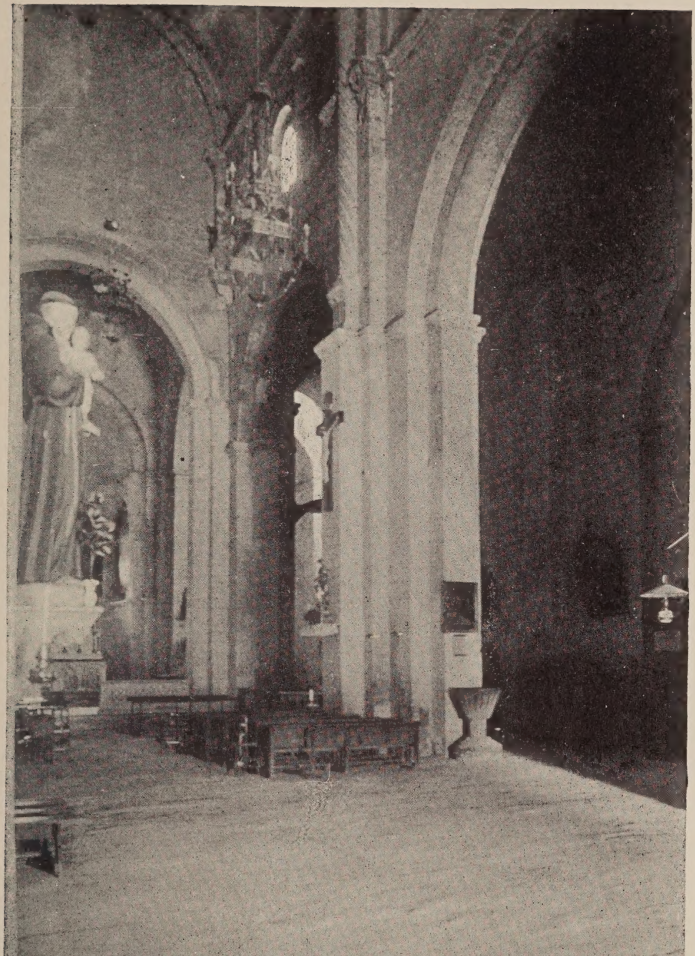
"A SEVERE-LINED PORTAL OPENING INTO A DEEP VESTIBULE OF THE SOUTH WALL."—SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

seemingly far larger than any interior of the Provençal Romanesque.

In classic detail the central nave is not less richly and measuredly adorned than the exterior; the lateral naves, recalling those of Arles, are slender and sombre; but some of the most interesting of the details have been recently brought to light in the apse and prove how many ancient and curious things lie hidden behind plaster and stone in these old, old churches. In this apse are eight fluted columns with beautiful capitals, and here Monsieur Morel, Canon of the church, discovered traces of the Altar of the primitive See and of the low seats formerly occupied by the attending clergy. He also discovered the mosaic pavement of an old choir, which represents in medallion the symbols of the four Evangelists and a crenelated castle inscribed JERUSALE. The symbols are conventionally interesting; but the castle, with its bugler standing on the wall and blowing his trumpet, is one of those naïve and delightful anachronisms in which early art abounds.

Seeing these fragments which have often reappeared from beneath unworthy coverings of plaster and paint through the intelligent generosity of Churchmen rather than by the munificence of the so-called patrons of art, one feels impatient that so much has been hidden and is still concealed, and yet this same despised paint has preserved much which otherwise would never have survived to our day. For if churches have their Saints and benefactors they have also their enemies and destroyers. Notre-Dame of Saint-Paul rejoices in the memory of the holy men whose figures are in the paintings of her choir; she was honoured by the presence of Urban II, the Pope of the First Crusade who was almost as indefatigable a visitor of French Cathedrals as Charlemagne; she was also sought by that "very worthy, very powerful, and very generous pilgrim," Louis XI; but with the passing of the XV century, the "generous" and the "worthy" gave place to those who combined, in a scarcely less degree, the power and the lust of desecration and destruction.

Robert de la Marck and his Lansquenets began the invasion, but it was not till 1555 that the storms of the Reformation gathered about the town. On Christmas Eve, seven years later, the storm broke—a force of Calvinists burst into the city and commenced a reign which the inhabitants still call the "Terror." All the excesses popular in that epoch of irreligious religion took place in Saint-Paul. Archives were burned, statues smashed into a thousand pieces, bonfires blazed in the open square before the Cathedral, their flames fed by the Host, blessed relics, and the bodies of holy prelates. The Bishop fled, the Vicar General was killed, and later, as his successor was finishing the celebration of a Mass, he was seized by the heretics and buried, still living, before the Altar. The Calvinistic rule in Saint-Paul was not one of prosperity nor were the retaliative sieges by Catholic forces productive of



"THE SPAN OF ITS ARCHES IS FINELY GENEROUS."—SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

peace or plenty, and it was not till 1599, years after the first flight of the Bishop, that the new prelate, Antoine du Cros, could safely return to the city, recall the Canons, and begin the Cathedral's restoration.

The XVII century is an unhappy period in French ecclesiastical architecture, and the octagonal dome, the paintings, the gildings, and the unnecessary woodwork replaced rather than reproduced the lost portions of the Cathedral and added much of the ludicrous to the sublime simplicity of the old church.

Following in the wake of these changes came the great Revolution, whose one idea often seemed to be that of radical, anarchistic transformation without regard to rhyme or weighty reason. The revolutionists changed the name of the town to Paul-les-Fontaines and began the desecration of the Cathedral in very much the same manner as the invaders of Huguenot times. In their fury they had clambered to the top of the triforium and were shouting "To the organ! To the organ!" when a Catholic who had mingled with the crowd, hoping, if possible, to save some sacred object, ran to the venerable instrument and began to play the *Marseillaise*. This so overjoyed the revolutionists that they unanimously declared that the organ had justified its existence; the "sans-culottes" sang and danced in the stately nave, and, during the horrid orgy which followed, the pious organist slipped away in the night's safe darkness, and the

Cathedral, desecrated and forgotten, was spared to modern times.

It is to be feared that it is forgotten even by those

"THE LATERAL NAVE, RECALLING THAT OF ARLES, IS SLENDER AND SOMBRE."—SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

modern travellers who have the gifts of time and appreciation. Lying a few miles back of the Rhone and its

"A CATHEDRAL LARGE IN LOFTINESS AND DIGNITY."—SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX.

great railroad, lost in a little plain of the bare Alpine foot-hills, Saint-Paul is a quaint but stagnating village, not so picturesque as Vaison or Die, not at all beautiful as old Embrun, but the quiet, country proprietor, as it were, of a really fine, old Cathedral. And here is found an interesting realisation of an ideal often vainly cherished by travellers of the Provençal borderland; here is found a nearer approximation to a style which is not illogically expected in a country covered by Roman ruins, and in buildings constructed at a period when these ruins existed in far greater numbers and more perfect preservation than now; here is that extreme simplicity which reaches perfect dignity, that harmonious moderation of ornament which is stately and rich, that simplicity which, unlike the Cathedral of Orange, is not penurious but beautiful and uplifting.

Monsieur Anthime Saint-Paul in his *Encyclopédie d l'architecture* says that "there is not one large, complete Romanesque church in France; its Cathedrals are small and admirable by reason of the luxurious beauty of their Cloisters or their portals." This is theoretically exact; yet here is practically an exception, here is an "admirable" Cathedral without Cloister or wondrous portal, large in loftiness and dignity and effect if not in size, and one which has realised the early ideal of the Romanesque art,—the harmonious adaptation of pagan, Roman styles to the exigencies of Christian worship.

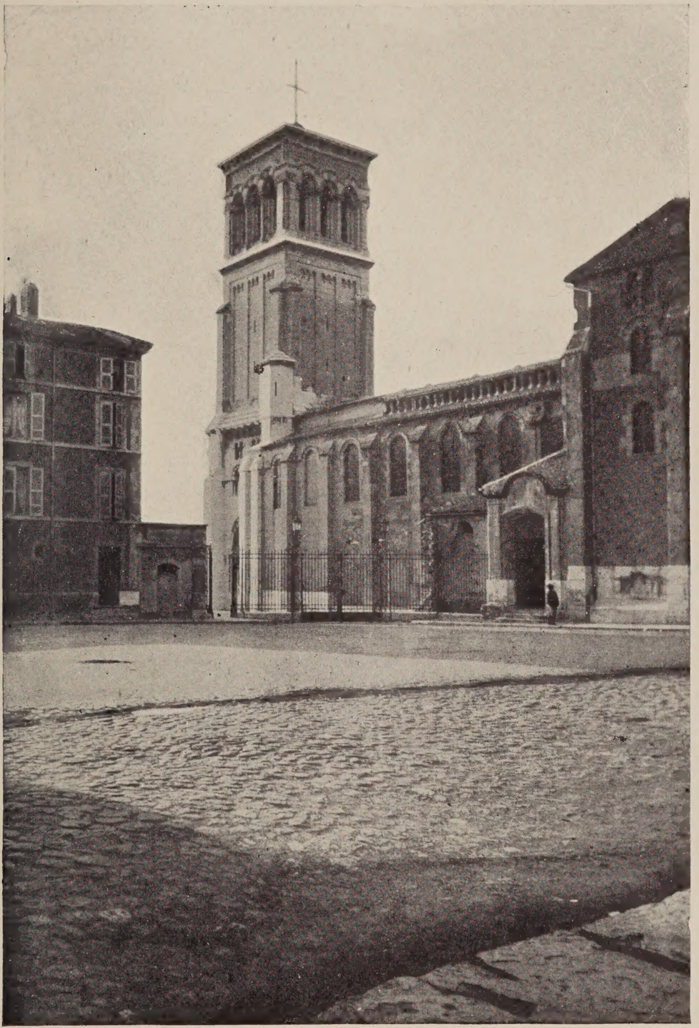
Valence.

Along the valley of the Rhone, the cradle of Gallic Christianity, lie churches whose infancy is surrounded by picturesque traditions and legends innumerable, and to which even critical history grants a very venerable foundation.

Valence is not the oldest of these churches, its early history is not as brilliant as that of Arles, its miraculous story is not as dramatic as that of Tarascon, it does not claim, as does the Bishopric of Marseilles, to have been established by a friend of Christ, but it is among the earliest foundations of the Faith of the first Christian centuries, and its congregation is said—probably with much truth—to have worshipped in the Temple where their ancestors had burned incense to pagan gods.

A few centuries later the Saracens destroyed either this old Roman building or an edifice which had replaced it; and the "Holy Church," an association of both clergy and laity for "the construction of churches, chapels, bridges, and all good works," began to plan a new Cathedral which Pope Urban II solemnly consecrated in 1095.

This is the church which has passed through changes and vicissitudes and survived to the present day. A faulty builder, the elements, and the Protestants have contributed to the changes which are found in its construction. Once, before the Huguenot depredations, during a fierce storm of the valley, the lightning shattered the tower, and again, in 1806, it was felled by the same force. Between 1560 and 1570 the Huguenots camped twice in Valence, and, directed by the famous Baron des Adrets, began their favourite pas-



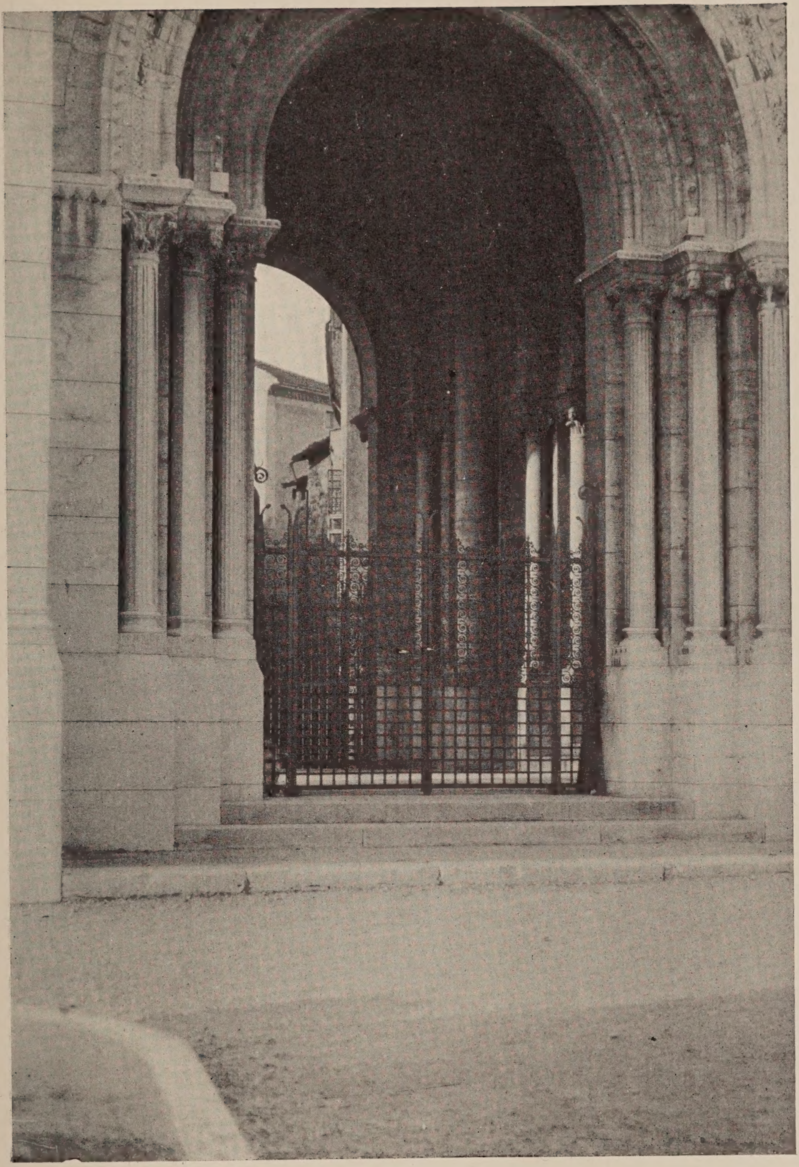
"A CATHEDRAL OF THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE."—VALENCE.

time of church destruction. A fire was built in the nave and the tower was attacked. It fell, but if the nave vault had been properly built the main building would have escaped any great damage. The ancient contract called for a vaulting of stone, and of stone only; but the mediæval builder, either to hasten or to scamp his work, placed wooden beams among his supports, and during four centuries they had dried and seasoned until they made excellent kindling for the Huguenot flames. Thus by a strange destiny, after the great-great-grandchildren of the builder had passed away, his structural fraud was paid for by the destruction of the whole vault.

For forty years the Cathedral stood roofless, the stones of its towers lying scattered about it,—then the restoration was begun.

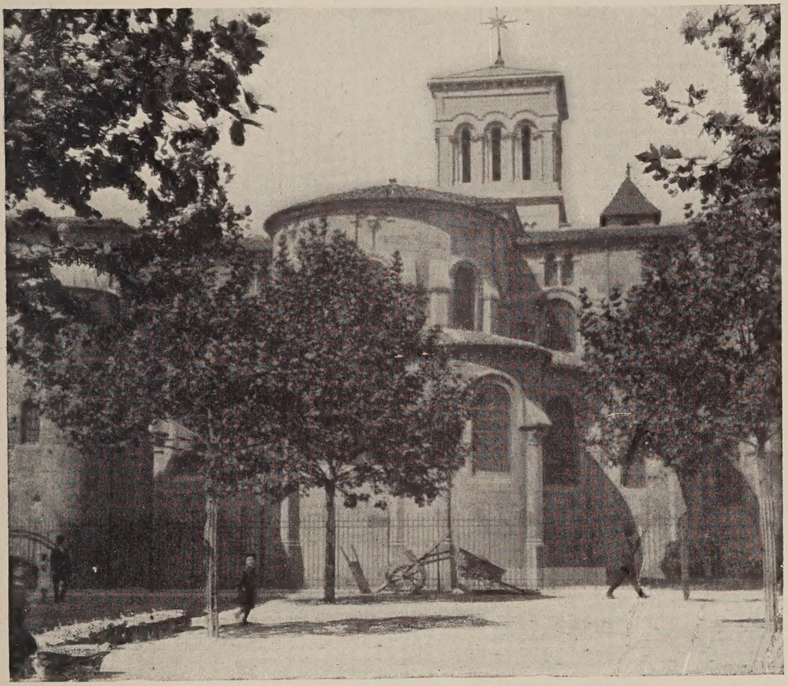
Although the re-building of the XIX century presents slight variations from the original plan, although in the re-constructing of the XVII and XVIII centuries the nave was heightened, the windows enlarged, and parts of the choir changed, the Cathedral's style has been very generally preserved, and it is so fine in form that these details should be forgotten in the contemplation of the beautiful whole.

The side walls which rise straight and firm, supported by plain buttresses, the pretty little nestling apses, and the small side portals belong to the good old Romanesque, but the tower suggests other forms. At least one member of the "Holy Church" of Valence had



THE ARCHES OF THE TOWER.—VALENCE.

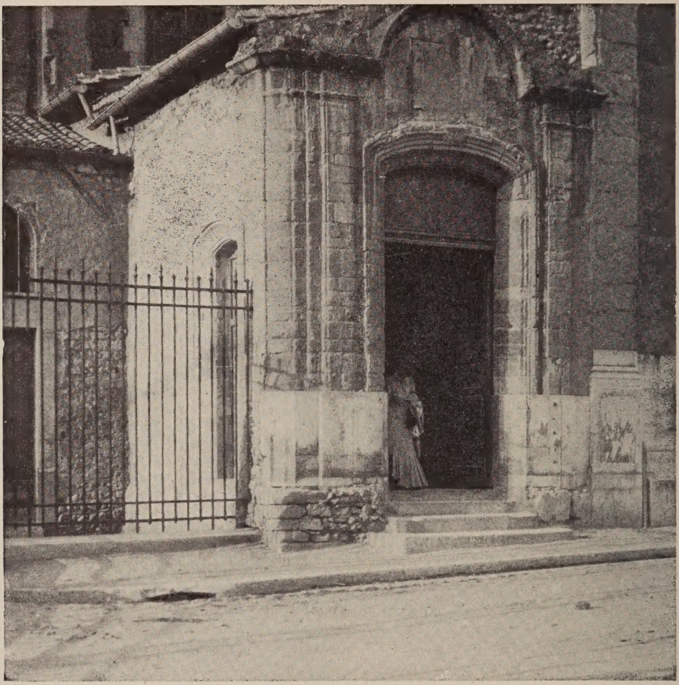
been a prisoner in the "land of infidels," the innumerable incursions of the Moors brought hither at least a few who remained to settle and to marry; and in the coloured stones and strong yet delicate designs of the Cathedral's tower there is a reminiscence, subtle as a perfume, of Arabian and of Moorish work, of the Saracenic manner seen in Spain. These Oriental influences are so vague that they cannot be accurately traced. How many pagan motives have been formed by the consecrated stones of the beautiful tower which rises above the houses of the city and dominates the



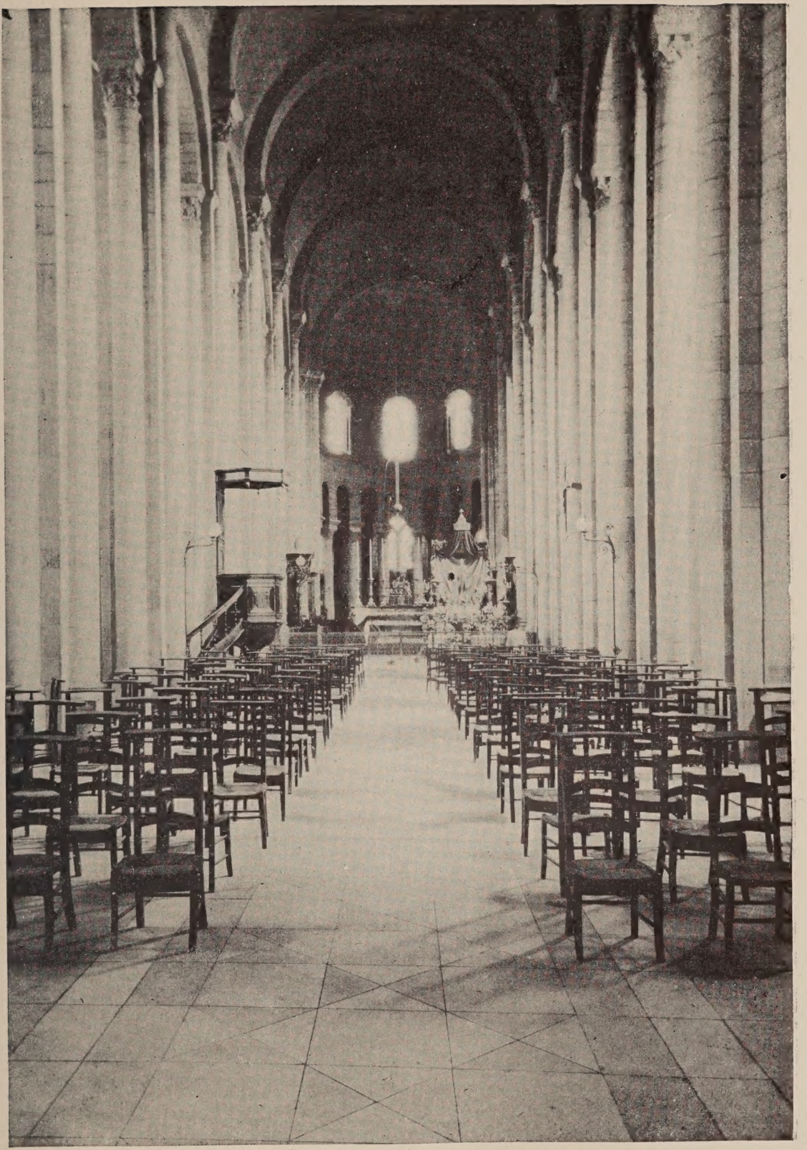
"THE PRETTY, LITTLE, NESTLING APSES."—VALENCE.

Rhone no man can tell, and in an architectural sense it is more convenient to ignore them.

The interior of the Cathedral does not present an usual type of Romanesque, the aisleless tunnel-vaulted room; nor is it the pure, classic form of Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux; nor the plain three-aisled type of which Saint-Trophime of Arles is so famous an example. The interior of Saint-Apollinaire shows a more advanced period of the art; it is not more sophisticated, it is not weaker. Far from being degenerate it is more perfected, more matured, and has a



"THE SMALL SIDE PORTAL WHICH BELONGS TO THE GOOD OLD ROMANESQUE."—VALENCE.



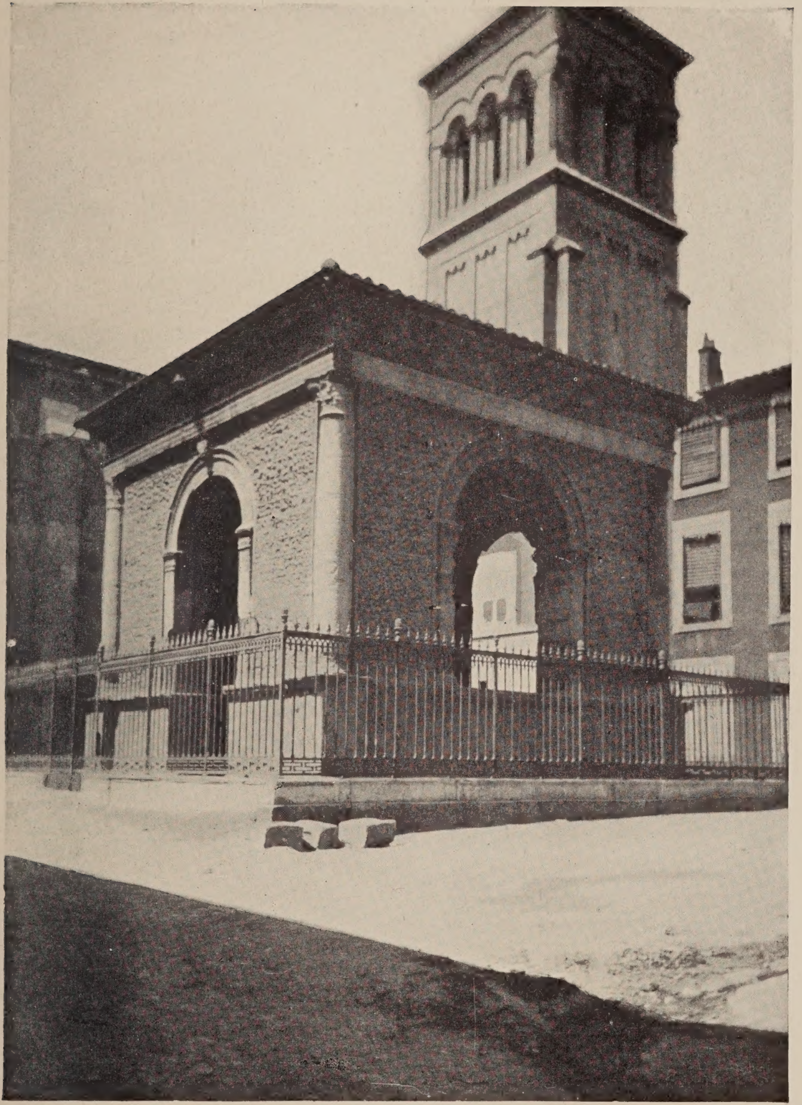
"THE PILLARS AND THEIR ROUNDED COLUMNS ARE AS TALL AND SLENDER AS THE TRUNKS OF YOUNG PINE-TREES."—VALENCE.

beautiful freshness, a real, lithe strength, and a vigour of conception, with a grace and lightness of form that is most unusual in the Romanesque. The pillars and their rounded columns are as tall and slender as the trunks of young pine-trees, the capitals are small and delicate, and the loftiness of the Cathedral is full of exquisite dignity.

The place of the Cloister is now marked only by an arch outlined on the exterior wall of the church and by the monument which formerly stood in the close, the famous "Pendentif." It is one of the first of Renaissance creations in France, a flat-roofed, round-vaulted building, small and square and sculptured after the Greek and Roman styles. In each of three sides there is a large, round-arched window, and on the fourth side a bay opens to the ground to form an entrance. The "Pendentif" is curious and mysterious rather than beautiful. It was originally built by a Canon of Saint-Apollinaire as a burial-place for his family, but as a Churchman of to-day said "it is more truly a memento of the low spiritual estate to which the Chapter had fallen rather than a memento to the dead." For it was built when "to be regularised the Canons had to be secularised," when they were beginning to divide the Cloister among themselves and to live each in his separate part or house,—when the life of community and of prayerful meditation had grown irksome and the old Cloister-walks had disappeared because they had no longer a religious significance or a holy use.

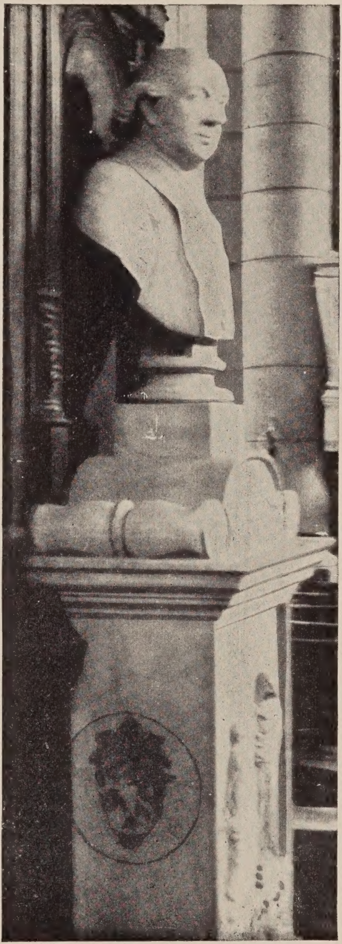
The city of Valence was coveted, throughout the Middle Ages and the two following centuries, by the most diverse powers, and fell into many unholy hands. In the XIII century Louis the Vavarian tried to make it the capital of a little German kingdom of his creation. In the XIV century the citizens, tired of their Bishops' rule and the continual, vexatious strife between the prelates and the Counts of Valentinois, attempted to give Valence to Louis XI who had already shown himself very successful in humbling the temporal arrogance of the Bishops of Grenoble. In 1498 Louis XII, desiring to express his gratitude to the Holy See and his hope for assistance in the conquest of Italy, startled Europe by giving a French wife and the whole County of Valentinois to the infamous Cæsar Borgia. And when, less than an hundred years later, Henry II made Diana of Poitiers Duchess of the land, it had had a singular and fortuitous connection with two of the most determinedly and defiantly wicked characters of the Renaissance. The levelling hand of royal power, falling upon great city and small city, upon great lord and little baron, reduced Valence to dull subjection.

Her last great memory is of an harassed, dying Pope, of Pius VI. He, who had been so luxurious, so magnificent, so grasping that he "had relieved the Holy House of Loretto of an enormous amount of silver" and was accused of diverting church funds to private channels, was now a prisoner of the ruthless French Directory. Old and tottering he had been hurried into France; at



"THE 'PENDENTIF,'—ONE OF THE FIRST OF RENAISSANCE CREATIONS IN FRANCE."—VALENCE.

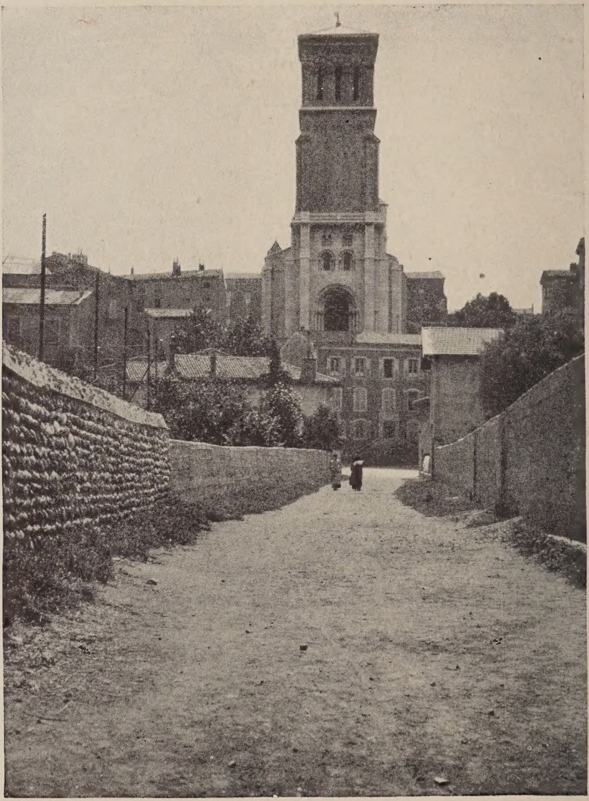
Briançon a brutal officer sent the following word of his arrival, "Received—one Pope—in very bad condition"; and at Valence, sick in body and sick at heart, the aged Pontiff died and was buried in the Cathedral.



POPE PIUS VI.—VALENCE.

Never, since the days when Boniface VIII was outraged by the "Eldest Son of the Church," had a Pope endured such contumely as was heaped upon Pius VI. Yet his sculptured face in Saint-Apollinaire is not that of an holy or humble martyr, but of a splendid and pleasure-loving ecclesiastic whose last days must have formed a strange and terrifying contrast to the calm, prosperous years of his accession.

The city of these many religious and irreligious memories has comparatively few commemorating monuments. Its situation, however, is wonderfully beautiful. "The South begins with Valence" sing the people; and over the waters of the Rhone, over the great bare rocks and the ruins of Crussol on the opposite mountain, the sun of the Midi casts a tawny glow, and the thousand stars of a southern sky shine luminous by night. The city itself is charmingly built on a hill of the Lower Alps; and from its midst, above all the other towers and spires, rises the fine, strong tower of Saint-Apollinaire, perhaps the most truly beautiful Cathedral of the valley of the Rhone.



"RISES THE FINE, STRONG TOWER OF SAINT-APOLLINAIRE."—VALENCE.

Valence is the town
Where the South first is seen,

Vienne.

sings the child of the Midi, yet the subtle, southern charm of the Rhone-land begins almost as soon as the river flows by Lyons, and at Vienne the traveller finds that all that combination of half-intangible influences which is called "atmosphere" has changed and that already the spell of the fair country of Provence is upon him.

Vienne is "ill-built and ill-paved and not very clean" writes the great authority, the maker of guide-books; to see it "three or four hours suffice," claims another; and a third adds "it is only from its lovely position that the place still merits the name of Pulchra given to it in ancient times."

In these statements there is much prosaic, materialistic truth. A traveller of keen eye and sturdy limb can certainly tramp about the streets of Vienne, in church and out of church, past ruin and Temple, through the museums, across the Rhone, and even up the hill to the old Fort de la Bâtie in four hours, and finally sink into a train and hastily write a catalogue of "sights done."

It was a warm afternoon, the traveller was sitting at one of the little tables of a café that is near the old Cathedral of Saint-Maurice, and as he rested in the shade of the awning and sipped his little glass of cool, refreshing coffee, he was led from reflection to reflection, from recollection to recollection of the old town.

Suddenly a pleasant English-speaking voice broke the silence.

"That tower across the river was built by—what 's his name, same chap that did the one at Avignon. Must have had a mania for building towers."

In the meantime two men had come under the awning and sat down.

"Whew! Heat of India, is n't it? What 'll you have?"

"I 'd rather have a good glass of ale," answered the stouter, fairer man, "but you 'll take what you can get. That Frenchy over there has black coffee, so let 's do likewise."

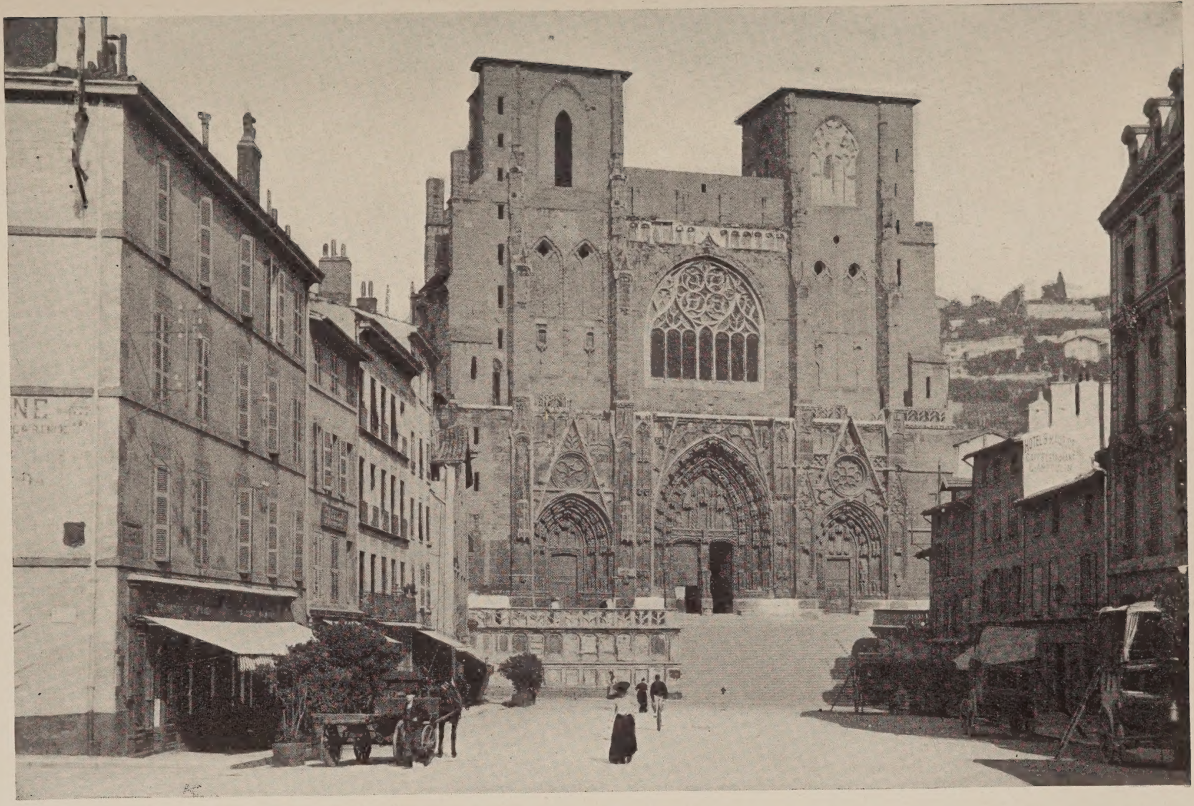
"Have we time?" asked the little, nervous one.

"Oh, lots—train does n't go for thirty-five minutes, ten for coffee, fifteen for Cathedral—that leaves ten to get to the station."

"Well, that 's all right. Done pretty well, have n't we?"

"Yes," said the big man, consulting his watch, "only been here two hours and a quarter—but those French guide-books always give you more time than you need. Besides we don't waste ours. Now here we are right in front of the Cathedral. We can take it in as we drink our coffee—does n't the book say the façade is the best part?"

"Yes, I believe it does," answered his companion. He held his glass in one hand and with the other fumbled the leaves of the *Baedeker* which he was balancing on his knees.



“ ‘THE CATHEDRAL IS A FINE GOTHIC STRUCTURE.’ ”—VIENNE,

" 'The Cathedral . . . to the left, is a fine Gothic church dating from the XII to the XVI centuries.' H'm——"

They both leaned back and looked at it.

"Built from the XII to the XVI centuries—usually are, are n't they? This one seems to be a pretty dilapidated old piece."

"Well," said the big man, "I fancy we can go in and walk through and find a side door somewhere that will let us pass out near the main street."

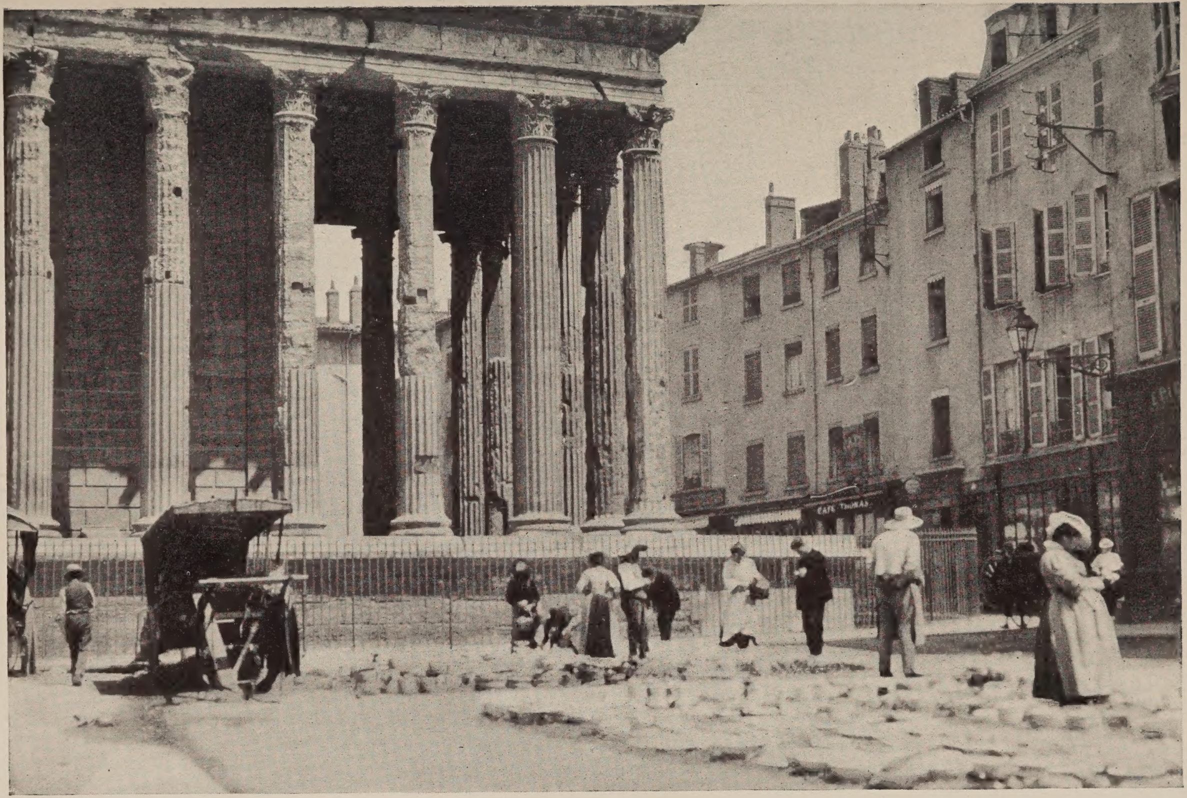
The traveller gulped the remainder of his coffee, and fled.

Is it not incredible that men think that the meanings of a "fine church," which was building for four long centuries, can be really grasped by them in fifteen or even fifty minutes? Is it not preposterous that they should so insult both the ancient builders and their own intelligence as to imagine that they can learn to comprehend a long-continued work in so short a space of time? Even a child would be far more discerning than these mature, instructed tourists. Place a boy before the tower of Philip the Fair and his "whys" would be numerous. "Who was Philip?" "What did he build the tower for?" "Did it really protect him?"

Any traveller who is like the child, really curious, really sensitive to influences, and with only three hours for Vienne, will do well not to hurry through its streets, wondering if the next "sight" is "on the third corner to the right after traversing the square," or looking for two minutes at the "monument" and reading about it for four minutes. He had far better take the little boat at Lyons and pass his short hours in slowly steaming part way down the Rhone. In this way he will see the beauty of the land and many of its monuments and ruins, and will have calm and leisure to enjoy and appreciate all that he passes.

Unlike Valence which has one great treasure, its Cathedral, Vienne is a town of many important, fragmentary antiquities. It is a city which has been and is no more. Where the little Gère flows past dark byways into the Rhone there is a feeble display of sordid, modern industry; but nearly all the streets are quiet, solitary places where one can stop and look at the many remains of past greatness. Here are the ruins of a long, magnificent line of porticoes said to have been part of the antique Theatre or Forum or perhaps of Roman Baths—two great, blackened arcades imbedded in mean, modern walls. Near-by, in an open square given over to the selling of crockery and vegetables, is the beautiful, worn Temple which was built "by the consent of the Senate to the divine Augustus . . . most good, most great, and to the divine Augusta." Stones of the ancient Roman way lie in the pretty Public Gardens, and near them stands a solitary, broken column bearing an imperial inscription.

Following a long, dreary street which led from the Gardens, the traveller, who feared that he might lose


CAFE THOMAS

"THE BEAUTIFUL . . . TEMPLE . . . BUILT 'TO THE DIVINE AUGUSTUS . . . MOST GOOD, MOST GREAT, AND TO THE DIVINE AUGUSTA.'"—VIENNE.

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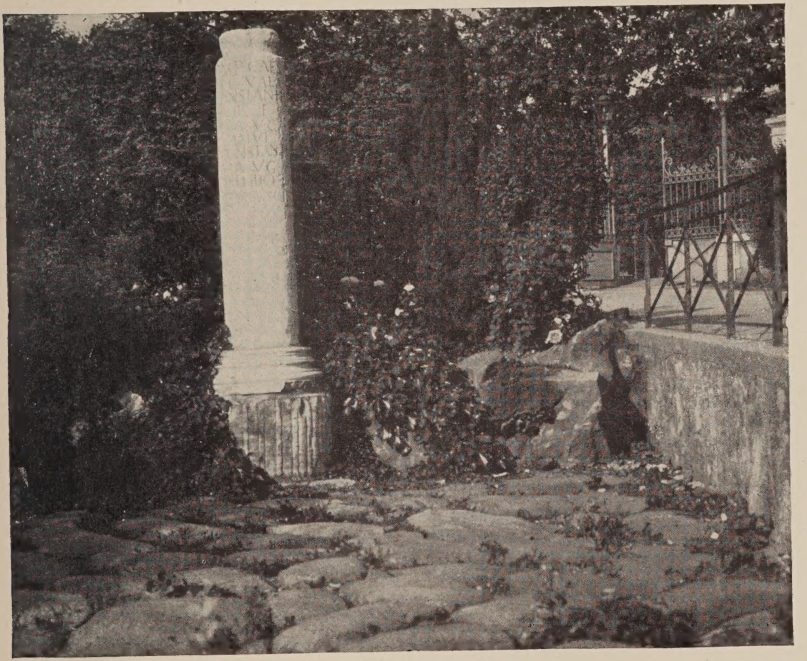
his way, stopped to ask directions from an old woman sitting before an open door. She took a few more careful stitches in her knitting, adjusted her spectacles, and peered sharply, with bright, black eyes, at her questioner.

"The Needle, my good Monsieur? You are on the right road—keep walking along and you 'll find it to the left.



"A SOLITARY, BROKEN COLUMN BEARING AN IMPERIAL INSCRIPTION."—VIENNE.

"The Needle, did you say?" Her voice was indulgent.

"Well, in my day it was 'Pilate's Tomb,' and who knows—maybe to-morrow the wise men will come back again to that idea. It 's a long way from the town, and I 've always thought that was as it should be. Solitary, gleaming, and white, it stands at the end of the quiet, shady avenue where one scarcely ever hears a footfall,—a lonely thing it always seemed to me, marking a lonely grave. Poor Pilate! He was a sinner—but I know it broke his heart."

"What are you talking of, Mother?" A strong, lithe woman of perhaps forty, with lustrous eyes and white, cameo face, stood in the doorway.

"Good day, Monsieur," she added courteously. "From what I heard Monsieur must have been speaking of the Needle. For we must call it so, since even Monsieur the Curé declares that it is not the tomb of Pilate—though Pilate indeed lived here. Monsieur the Curé says that every one—even the Freemasons and the Jews—admit that."

"Well, well! I know what he says," answered the old Mother shaking her head, "and doubtless he is right. But, until our Holy Father the Pope declares it to be untrue, that place, for me, is Pilate's Tomb."

"What do you suppose they call it?" asked the younger woman, spreading out both hands in appeal to the traveller. "A 'spina'—a 'spina.' Who in the world ever heard of such a thing? What is it then—their 'spina'?"

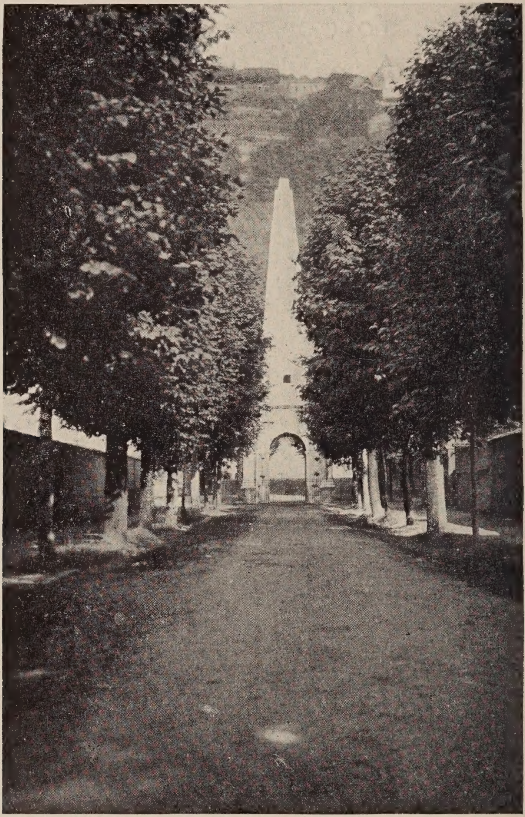
"Well,—it might be the goal of an antique circus," the traveller apologetically replied.

"Many is the time I have walked around that shaft," mused the old woman, as if to herself, "many 's the time. When I was a little girl I used to go there every Good Friday in memory of Our Lord, and since that time I have gone alone or with my daughter here."

"As a child, Monsieur," she turned to the traveller, "I had a horror of the man who lay beneath, and would not pray for him. Afterwards, when I was somewhat older, I dared not pray because I believed his soul to be in Hell where souls must stay eternally. And then—and then, Monsieur, I saw that much great, grievous evil in this world is done unwittingly, and I thought much of Pilate, and I pitied him. For now he knows that which he did, and thinking on the sweet face of Christ as he once saw it in the Judgment Hall must be his Purgatory. And so I pray for Pilate, I pray that he may be comforted, and that the dear Christ may let him know that right here in Vienne the monument above his tomb still stands like a helpful finger of warning and of reminder to men, perhaps as weak as he."

"Mother has shown it to me in the moonlight and it is truly as she says. A 'spina'! A 'goal'! Look at it, Monsieur, and explain to yourself its air—the feeling it conveys! It is no ordinary column of the pagans! Yes,—the road before you and then turn to your left."

In a few moments the traveller was walking down the "shady avenue" towards a narrow, quadrangular pyramid about sixty feet high, that rests on a square base which is pierced with four arcades and ornamented at each angle with a Corinthian column. It is not a beautiful nor a graceful construction, but it had "an air" of lonely mystery which Savigné well expressed when he wrote: "What is this monument? Of what epoch is its building? How did it escape the centuries



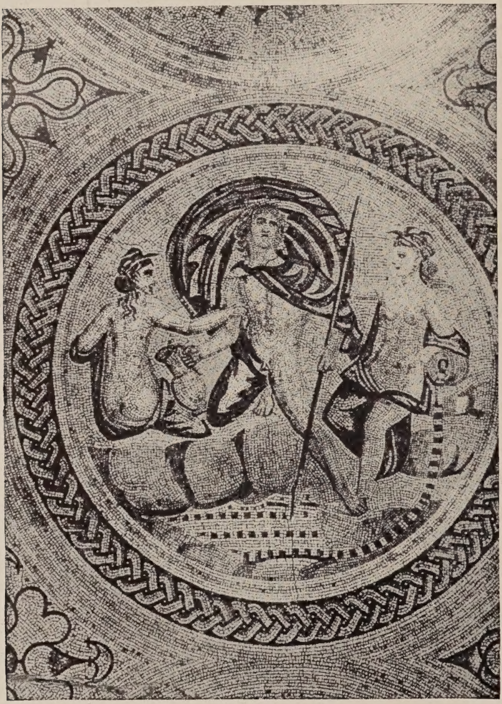
"SOLITARY, GLEAMING, AND WHITE, IT STANDS AT THE END OF THE SHADY AVENUE."—VIENNE.

and revolutions? And how comes it that it alone is still standing in the midst of so many edifices that lie buried and in ruins?"

Continuing his ramble, the traveller came upon the meagre remains of a large amphitheatre; further on, he found some scanty remains which are probably those of a theatre. Then he climbed a hill and surveyed the magnificent panorama of the Rhone-land.

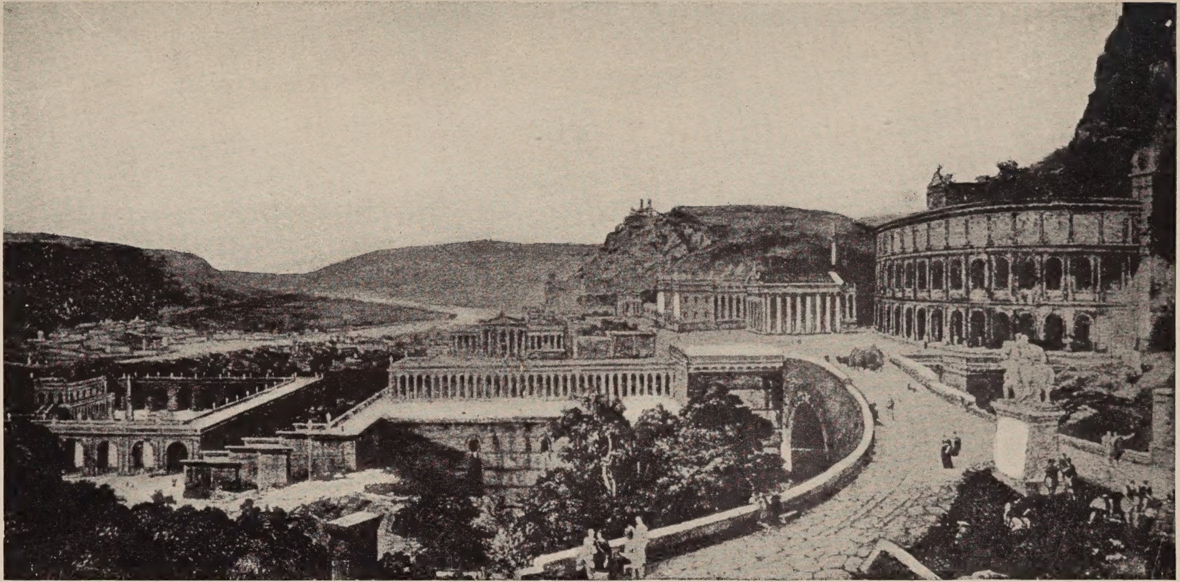
Far away towered that great mass, Pilate's Mountain; nearer, the Salomont with its ruins, Mont Saint-Just, and other hills rose less grandly. At his feet, on one side of the river, lay Vienne; on the other, the villages of Sainte-Colombe and Saint-Romain-en-Gal. He had read that the old Roman city, Vienna Allobrogum, also lay on both banks of the Rhone and that it had been larger than the present city with both its suburbs. He remembered the old, worn monuments in the modernised streets of Vienne, the beautiful works of Roman art which the Museums contain,—the sculptured head of a woman, the group of children, and the charming laughing faun whose original Vienne gave to the Louvre. He recalled the remains of the rich mosaics whose type is well preserved in a "Mylas Surprised by the Nymphs" which he had seen in Grenoble, and a "Rape of Ganymede" still at Vienne; and thinking of all these he realised how little the eye can now perceive of the whole "Beautiful City" where Martial sang, of the opulent and "snow-white" Vienna Allobrogum of the Romans.

Happily no cataclysm of Nature has distorted the charming contours of its site as the vandal hands of men destroyed its pagan treasures, and the traveller, lingering on the mountain-top in the glowing twilight, imagined he could see below a phantom, white, imperial Vienne.



“‘MYLAS SURPRISED BY THE NYMPHS.’”—VIENNE.

Crowded behind high walls that may yet be traced, crowned by a castellated fort whose walls still stand, adorned by the towers and spires of churches which exist to-day, traversed by narrow streets bordered by old houses whose curious façades open upon inner courts, the imagination easily evokes the mediæval city from the modern Vienne; and it seems more than passing strange that amid all these remains there should be so small a trace of the most tragic event of the city's Middle Ages. Many a traveller passes through her streets and gives no thought to the Pope and the King



"THE OPULENT AND 'SNOW-WHITE' VIENNA ALLOBROGUM OF THE ROMANS."—VIENNE.
(Copy of a painting in Lyons.)

who, after meeting in the forest of Saint-Jean-d'Angély, again met here to accomplish the downfall of the great Christian Order of the Knights Templars.

Few dramas of history have been surrounded by greater mysteries, doubts, and perplexities than this struggle, and, in spite of these doubts and perplexities, few struggles have cast a more searching light on the morals and manners of the XIV century.

The chief actors of the drama were the Knights Templars, successors of those nine "noble knights who," writes C. G. Addison, "having greatly distinguished themselves in 1099 during the Crusaders' siege and capture of Jerusalem, formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another . . . in protecting pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains to the Holy City, . . . to alleviate the dangers and distresses to which these pious enthusiasts were exposed, to guard the honour of the saintly virgins and matrons, and to protect the grey hairs of the venerable palmer. . . .

"Warmed with the religious and military fervour of the day and, animated by the sacredness of the cause to which they had devoted their swords, 'these nine noble knights' called themselves the Poor Fellow-soldiers of Christ. They renounced the world and its pleasures, and in the holy Church of the Resurrection, in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, they embraced vows of perpetual chastity obedience, and poverty, after the manner of monks. . . . When the Holy City was taken by the Crusaders, the D'jamé al Acsa . . . became the property of the Kings of Jerusalem and was denominated . . . the 'royal house to the South of the Temple of the Lord, vulgarly called the Temple of Solomon.' It was this edifice or Temple on Mount Moriah which was appropriated to the Poor Fellow-soldiers of Jesus Christ, as they had no church and no particular place of abode, and from it they derived their name of Knights Templars. . . . Uniting in themselves the two most popular virtues of the age, devotion and valour, and exercising these in the most popular of all enterprises, the protection of the pilgrims and of the road to the Holy Sepulchre, they speedily acquired a vast reputation and a splendid renown."

They signalised themselves by prodigies of courage, they freely fought, and as freely died in the conquest and defence of Palestine. Sinners were happy to expiate crime by offering gifts to this glorious band of warriors, and dying nobles gladly bequeathed vast gifts of lands and money to so noble a Brotherhood. The Templars themselves had not adopted the first order of monastic poverty, the "altissima," which entirely interdicted the possession of property, nor the "lowest" which permitted the individual possession of a few articles; they had subscribed to the second, the "media," which "forbade the possession of individual property, but sanctioned any amount of wealth when shared by a fraternity in common." The fraternity of the Templars, therefore, became not only popular, numerous, and renowned, but through gifts and bequests it waxed also great and wealthy. The Pope declared himself the immediate Bishop of the entire Order and granted it vast privileges, and during the first and second years of his Pontificate, a succeeding Pope, Alexander IV, issued ten Bulls in behalf of the Knights.

The opponents of this powerful Order were the King of France and Clement V. "Philip, by the grace of God King of the French," writes to his "beloved and faithful" subjects that a "deplorable and most lamentable matter, full of bitterness and grief, a monstrous business, a thing that one cannot think on without affright, cannot hear without horror, transgressions unheard of, enormities and atrocities contrary to every sentiment of humanity . . . have reached our ears." With this startling opening Philip accuses the Templars of "insulting Jesus Christ, and making Him suffer more in these days than He had suffered formerly upon the Cross; of renouncing the Christian religion"; of worshipping golden heads and images; and of crimes worthy of degenerate Roman imperialism.

"Clement, Bishop, servant of the servants of God" also writes to his people: "The Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, using mercy with His servants, would have us taken up into the eminent mirror of the apostleship, to this end, that being, though unworthy, His Vicar upon earth, we may, as far as human frailty will permit in all our actions and proceedings, follow

His footsteps . . ." and "presiding, though unworthy, on the throne of pastoral pre-eminence, by the disposition of Him who disposeth all things, we fervently seek after this one thing above all others; we with ardent wishes aspire to this, that shaking off the sleep of negligence, . . . by the divine assistance, to bring souls to God.

"In truth, a long time ago, about the period of our first promotion to the summit of the apostolic dignity, there came to our ears a light rumour, to the effect that the Templars, though fighting ostensibly under the guise of religion, have hitherto been secretly living in perfidious apostasy, and in detestable heretical depravity." The Pope then states the same accusations as were made by Philip and commands the King of England to cause the simultaneous arrest of all the Templars in his kingdom and to "commit all their real and personal property to . . . certain trustworthy persons, to be faithfully preserved until the Holy Pontiff shall give further directions concerning it."

Both in France and in England, great numbers of Knights were taken into custody. Those in Castile, Leon, Aragon, Portugal, and Germany were also interrogated; but in Spain and Portugal, wrote the Holy Pontiff, "the Bishops and delegates have imprudently neglected . . . means of obtaining the truth; we therefore expressly order them to employ torture against the Knights, that the truth may be more readily and completely obtained."

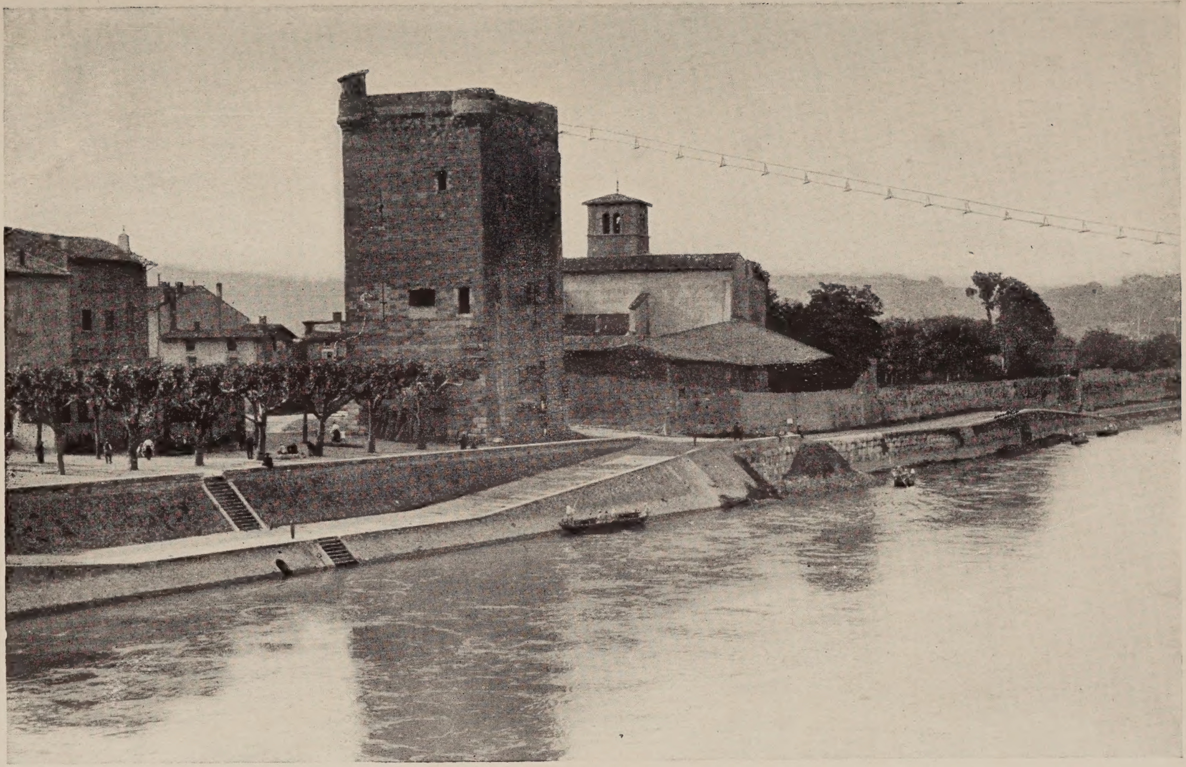
In France and England such admonition was not necessary. The Brotherhood languished for years in foul prison-cells, they were interrogated, examined, and hounded, and many of them were "handed over to the tender mercies of the brethren of Saint Dominic, who were the most refined and expert torturers of the day."

It seems inconceivable that such hellish torments could have been inflicted only six hundred years ago, in a land professedly Christian, by men who were often consecrated followers of the gentle Christ. The suspected were greased with fat and slowly roasted, or partly burned before a raging fire, and subjected to every ingenuity of torture. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that the "truth" which the Bishops and delegates obtained was of the most contradictory kind. Some victims admitted every imaginable abomination only to retract when their physical agonies had ceased; others went to death proclaiming their innocence and orthodoxy; others again made confession and were degraded, absolved, and released. After four long years of dungeon, rack, and stake, the spirit and power of the Order were believed to be so broken that its dissolution could be successfully accomplished, and to that end, Pope Clement V convened a General Council of the Church to meet at Vienne on the eleventh of October, 1311.

"The Holy Pontiff opened the session in person." Confessions of the Templars were read at length, and the Pope was about to proceed when nine heroic Templars arose and, in the name of hundreds of their brethren whom they declared were still in the vicinity of Lyons, demanded to be heard in their own defence. Clement, professing fear for the safety of his anointed person, had them thrown into prison, and turned again to the Council. But the temper of the assembly had changed; and "the fathers . . . expressed their disapprobation of this flagrant act of injustice, and the entire Council, with the exception of a . . . nephew of the Pope and of the three French Bishops of Reims, Sens, and Rouen . . . who had severally condemned large bodies of Templars to be burnt at the stake in their respective dioceses, were unanimously of the opinion that before the suppression of so celebrated and illustrious an Order . . . the members belonging to it ought to be heard in their own defence."

Clement, outraged, broke up the Council and declared that as he could not rely on their wisdom, he would take refuge in his pontifical infallibility. A few months later, in a private Consistory and by virtue of an Apostolic Ordinance, he formally abolished the ancient Order and "perpetually prohibited everyone, on pain of excommunication, from thenceforth entering into it or accepting or wearing the habit thereof or representing himself to be present."

In 1312 a new Council was convoked at Vienne. Philip the Fair, with a magnificent escort, obeyed the papal summons; three of the Princes of the blood



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THE TOWER OF PHILIP THE FAIR.—SAINTE-COLOMBE, NEAR VIENNE.

royal, Cardinals, Bishops, and mitred Abbots were present. Rising in the midst of this imposing assemblage, the Pope solemnly opened its session and the "papal decree" was read. No word of protest is recorded, and the voices of the Templars themselves had been silenced. The King, the princes, the great nobles of both Church and State came and heard; for a brief moment the streets of Vienne were brilliant with their velvets and cloth of gold, their mitres and croziers and swords, with white cowls and gleaming armour. Then the King departed, the Holy Father left, the cavalcades passed from the narrow streets, the hoof-beats of departing horses grew less and less thunderous, and Vienne sank into quietude—the Knights Templars of the Catholic Church were no more.

Those who linger on the scene of this drama's last act inevitably ask—which of the combatants fought in equity and justice? How far had the famous Order fallen? Had it degenerated further than the monkish Orders who were raised again and yet again?

Dante stigmatises Philip, their accuser, as "the evil of France," and history says that he was "a needy and avaricious monarch." Clement, their destroyer, was an ambitious Archbishop of Bordeaux, raised, it is said, to the pontifical chair through the machinations of the French Cardinal Dupré and the French king. It was he who disestablished the Holy See at Rome and re-established it in France. He was consecrated at Lyons in the presence of the Court of France, he "manifested himself the obedient slave of the French monarch, and . . . is represented as wedded to pleasure, eaten up with ambition, greedy for money, . . . and trafficking in holy things." The victory over the Templars cannot therefore be said to have been entirely that of the righteous and pure in heart over the powers of darkness and of evil.

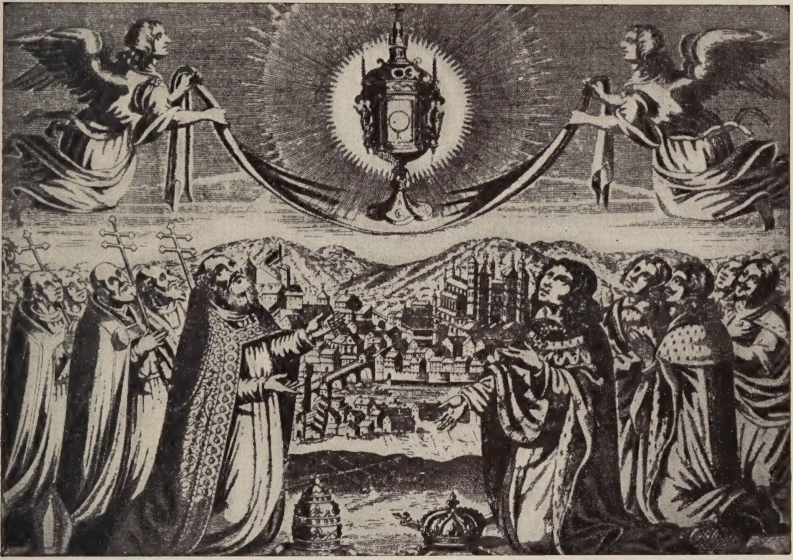
"The chief cause of the ruin of the Templars," writes Fuller in a *History of the Holy War*, "was their extraordinary wealth. As Naboth's vineyard was the chiefest ground of his blasphemy, and as in England Sir John Cornwall, Lord Fanhope, said merrily, not he but his stately house . . . in Bedfordshire was guilty of high treason, so certainly their wealth was the principal cause of their overthrow. . . . We may believe that King Philip would never have taken away their lives if he might have taken their lands without putting them to death, but the mischief was, he could not get the honey unless he burnt the bees."

In an old manuscript Chronicle this enigmatical doggerel is written,

In this year and place, and Friday the day,
Whether for right or wrong,
The Templars no doubt were taken, they say,
By the Kingdom of France at dawn.

And there seems to be much evidence that the cause of the Knights' destruction lay, not so much in their iniquity, as in a sentence which a kneeling Archbishop is said to have whispered to a grasping King in the historic forest of Saint-Jean-d'Angély;—"It is for you to command, for me to obey. Such will ever be my disposition." The Archbishop became Clement V. The King was Philip the Fair.

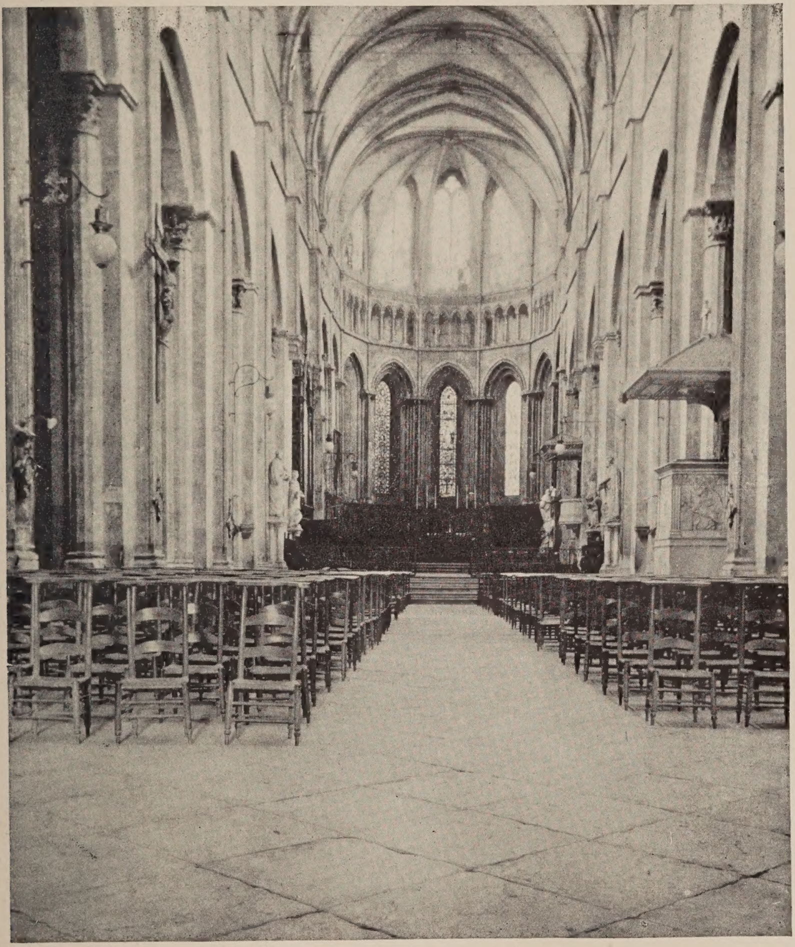
The Cathedral which recalls these dark memories of the past dates, in the words of the English traveller and his guide-book, "from the XII to the XVI centuries," that is to say, it was in process of construction during the most notable Romanesque period, the first encroachments of the Gothic, the triumphant apotheosis of the northern style, and its Flamboyant decadence.



CLEMENT V. AND PHILIP THE FAIR ADORING THE HOST AT THE COUNCIL OF VIENNE.
(From an old print.)

Standing on the borderland of the Midi its style was much influenced by venerable southern traditions. It has no transepts, and its three aisles terminate in three apses rather than in one great apse with choir, ambulatory, and radiating chapels. It also fell prey to a more unfortunate southern taste,—the vaulting of the central nave is painted in blue and dotted with the stars of the firmament, and the side aisles are decorated with painted clouds as well as with the blue of the sky.

Except for these fancies the interior is cold. It has heavy columns with channelled pilasters and a few clustered columns; large, slightly pointed arches, a small Gothic triforium, and a high clerestory. The central vault springs without any effect of buoyancy or grace. Both in proportion and in ornamentation the church shows an unpleasing irrelevancy and heterogeneity, the result of its transitional periods of construction; and if Saint-Flour may be called the apotheosis of geometrical purity, Vienne is the acme of geometrical inaccuracies. Its choir arches, themselves uneven in height, are taller than those of the nave and their columns have several forms; a finely cut frieze, above the choir's triforium, is more grossly cut in the nave and finally abandoned. There are fine bits of decorative detail above the north portal, in column, in capital, and in the fragmentary old stained-glass; but the archiepiscopal tomb, the modern and particularly hideous stained-glass of the nave, the baptismal font, the fictitious keystones, and large statues of the four Evangelists which lean against the choir pillars,—all these are equally inapt and irritating.



"THE VASTNESS OF THE STRUCTURE IS SOMEWHAT IMPOSING."—VIENNE.

As in the details, so in the general effect. There are traces of fine but fluctuating inspiration. The very vastness of the structure, which should be and is somewhat imposing, has the size and the blatancy of a stupid, heavy giant. It is a massive, grey-stone interior, not really majestic, not too obviously inharmonious, and its most pleasing perspectives are not those of the huge nave, but of its side aisles.

The exterior, more magnificent in parts than the church within, has less general homogeneity. The solid constructive forms of the apse are unrelieved; the buttresses of the lateral walls are called "flying" because of their form rather than their quality; and the Cathedral has been divested of its Cloisters. The large interior has, in some perspectives, a pretentious quality that is unpleasing, the large exterior has much of heavy clumsiness; but the façade—although decayed and wantonly defaced by the warring Protestants of the XVI century—is both imposing and majestic. Its huge, broad wall and truncated towers loom widely above an open square which leads to the river-side. A broad and stately flight of steps mounts to the terrace on which the Cathedral is built.

This large terrace with a charming Flamboyant balustrade extends before the church's doors; and the view across the square beneath, across the river, past Sainte-Colombe to the Rhone-country and the hills is wide-spread and beautiful. Above its doors the façade is scarcely more than a dilapidated wall, but in spite of Protestant hammers, the portals retain some of their sculptured magnificence. They are reminiscent of those of Lyons, but richer and less conventional

"THE MOST PLEASING PERSPECTIVES ARE THOSE OF ITS SIDE AISLES."—
VIENNE.

in detail. They are more luxuriously carved, seemingly deeper cut, and display in all its beauty and much of its weakness the last, exuberant stage of Gothic development.

As the traveller went slowly down the steps he turned again to look at the huge, rugged, weather-beaten walls. Two other mediæval buildings of the town, Saint-André-le-Bas and the venerable, abbatial Church of Saint-Pierre, seemed to him as architecturally interesting, perhaps as important; but Saint-Maurice, formerly a Cathedral, is a more imposing monument than either of these and the most grandiose, if not the greatest edifice of Vienne.

Grenoble.

From early days the Bishops of Grenoble had patiently enhanced the wealth and power of their See, until, in the XV century, it reached its apogee of temporal strength. Dispensed, by Clement V, from the engrossing routine of pastoral visits, because they exposed him to the "perils of the highroad," my Lord the Bishop found new leisure in which to increase his redoubtable power, and in these plans of aggrandisement and personal safety became even more completely a feudal noble, even less an apostle or priest.

The Chapter, also engrossed by the cares of growing wealth, lost that spirituality which is the aim of the religious life; and when Rodolphe de Clussé ascended the episcopal throne the moral carelessness had become so universal that he was obliged to remind his clergy—from Abbots, Priors, and Deans to rectors and curates—of the most elementary obligations of their calling, and to specifically command them to separate from the women whom they could never marry, to dress "modestly," to live near their charges, and to uphold the dignity of churchly rites.

THE ROOFS OF THE CITY.—GRENOBLE.

In the next century the episcopacy itself was recalled to poverty and humility, two especial virtues of the ecclesiastical vocation, by a young layman, the Dauphin who afterwards became Louis XI. Exiled by his father, Louis had installed himself at Grenoble and was beginning to experiment with the art of ruling. He soon decided that he must be rid of rivals, that events must be managed decently and in order, but that every effort must be made to annihilate the temporal power of the Bishop, his haughty neighbour. An opportunity came with the death of a prelate.

A CITY STREET.—GRENOBLE.

If the priest who was elected could be a weakling, Louis could plot with security and all outward seemliness. He accordingly sent word to the Canons that "their loss grieved him sorely," but that he had been obliged to occupy himself with the choice of a successor,—for the Bishop of Grenoble was not only a spiritual pastor but the born counsellor of the Dauphin. The Canons were then warned that "it is useless to consider a certain Siboud Alleman, for he is absolutely antipathetic to the Dauphin who would never accept him." The envoys who bore these messages could find only three Canons who would listen to them. The rest of the Chapter shut themselves in their Cloister, and after much anxious deliberation, decided to brave Louis, to meet in the sacristy, and to elect whom they chose.

In the meantime the envoys discovered their purpose and rushed into the choir to find the priests and protest against these secret deliberations. The Canons, in turn, were justly incensed, and two of their number came forward and replied to the emissaries by voting in a loud voice for the Dauphin's enemy; the rest of the Chapter, without a dissenting voice, sustained the choice, and the new Bishop was immediately enthroned.

Louis did not retort by violence, but in the end, his vengeance was complete. Instead of rendering homage to the new prelate, as the lay lords of Grenoble had done since the time of Barbarossa, the Dauphin forced the Bishop to render homage to him; and then, with many expressions of esteem and respect for the Church's rights, proceeded to undermine all the temporal power of the episcopacy. In the XIV and XV centuries this

"THE CITY . . . IS DIVIDED BY THE SWIFT ISÈRE, SURROUNDED BY SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS, AND MOST PICTURESQUELY SITUATED."—GRENOBLE.

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power had been a menace; in the XVI century it was a memory, suggested by the Bishop's sonorous but empty title of "Prince of Grenoble."

The loss of the temporal power seems to have had its compensation in a recrudescence of true holiness. Many of the Bishops of the Renaissance and of the degenerate days of the monarchy were noble men, and the saying of one of them who was reproached for charitable extravagance is a beautiful, an almost apostolic utterance, "When my revenues no longer suffice for my charities, sell my silver service, pawn even my crozier and my chalice, for Jesus Christ will hold himself as greatly glorified by what I give to help the poor as by what I use in the service of the Altar."

The history of this Bishopric is entirely that of its Bishops, not that of their church, and nothing in Grenoble is less interesting than its Cathedral.

The city itself is beautiful. Divided by the swift Isère, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, and most picturesquely situated, it seems strange that its vivid and important history should not have tempted many who wish to illustrate the evolution of religious, economic, and governmental ideals in France.

Prudhomme claims with justice that "Grenoble . . . is not one of those modest hamlets . . . whose obscure life has never touched the life of the nation and whose annals are a series of petty facts interesting only to local archæologists. It was the capital of an important province, . . . the theatre of almost every great event in the history of Dauphiné from the Roman conquest to the movement of 1788 when, leading the way, it was the first among all the cities of France to formulate the programme of the Revolution. It was the seat of a central government, of Provincial Estates, . . . of a Parliament, . . . of a Mint. . . . It possessed all the judiciary and administrative institutions of the ancient régime; . . . as a military city it has taken part in all the wars in which the destiny of France was at stake; as a free city . . . it has introduced us into the municipal rule of Dauphiné and into its modifications from the XIII to the XVIII centuries; . . . as an episcopal city it has shown how the temporal power of the Bishops was created and how royalty conquered it step by step; what circumstances favoured the development of Protestantism and what struggles it caused; and in her history we see the enormous unfolding of the religious spirit during the last two centuries."

In the Palais de Justice the civic history of Grenoble has its beautiful monument; the warlike memories are suggested by the many fortifications; but the city's episcopacy is without material greatness and its Cathedral is meanly poor. A square tower, low and heavy, and mediocre, modern portals in a plain wall form the façade.

An irregular interior, painted in whites and pinkish yellows, is now the main body of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame; and a dark, isolated chapel is all that recalls the ancient Church of Saint-Hugues. Quicherat writes that this Cathedral "is something entirely original, a . . . deliberate work due to an artist who was either forced to bend to necessities of which we are ignorant or who tried to cling to old principles even while he bowed beneath the yoke of a new mode of construction. He accepted the Gothic" in part "but he abstained from the use of flying buttresses. Rather than ornament his structure with these open-air props he made use of a procedure which had been tried by others and which consists in contre-butting the vaulting of the nave by the vaults of the side aisles."

Except to the mind of the uncritical these "procedures," these originalities, manifest poverty of means or conception, and they suggest only the banal architecture of the neighbouring Savoy. Whether from episcopal indifference or artistic incompetence, it is an ugly, uninteresting building whose only real treasure is an ornament that is not part of its architecture, a delicate ciborium which recalls that of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne and which was erected by that prelate who was "absolutely antipathetic" to the Dauphin Louis. Perhaps few who see it have heard the story of Siboud Alleman's stormy election, and it seems unfitting that the Cathedral's best treasure should be connected with the days when the quiet of the ugly little church was disturbed by protesting laymen and outraged priests, and when a Bishop, angered, but determined, was led to an unquiet throne.

Burgundy.

BURGUNDY.

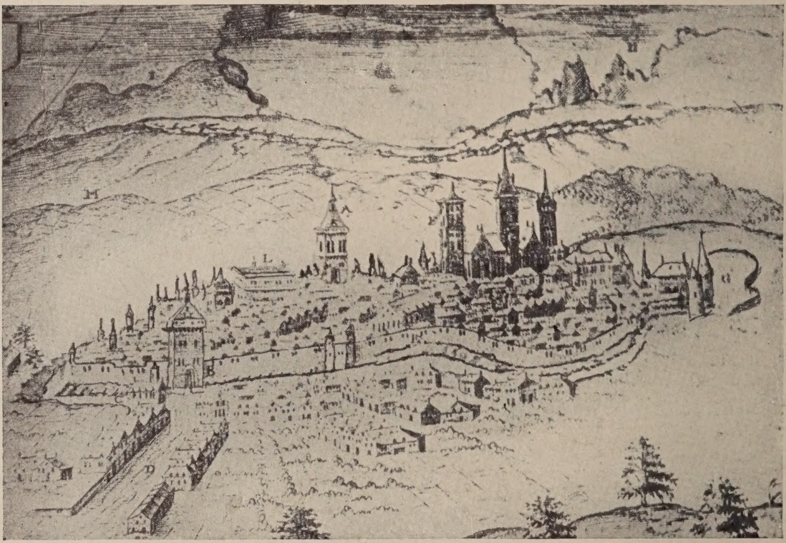
Belley.

In 511 a Bishop of Belley took his seat in the General Council of the Church at Orléans, and tradition has it that in the century before, his See had been transferred from the Swiss town of Nyon to the city of the province of Bresse. It would require the vivid imagination of a Michelet to see in the country which now claims the name, the Bresse of the year of the Council of Orléans or of the succeeding centuries of the Middle Ages.

To-day it is a little land of vast horizons, fertile fields, and gently undulating hills. Hamlets, and villages, and peaceful old towns that call themselves "cities" lie along its broad roads, and the way of the traveller who wanders here is made beautiful by little lakes that reflect the lights and shadows of the sky, by trout streams whose waters are dark from overhanging trees, and by groves of rustling pines where he can stop to enjoy and rest.

In mediæval times the gracious hills bristled with towers, the peaceful towns were surrounded by walls and moats, and if a foolish dreamer had wandered along the road-way it would have been at his peril, and a rough, mailed hand on his shoulder would have brought a rude awakening.

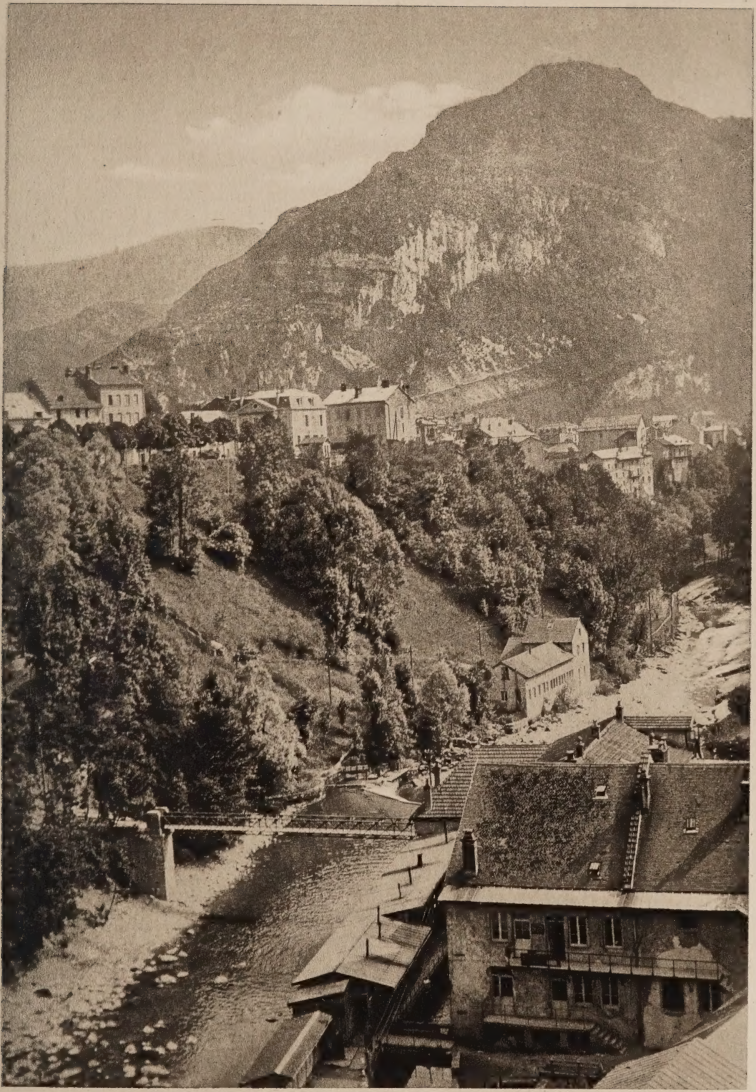
The land was far from the seat of any great power, isolated in those days of difficult travelling by the barriers of its mountains,—a little world where feudalism was firmly ensconced. Its many lords owed a vague suzerainty to rulers who were sometimes Burgundian, sometimes Savoyard, sometimes for France, sometimes for the Empire, and always for themselves.

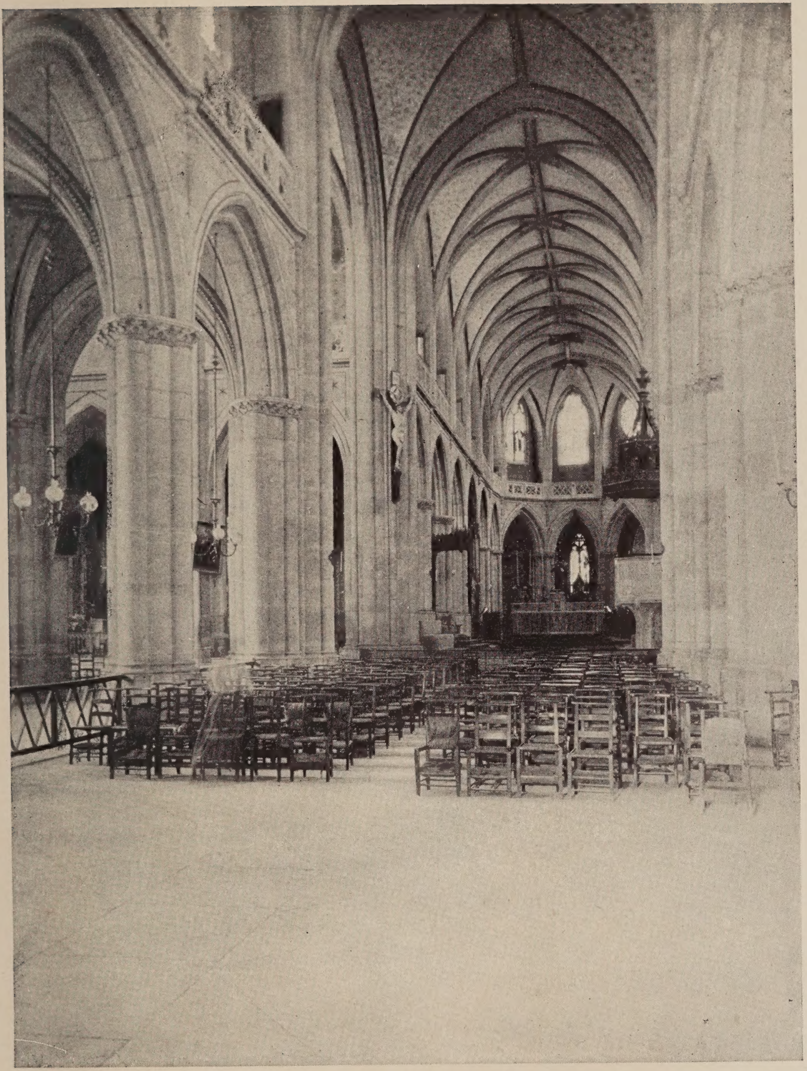


"A STRONG, WALLED TOWN."—BELLEY.
(From an old map.)

Their feudatories followed their illustrious example, and from hill-fastnesses and walled towns, these strangely different lords of the land—mitred Bishop, chevaliers in casque, and tonsured monks—freely defied or despoiled each other. In this land of crenelated towers and deep moats lived the Bishops of Belley, and in the XI century they were lords of a

"As they worked and prayed they looked across the valleys to green slopes and high, rocky peaks. . . . . They lived . . . . . among the hills from whence came their help." . . . —*Saint-Claude.*





"THE XV CENTURY CHOIR AND THE MODERN NAVE CONFORM PERFECTLY IN STYLE."—BELLEY.

strong, walled town and Princes of the Holy Roman Empire.

The growth of the Church went on and, as the years passed, the Abbeys of Saint-Rambert and Saint-Sulpice grew rich, the tonsured lords of Portes and Ambronay grew more proud, while the serfs remained in poverty; and begging friars, arriving in swarms and forgetful of their founders' precepts, waxed fat on alms and questionable deeds. Out of this ecclesiastical stronghold, where old churchly legends were of abbatial Saturnalia as well as of abbatial fasts, came two of the most earnest reformers of the Church, not of those who protested without the pale, the Luthers and the Calvins who gained fame in the lime-light of excommunication, but of those who laboured zealously within the Church for Catholic Reformation and who have not always received the fame and gratitude which they deserve. These holy men were Saint-François-de-Sales, Bishop of Annecy, and Jean-Pierre Camus, the Bishop of Belley who, outraged by the irregularities of the Mendicant Orders, incurred the displeasure of Richelieu by preaching against them.

"Were it not for this fault I would canonise you," declared the Cardinal.

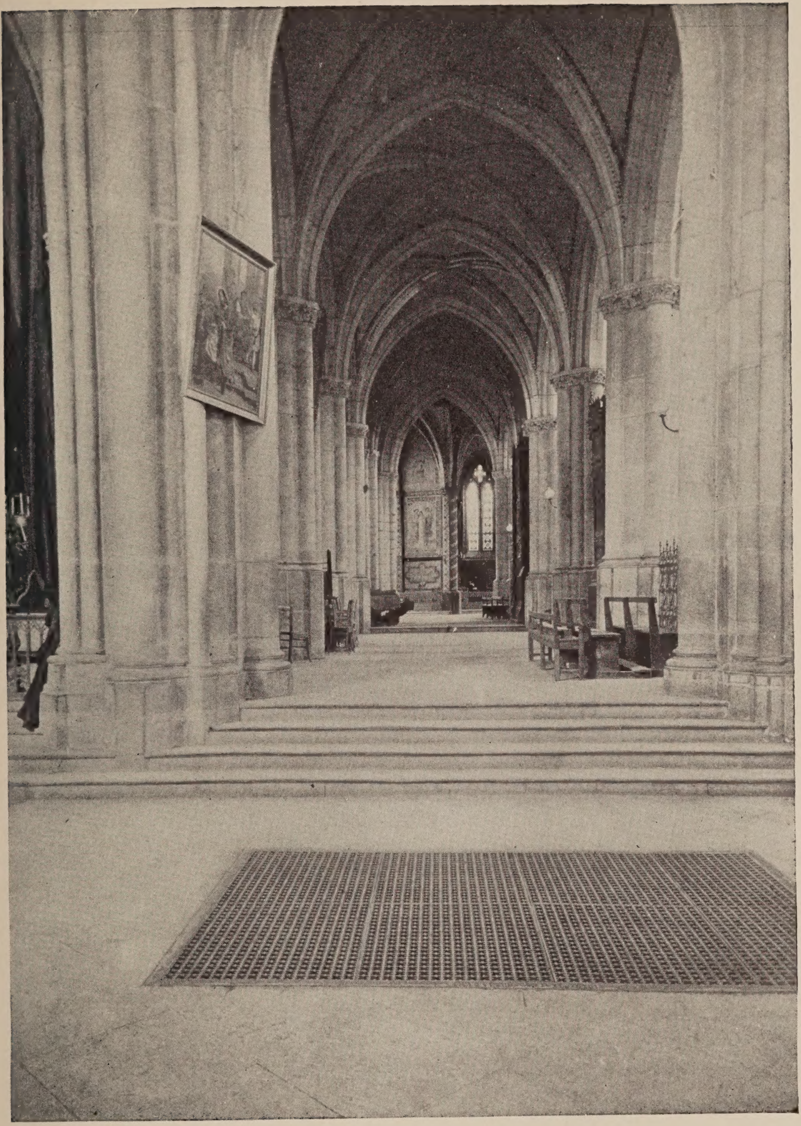
And Camus is said to have replied, "Then your Eminence and I should both be pleased—for you would be Pope and I would be Saint,"—and he continued his sermons in spite of opposition.

François-de-Sales, whose holiness was more suave, has been canonised; but, as seems to have been inevitable, he who pitted himself against Richelieu sank into oblivion and the name of "the famous Bishop of Belley" is almost forgotten.

As the fame of Camus has passed away, so the warlike Belley, the town of walls and battlements, and with it the recollection of the earliest Cathedrals which stood behind its walls. The Belley which now exists is a large, open country-town that has the pleasant rusticity of a village and much more of the comfort of modern, rural France than of ancient picturesqueness.

Its Cathedral, which is in the Gothic style of the XV century, was largely re-built in 1864. Its square tower which practically forms the façade is flanked by flying buttresses that continue down the lateral walls in angular perspective; plain, heavy transepts decorated with rose windows project slightly into the little open square; and the apse, equally plain, is lost in the maze of gardens and houses which are behind it.

The tower-façade contains the principal portal; and entering, a church of conventional form spreads out before the eye, a central nave and its aisles, flanked by transepts and continued by choir and ambulatory with radiating chapels. The choir is longer than the nave, and being elevated several steps above the main floor acquires a simple effectiveness which is appropriate to its religious importance. The XV century choir and the modern nave conform perfectly in style. Their arches are of high dignity, and the clustered



"THE FINER SUGGESTIVENESS OF THE XV CENTURY CHOIR."—BELLEY.

columns have charming little bands of trefoils; but above the arches, as is so usual in the churches of this section of the country, the inspiration ceases and all is mediocre. The triforium is merely a tiny gallery with a low, plainly carved balustrade, the clerestory windows have poor glass and meagre dimensions, and the vaulting seems to press low over the whole church. Frescoes and paintings add a degenerating influence, but, as their colours are not vulgarly prominent, the general architectural conception is preserved in the whiteness of its stone.

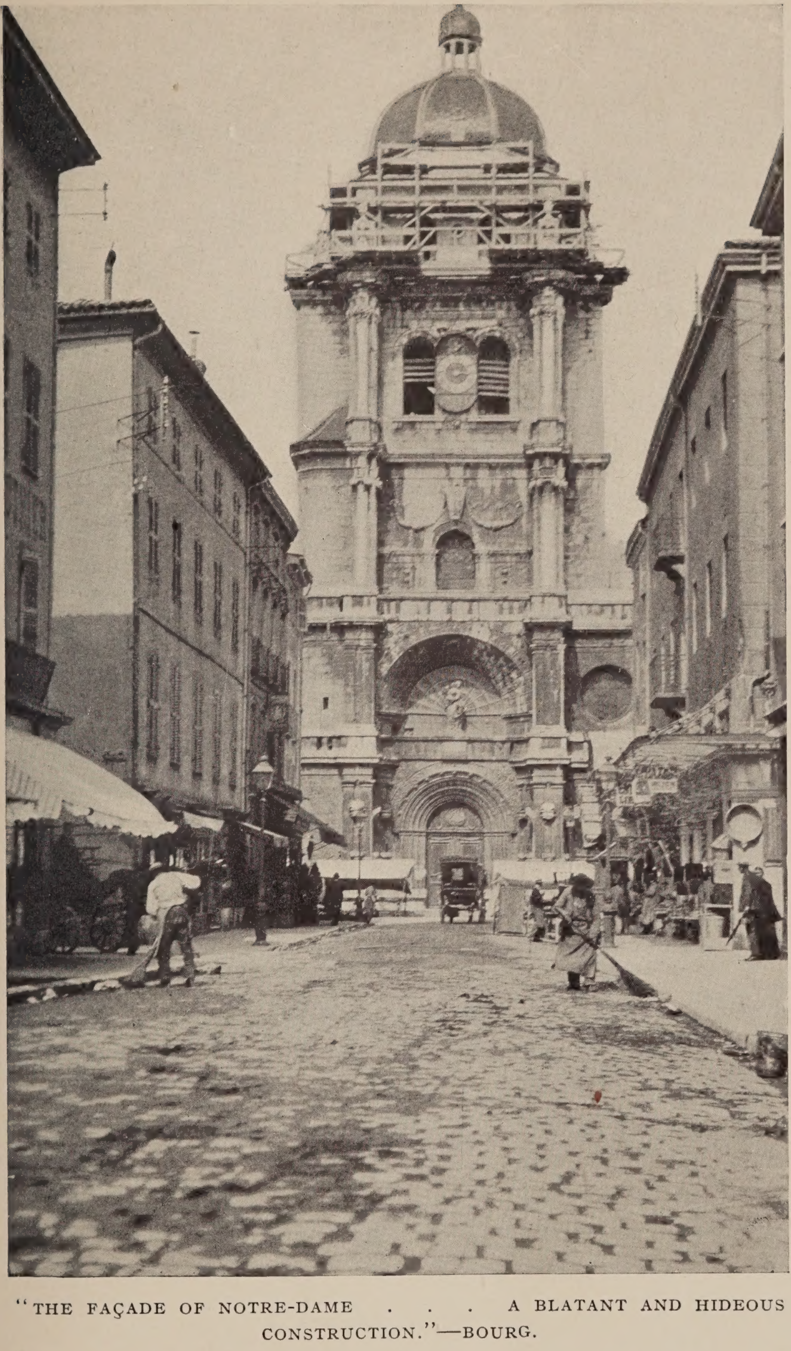
This conception is not great but it is a worthy one, and in these days of tawdry, vulgar churches, of Notre-Dame-de-Fourvières and Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes, it may not be decried. The Cathedral is dignified. Its architects, not having inspiration, have at least given to the exterior a consistent plainness, and within the church they have reproduced with mathematical exactness the finer suggestiveness of the XV century choir.

Bourg.

In a letter of the year 1515 Amé Chanlite, physician to the Duke of Savoy, wrote that "having wished all his life to do something for his city of Bourg" he had conceived the idea of an episcopal elevation; and as the Duke, his master, was distinctly related to the reigning Pope and allied with Charles V, the most powerful monarch in the world, he had ventured to put in a plea for this elevation; and he had reason to believe that, if the plea were accompanied with an offer of thirteen hundred and sixty ducats "for the expedition" of the Bull, it would be forthcoming with all the "graces" which the Holy Father would freely give.

The sum required for the delivery of the Bull was enormous, but the benefaction was tempting. The priests of Notre-Dame were anxious to become Canons, the civic worthies coveted the new importance for their city, and, after much discussion, laymen and ecclesiastics agreed to divide the cost, and the ducats were paid. Louis de Gorrevod was named Bishop, and, toward the end of that same year, he entered the city and was received with the honours of a prince.

The elevation of Bourg and of the Savoyard city of Chambéry, which had been decreed at almost the same time, mightily disturbed the French Bishops of Lyons and Grenoble, whose power was thus curtailed and they appealed to their King, Francis I, for redress. The good citizens of Bourg, who, like other mediæval bourgeois, had seen no further than the ramparts of their town, began to find that cosmopolitan honours were not only costly but troublesome. They received rumours of Bulls of revocation, of bands of armed Lyonnais who were coming to enforce them, and of the French army marching from Milan. Finally they took down their arquebuses and declared that "they wanted the Bishopric or the eleven thousand crowns they had spent in getting it."



"THE FAÇADE OF NOTRE-DAME . . . A BLATANT AND HIDEOUS CONSTRUCTION."—BOURG.

The humble cause had, however, entered into the domain of European politics, and the protestations of ordinary citizens were bound to go unheeded. In 1517, Leo X decided in favour of the French King and the French Bishops against Emperor and Duke, and Bourg found herself with neither churchly rank nor money. But in the Pope's continual vacillation between King and Emperor no ecclesiastical cause could be said to be lost; and either for the reason mentioned in the Bull, the presence of a "miraculous image which . . . draws a multitude of pilgrims," or on political grounds, Leo X, two weeks before his death, re-created the Bishopric of Bourg.

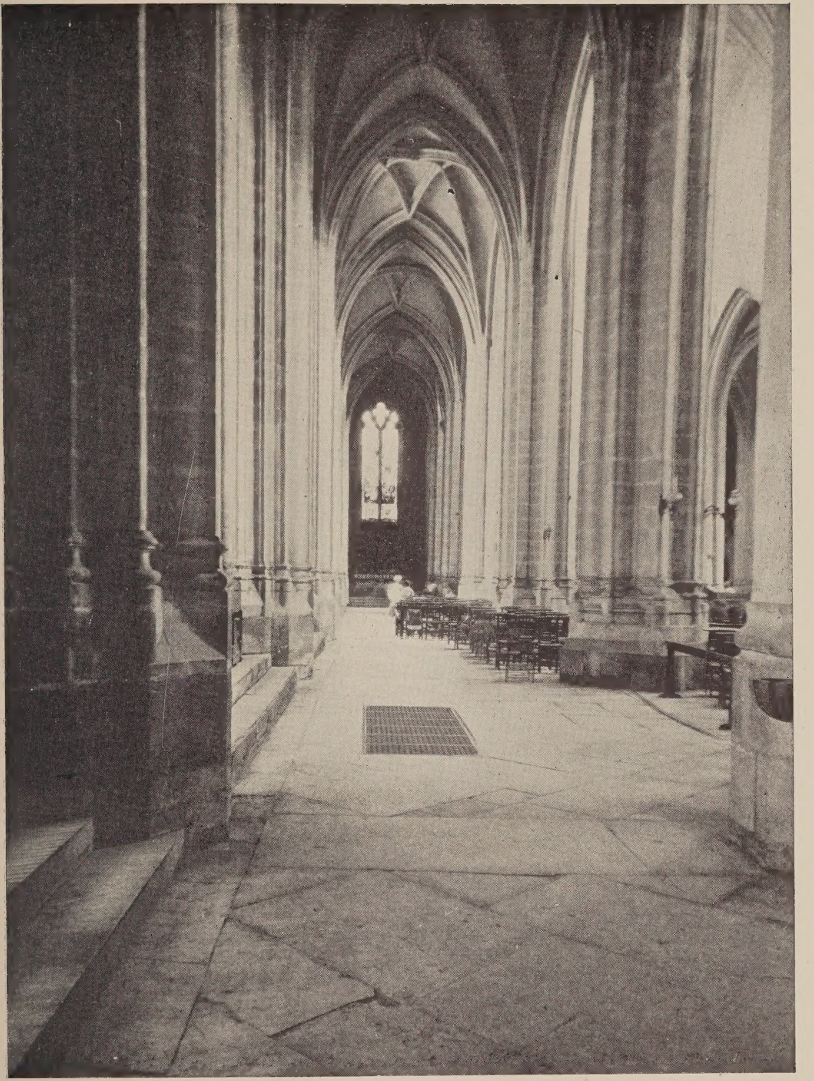
Notwithstanding this authoritative decree, the Archbishop of Lyons was far from giving up the case and threatened Bourg with an attack of six hundred well-armed archers. The Canons, undismayed, refused to surrender their prestige; but the people of the town, on whom they relied for support, had found the Bishopric an empty honour and refused to protect it, and in 1531, the struggle was ended by the delivery of the keys of Notre-Dame into the hands of the representative of the French Archbishop. Three years later, a Bull of Suppression was promulgated by Pope Paul III, and after five years of stormy experience the Bishopric ceased to exist.

The traveller knew well that the finest ecclesiastical monument of the district of Bresse was not the Cathedral of the short-lived See of Bourg, but the Abbey-church of its suburb, Brou. None the less it was depressing to be told every time he asked the way to the old Cathedral that "Monsieur does not want to see the Cathedral at all, he deceives himself, and should turn in the opposite direction to the Church of Brou."

The Cathedral-seeker is always piqued if a parish church has greater beauty or importance than the Bishop's church; and as he turned obstinately towards the city and away from the famous suburb, the traveller had a feeling of sympathy and fellowship with the one-time Bishop of Bourg, who, with many other vexations, must have looked with longing, if not with envy, at the growth of the magnificent new Abbey.

The façade of Notre-Dame has three small portals surmounted by a clock-tower,—a blatant and hideous construction of the Pseudo-Classic type which did not belong to the church in the days of its episcopal dignity. The church's older parts are the plain lateral walls with deformed little buttresses which it would be derisive to call "flying," low, broad roofs, and an apse to which even its long, fine windows fail to give real height or lightness.

It was with some surprise that the traveller saw the pleasant interior that has such poor protecting walls. This interior, which like the rest of the church is Gothic, has a conventional plan. A central nave ends in a simple choir, and on either side of this nave a side aisle terminates in a small chapel. These smaller chapels are uninteresting, but the choir has three long,



"THE LONG, SEVERE LINES OF THE PILLARS AND THE GREAT WHITENESS OF THE CHURCH . . . UNITE TO CREATE A SIMPLE EFFECTIVENESS."—BOURG.

slender, stained-glass windows which lend it a certain dignity, and the stalls, although without delicate elaboration, have many good figures of holy personages who are portrayed with intelligent differentiation. They are, unfortunately, so hidden behind the High Altar that they are scarcely an ornament of the church, and, since the other liturgical accessories are of heterogeneous kinds, the interior has only the meagre beauty of its outlines. The columns which divide the aisles are without capitals and rise, unbroken, to form the tall, pointed arches. Until this height is reached the architectural result is good,—the long, severe lines of the pillars and the very great whiteness of the church's colouring unite to create a simple effectiveness. Above the arch line, however, the nave departs from the sequence of the true Gothic form; it has no triforium and in lieu of clerestory only a row of small windows. The effect of height of the well-formed XVI century vaulting is therefore lowered and not proportionate to that of the nave arches; and although the slender choir windows lend some elevation to the general perspective, the interior has but little of the intrinsic grandeur of its style and scarcely a modicum of architectural importance.

The episcopacy of Bourg was neither long enough nor sufficiently brilliant to add splendour to the parish church which it inherited, nor was there time to demolish it and re-build a Cathedral more worthy of the name. The rank of Notre-Dame was but ephemeral and its greatest charm is the quiet, unpretending simplicity of its white interior; it is neither strange nor unreasonable that it should be neglected for the splendid magnificence of the neighbouring Abbey of Brou.

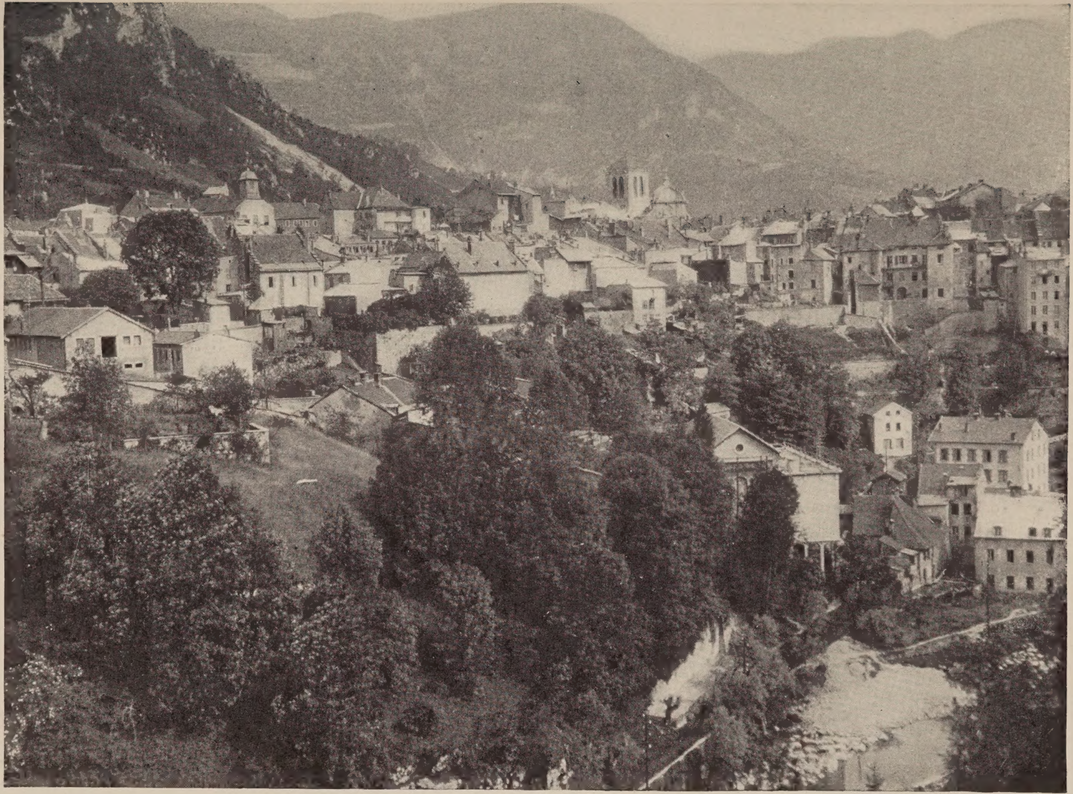
Saint-Claude.

It is claimed that "the leading rules of the governance" of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse "were so admirably framed that they have never required alteration. . . . Voltaire, cynical as he was, admits that the Carthusians were the only ancient Order which never needed reform and which knew no sovereign except Him Whom they addressed in prayer. When, towards the end of the XVII century, men full of pity and compassion besought the Pope to remit the severity . . . of the Carthusian diet, the monks produced brethren seventy and eighty years old to prove that their mode of life could not be very harmful.

" 'We have,' they said, 'abstained so long from meat that we could not now eat it with impunity.'

"On one point alone they gave way. It was the custom for each monk to be copiously bled five times each year; one of these operations was discontinued."

No analogous records can be adduced in favour of the Order of the Benedictines. In their earliest days they had re-built many cities and towns, they had preserved and laboriously copied many a valuable manuscript, and taught many a lesson in books as well



"THEY CHOSE A FASTNESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS OF THE JURA."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

as in virtue and industry. But as time brought the material rewards of their labours, in the form of legacies, donations, and the natural increase of values and land, their lot became more enviable from a worldly point of view and they succumbed more and more to temptations of ease and to insidious relaxations from the wise rules of Saint Benedict.

Protests arose at various times from great Churchmen of every Order, Popes fulminated against disorders, Saints preached reformation, and monks, who, like Saint Bernard, were imbued with the true ideal of the religious state, wandered from monastery to monastery preaching, and threatening the dire punishments of an outraged God.

Reform followed reform, but the general diminution of claustral virtues continued. As the Church of the XVIII century proved itself entirely incapable of coping with the abuses of the French monastic Orders, it devolved upon a secular arm, the Revolution of '93, to correct them by depriving them of peace, of power, of inestimable riches, and sometimes of existence itself.

One of the strangest and most bewildering chapters in the story of this religious decline is the history of the Benedictine Abbey of Saint-Claude.

Like many early monastic settlements, this Abbey was founded by devout men who sought for holiness and peace far from the corrupting communications of their fellow-men, in high and lonely places. They chose a fastness of the beautiful mountains of the Jura and settled on a height above the gorges of the two swift mountain streams which they called "rivers." Here was all the wildness of nature and none of the perfidy of humanity. They listened to the rushing of the waters and the wind and the howling and dashing of mountain storms; and as they worked and prayed they looked across the deep valleys to green slopes and high, rocky peaks that were often covered with snow. They lived in the solitude and among the "hills from whence came their help."

The simplicity of this life soon ceased. The security of a monastery tempted lay settlers near the protection of its walls, and Saint-Claude received its first secular inhabitants in the VI century. Formerly there had been only a monastery and a little village; but the little village, traversing the centuries under the successive names of Condat, Saint-Oyend, and Saint-Claude, became, before 1600, a prosperous mediæval city. Turning and wood-carving were among its oldest trades, it had corporations of "master cutters" or sculptors, and its modern industries, the so-called "articles of Saint-Claude," were already presaged.

Side by side with this worldly advance in prosperity and quite independent of it, occurred the greater, the astounding development of the Abbey. From the epoch of its foundation and throughout the Dark Ages, the ideal of a religious vocation appealed more and more to the devout throughout Christendom, and the Monastery of the Jura had not only a sufficient number of postulants to recruit its own forces, but it also began to send out colonies of monks who founded Priories and extended the influence of their Abbeys in new fields of labour.

Gradually these fields became more and more extended and their temporal importance began to eclipse their spiritual significance. The monks possessed the Grande-Cellèrerie which included Saint-Claude and forty villages; the "bâty" of Moirans including fifteen villages; the "bâty" of Grandvaux; two little principalities; several provostships; and a number of fiefs; and the Abbots were great lords of an important and almost absolute sovereignty called the "Territory of the Grand Jurisdiction of Saint-Claude." To enter such a wealthy estate was far more difficult and, from a worldly point of view, more tempting than to become a member of the hard-working Order of earlier times.

In the XIV century members of noble families received the tonsure of Saint-Claude more often than the low-born or the merely devout; and these noble monks were frequently visited by Chevaliers, their relatives, they often abandoned their garb for the conventional costume of the chase, they had blooded dogs and horses, and hunted merrily in the forests of the Jura.

Many reformations were attempted, but in the end all failed; and in the XVII century the Benedictines were said to be "pious gentlemen" entered by their families to enjoy a comfortable and honourable existence and not to lead the life of an uncomfortable, emaciated ascetic. They did not observe the rules of their founder, but they were careful not to outrage such rules as they recognised. When days of "fasting in the monastery" arrived, and an unmonastic hunger arrived at the same time, they were careful to dine in the city or to have their tables spread in the gardens or on the terraces. They had grown philosophical and obstinate, and the Cardinal d'Estrées, who was sent to re-establish discipline, openly declared that he found it impossible to induce them to observe the rules of the Order of Saint Benedict.

He therefore left them new and milder statutes, and among other things warned them that their garments must be woollen and not silk, consistently black and not brown or purple, that their tonsure must be more visible than that of the secular clergy, that long hair was forbidden, that they must not curl their hair, and that "wigs could not be tolerated on persons who professed to flee the vanities of the age."

It is not surprising that the secularisation of these noble and epicurean monks should have been considered advisable. A conventional and "acceptable pretext," writes Benoit, was the creation of a Bishopric of Saint-Claude, and in 1742, Benedict XIV promulgated the Bull of its erection.

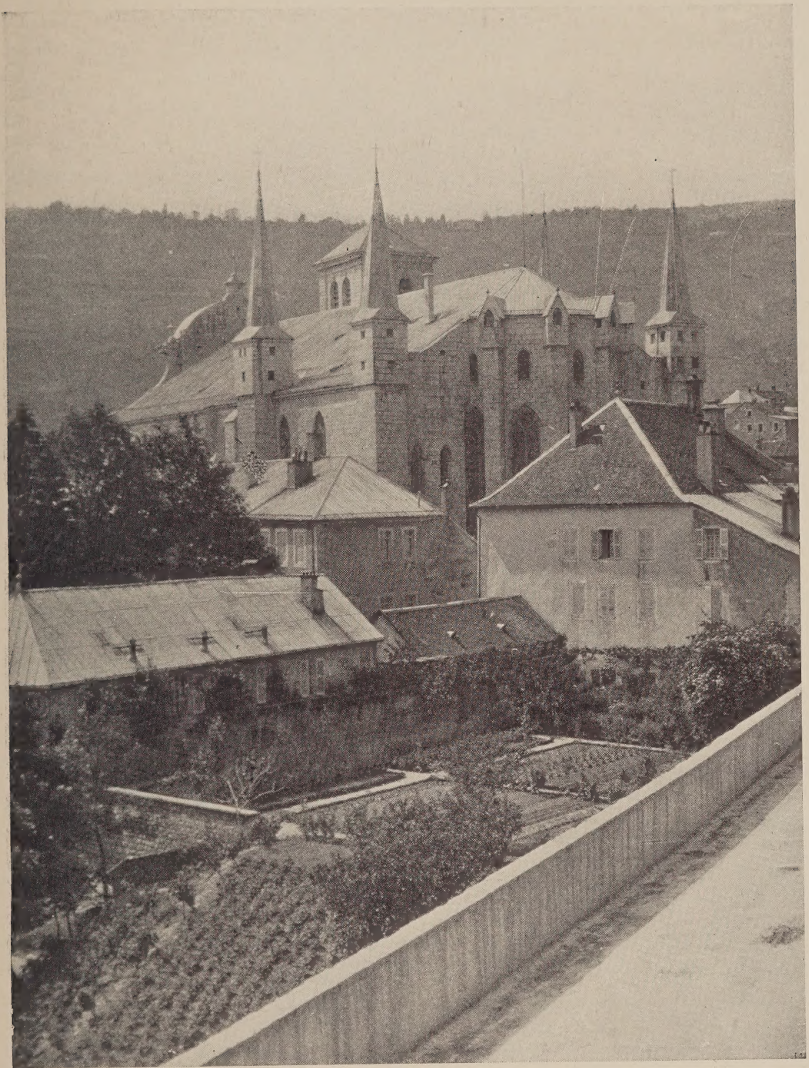
But the troubles of the ecclesiastical principality were not so easily ended, for the terrible cloud of the *main-morte* hung over the land. "The *main-*

morte," writes Monsieur Perrier, an eminent jurist of Burgundy, "was established to oblige subjects to remain in the villages in which they were born." Those who formed this humble class were a degree above the actual "serf" and received their peculiar name, it is said, from the ancient custom of cutting the right hand from the dead body of the underling and presenting it to the lord in token of his right to dispose of all which his subject had possessed. As feudalism developed, the lease of the *mainmortable* usually descended to a member of the family who was living on the soil at the time of the holder's decease; but a *mainmortable* was obliged to choose his wife from among the women of his lord's estates; he could not move to another principality; and if he ventured to escape he was followed, usually caught, and punished after the severe methods of the times. He "lived free and died a serf" claims an old writer. It might be added that he "lived free" only within the confines of his master's domains, on his little farm,—in a cage whose bars were none the less fettering because they were invisible. To enter into the details of this curious manner of feudal tenure would be to wander far from the subject of Cathedrals; it may suffice to say that the *main-morte* was a state of dependency less onerous than the serfdom from which it evolved, but a state of dependency which became, in the general progress of human liberty, safety, and enlightenment, an unnecessary and virtual slavery.

Nearly all kings and nobles had freed their subjects from this unhappy condition before the era of the great Henry of Navarre; it was a relic of that past from which the larger part of the French race had risen; but, even in the XVIII century, the monks of Saint-Claude, hidden far from the world and its progress in their mountain fastnesses, clung to their ancient rights and privileges. Except the burghers of the abbatial city and of Moirans and the inhabitants of a few "free" towns, their subjects were *mainmortables* "in body and estate," and a residence of one year in the Grand Jurisdiction made of a stranger an Abbot's serf.

"THE WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL IS MARKED . . . BY THE STATUE OF VOLTAIRE."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

In 1770 these "serfs of Mount Jura" attempted to free themselves legally and applied for authorisation to the Parliament of Besançon. Christin, a lawyer of



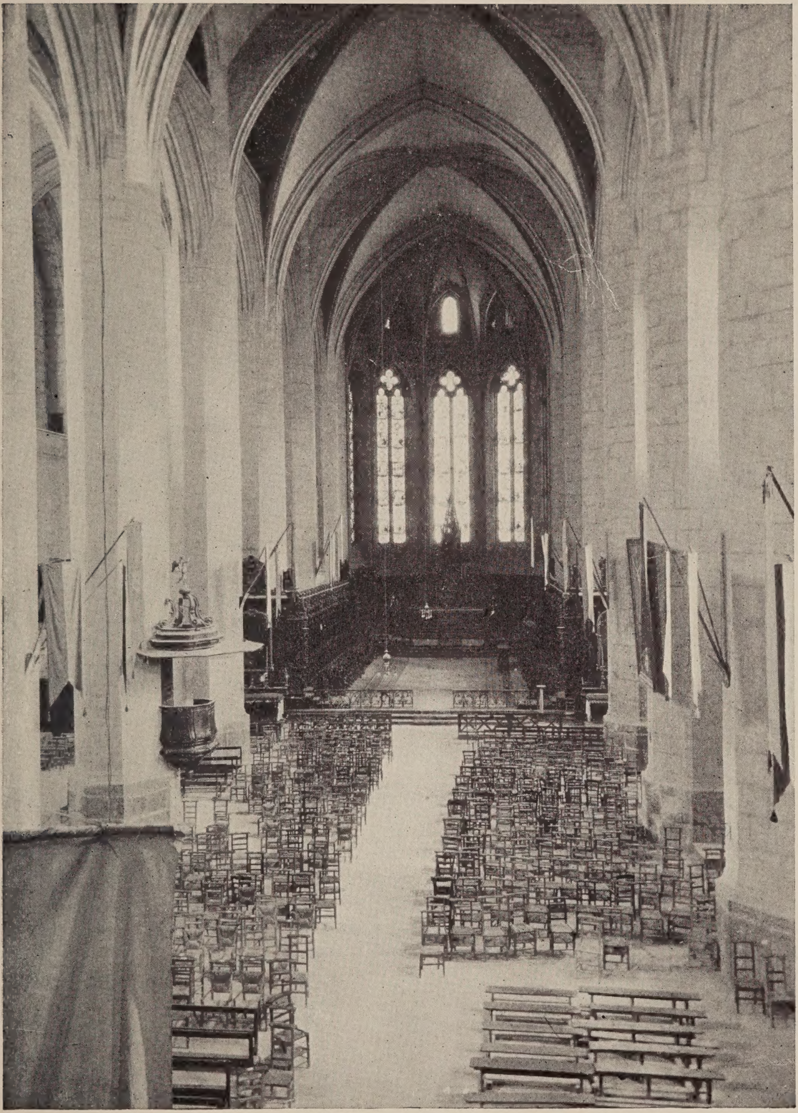
"'ITS LONG WINDOWS, ITS HIGH, STRAIGHT BUTTRESSES ENDING IN LITTLE TURRETS, AND THE ELONGATED PEAKS OF THE BELFRIES, CREATE AN UNIQUE EFFECT."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

Saint-Claude, and Voltaire, to whom he had appealed, addressed the King and the Chancellor, and Monseigneur de Rohan-Chabot pleaded for his parishioners; but "Louis XVI and even the Bishop could obtain nothing from the monks," who had removed their case from the jurisdiction of the Church and won it in the provincial Parliament. The *mainmortables* turned in vain to their masters; and the indifference, the hostility with which their demands were received by those who claimed to follow the compassionate Christ, engendered the excesses and brutalities of the Revolution by which the people of Saint-Claude finally freed themselves. Saint-Claude's body, the relic of so much sincere faith, was burned, and to-day the way to the Cathedral is marked, not by figures of Churchmen or Saints, but by the statue of Voltaire and the pyramid which records the forced and secular emancipation of the people of the ecclesiastical territory of Saint-Claude.

At the time of the episcopal elevation, nearly fifty years before these melancholy events, there were two noted abbatial churches in the city, and the question arose as to which should become the Cathedral. The Church of Saint-Oyend or Saint-Claude was the more ancient of the two edifices, it was the burial-place of the city's holy patron, it had been the Mecca of generations of pilgrims, and, during twelve centuries, the scene of many miracles. The Church of the Three Apostles, Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Saint Andrew, was of later construction. It was also more vast, more grandiose, and architecturally more important, but it had fewer religious memories. In the Ages of Faith the venerable building in which the monks had celebrated Offices for so many years would have been preserved; but the XVIII century was an epoch of official religion, in which official piety was sadly wanting, and the church of the more imposing proportions became the Cathedral of Saint-Pierre.

At that time the ecclesiastical estate which lay about the new Cathedral was very large and its buildings formed an important and complicated settlement. But only a portion of the defences, a fountain, and Saint-Pierre itself have survived, and there is nothing in the surroundings of the church to recall the great monastic establishment. As it was because of their loss of spirituality that the monks of Saint-Claude were obliged to cede their supremacy to a Bishop, it does not seem unjust that the monuments of their undivided power should have perished, and that those of an episcopacy which has upheld itself in greater dignity should have persisted.

It is a curious fact that the Cathedral, although built during the XIV and XV centuries, was not built by the monks themselves and has comparatively little in connection with them. They revered the relics of their patron in the Church of Saint-Claude, they sang the Offices there, and when in 1616 the Archduke Albert wrote to urge the completion of Saint-Pierre,



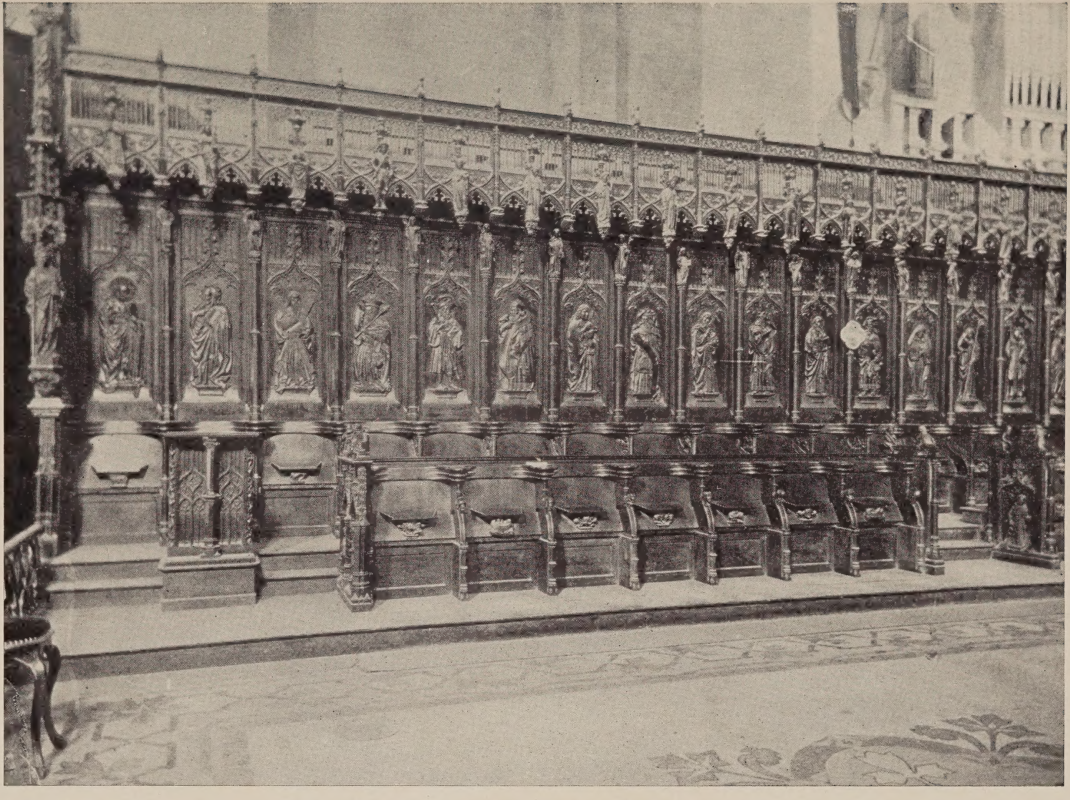
"THE SIMPLICITY OF ITS GREAT LINES AND PROPORTIONS."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

the Archbishop of the diocese, Ferdinand de Rye, replied that it had been commenced by the liberality of princes, the Counts of Chalon, the Dukes of Savoy, and by Charles VII and Louis XI, Kings of France, and that it could be finished only under the same conditions. In 1718, the year that the monastery received as Abbot, Louis de Bourbon, the nine-year old grandson of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan, a print was made of the city of Saint-Claude which shows that the Cathedral was still without a façade. The question of the episcopacy had been agitated, and perhaps in anticipation of this event the building was resumed.

Although the XVIII century abhorred the style in which the church had been commenced, the builders fortunately felt obliged to finish the nave in the same form; but the façade was considered as an independent structure and therefore could be erected according to the conventional ideals of the period. In bearing the expenses of this final construction several monks showed themselves very generous. Aided by lay benefactors they succeeded in completing the work before the creation of the Bishopric, and, in 1742, it stood amid very different surroundings but in much the same condition as it stands to-day.

During a large part of the year the façade is mercifully hidden by the bushy trees of the Place de l'Abbaye. The whole wall and its ponderous tower are very, very plain; but even in its greatest severity, the Renaissance adds only uncouthness to religious architecture. The lateral walls and the broad, low sweep of the roofs are monotonous, but the apse is tall, severe Gothic, built of smoothly bevelled stones. Its long windows, its high, straight buttresses ending in little turrets, the elongated peaks of the little belfries which rise above the adjoining walls unite in making an unique effect. The consistent, perpendicular trend of its lines, the austerity of its style, and the points of its windows, turrets, and little spires give to this eastern portion of the Cathedral not only originality, but a certain Spartan beauty and grandeur.

No better description of the interior could be given than that of Benoit. "Imagine," he writes in his *Historie de l'Abbaye et de la Terre de Saint-Claude*, "an immense hall more than two hundred and twenty feet long, eighty-five feet wide, and eighty feet high, pierced towards the East by beautiful windows . . . which admit floods of light; closed North and South by thick walls with openings in their heights through which a dim light falls mysteriously; broken by two rows of enormous, octagonal pillars without capitals; and . . . covered with three vaults which have robust arches . . . and which are suspended at almost the same height." The central nave ends in a circular choir, each side aisle in a small hall or room that is repeated in a second story. A gallery extends under the windows of the side aisles and across the façade wall; and beneath the higher windows of the central



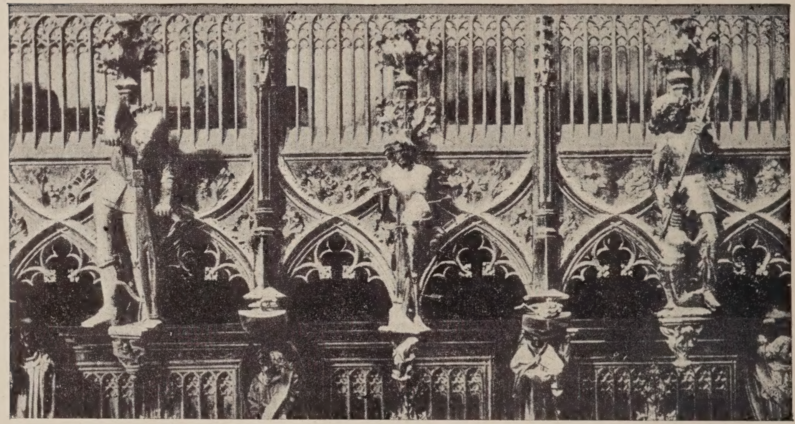
293 "THE . . . ELABORATE AND MAGNIFICENT STALLS."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

nave and about the choir, there is another practicable gallery. The smaller structural details of the interior are not essential to its general effect which lies in the grandeur and the simplicity of its great lines and proportions.

Considered mathematically the dimensions are far from huge; but the equal height of the nave and side aisles give a fine, free spaciousness; and the unbroken uplift of the great pillars and the other structural lines of the church, uninterrupted by painted decoration or sculpture, add to the impression of size. The stone of the interior is white, very white; and in its loftiness and its beautiful severity it recalls the Chaise-Dieu and the Church of Brou. It is an ideal abbatial style, the monk's ascetic religious ideal translated into stone.

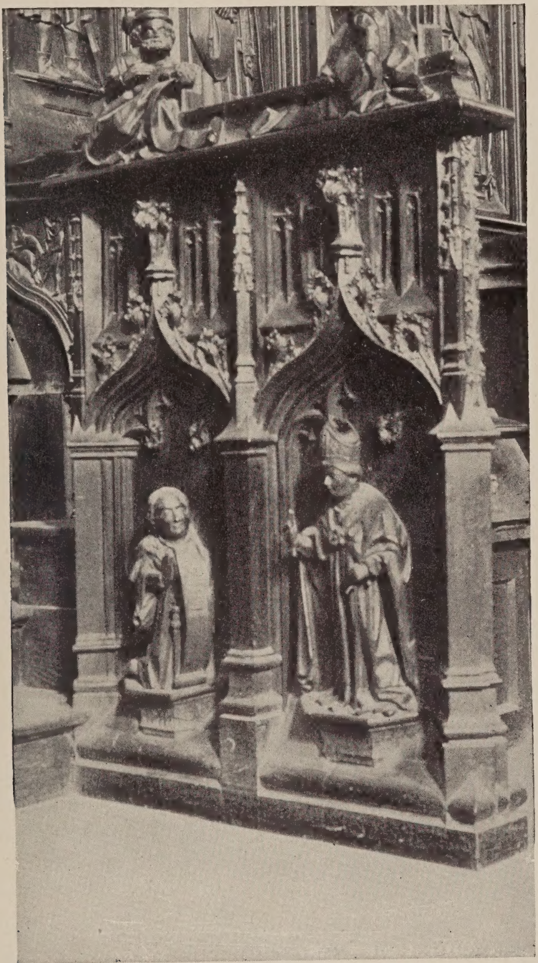
The choir of this church contains some of the most elaborate and magnificent stalls of the wood-carver's art. They are believed to have been cut by one "Jean de Vitry, burgher of Geneva," between 1449 and 1465. They have been enthusiastically said to rival the choir-wood of Brou and to compare with that of Amiens, and the praise is not too great. The panels of the Patriarchs and Prophets and of the Abbots of Saint-Claude show a surprising and interesting variety of types and characteristics; and the canopies, little columns, and other conventionally decorative details of the stalls are lavishly and beautifully cut. But it is the smaller scenes, sometimes naïve, sometimes grotesque, and sometimes profane, the little devils, gnome-like men, monks, grinning faces, and angels, which are so charmingly or so amusingly represented. There is a Sainte-Yole receiving her holy brothers, a reading of the Charter of Charlemagne, demons throwing stones at two church-building Saints, and many another quaint conceit, and last, but not least, there is an Abbot reading to a grave and attentive lion.

Because they are dark and small and placed at inconvenient angles, the carvings of old stalls are often neglected, many are of good workmanship but more or less conventional, others are carved for the general effect. The stalls of Saint-Claude have not these defects. Their splendour as a whole is not their only quality, nor are their details so exclusively studied that the general composition has suffered. In comparison with other great choir-woods, it might perhaps



"THE DECORATIVE DETAILS . . . ARE LAVISHLY AND BEAUTIFULLY CUT."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

be said that the inspiration of Saint-Claude is both more delicate and more vivid than that of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne of the neighbouring country of Savoy. Contrasted with a supreme example of the art, in the



"IN THE PORTRAYAL OF CHARACTER . . . THEY ARE NOT SURPASSED."—SAINT-CLAUDE.

far-distant Cathedral of Amiens, it has not so fairy-like, so lace-like a delicacy of ornament, its general outlines are not so bewilderingly rich and graceful; but in the portrayal of character, in dramatic interest and power it is not surpassed—if it is equalled—by Auch, by Brou, or by Amiens itself. Hours of interest and amusement might well be passed in these stalls by the greatest tyro of the art of wood-cutting, who loves to meet the fancies and the workings of the mediæval mind.

It is most unfortunate that the illustrators of the region of the Jura should so often have shown the fine, old Abbey-church by picturing the façade, its one poor and unworthy part. Perhaps it is because of these unattractive representations that Saint-Claude, far too often, remains unknown and neglected. Its fine, straight apse, its imposing interior, the myriad subjects of its stalls worthy of an artist's pencil, are not often reproduced: and he who unwittingly passes by Saint-Claude and its history loses not only the wonder and pleasure of its churchly art and architecture, but an insight into one of the most interesting evolutions of monastic feudalism, the life of the powerful Benedictines of the Jura.

Besançon.

Besançon is a city of many interesting memories, rich in history, rich in the gifts of her children, and beautifully situated in the heart of the Franche-Comté. This is the country of Cuvier, of the witty Nodier, and of

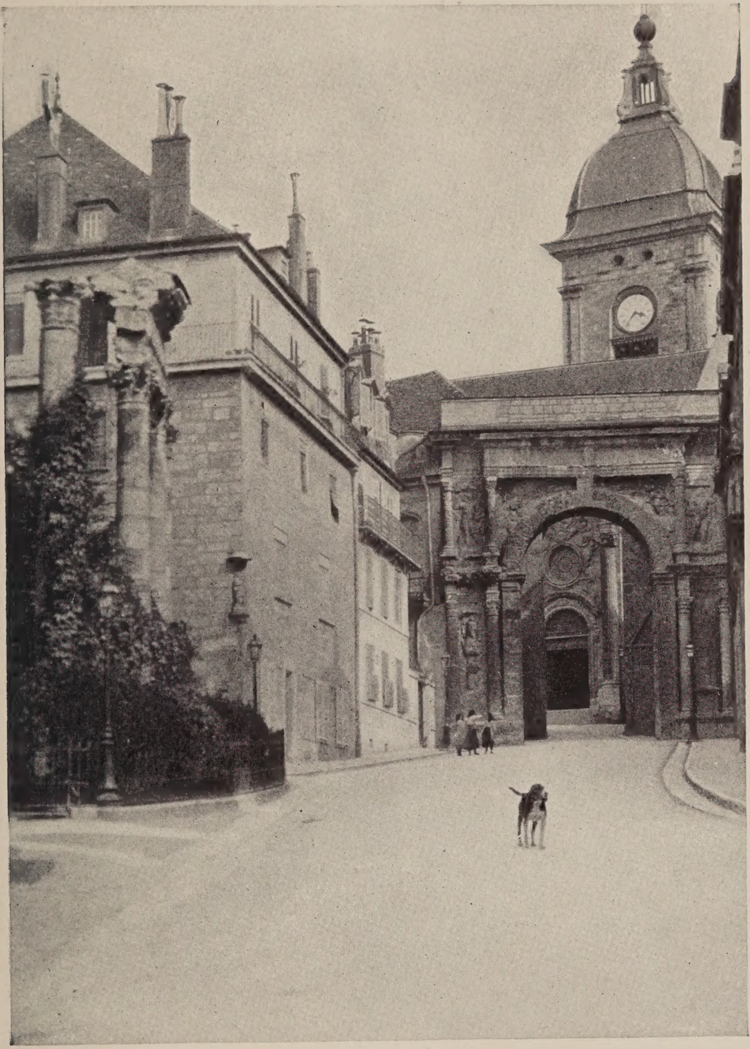
Victor Hugo; renowned not only because of these men of comparatively modern times, but because of those of an earlier age who introduced within its walls the brilliant Renaissance, men who were the admiring pupils and friends of Raphael, of Palestrina, and Erasmus, the greatest of their times in art and thought.

From earliest times, a fortress and a frontier-town, Besançon has another and a very different claim to fame. Soldiers of all the ages, from Cæsar and Galba to Frederic Barbarossa, from Barbarossa to Charles V, and from Louis XIV to the Germans of 1871, have coveted it, struggled for it, and defended it; and its hills have known every step in the development of the science of fortification, the earthworks of the Romans, the strong walls of Vauban, and the hidden defences of modern times.

In spite of this necessary and incessant militarism, the town consistently pursued the ideals of civic freedom and prosperity. At the beginning of the Middle Ages it found itself, like nearly all episcopal cities, the servant of many masters. There was the head of the Holy Roman Empire, a vague and shadowy suzerain; my Lord the Palatinate Count of Burgundy who might come at any time and stay as long as he pleased; and my Lord the Archbishop who in those days was seldom absent. The usual civic drama was played, with the usual conclusion. People and prelate together made the residence of the Count so unpleasant that he was content to call Besançon "capital" and to rule from Dôle; the citizens, rid of one master, then applied themselves to the more difficult task of reducing the temporal power of another; and finally, assisted by the Emperor, who like the Kings was glad to gain the affection of the growing Third Estate, the citizens triumphed over the Archbishop. In 1157 Barbarossa held his Court at Besançon, recognised its municipal organisation, and confirmed its privileges as a "commune."

From this time the "free city" continued to prosper, and its rival suzerains vied with each other in gifts and favours. Charles V gave Franche-Comté its "Golden Age" and raised the great Besantine family of Granvelle to high estate; Louis XIV granted it the provincial Parliament, a University, and new fortifications; and modern France, grateful for its resistance to the most hated of her enemies, continues to endow it with every invention of modern defence.

Nature, too, has bountifully surrounded Besançon with her beauty. The great plains of Burgundy stretch out to the green mountains of the Vosges and the Jura, and the snow-capped chain of the Alps touches the blue sky of the horizon. In the centre of this country, almost encircled by the winding Doubs, lies the busy, modern city which, in spite of flourishing industries and peaceful trades, seems still to most perfectly personify its unending militarism, its persistent strategic importance. Long barrack walls border its



"THE CATHEDRAL . . . AS SEEN THROUGH THE 'BLACK GATE,' A DARK, DEFACED ARCH OF IMPERIAL TIMES."—BESANÇON.

streets, every green height has its grim, stone fort, and soldiers are everywhere.

But many relics of peaceful times and occupations are found hidden among the houses of the city; the beautiful little Hôtel d'Anvers, the more stately Palais Grenelle, the Hall of Solemn Audience, and most ancient and most beautiful of all, the eight Corinthian columns of the Roman Forum which rise in noble simplicity amid the trees of a quiet little square. In this square are other ruins also, and a few unformed bits of the old Cathedral of Saint-Etienne which is now entirely destroyed.

The present Cathedral of Saint-Jean is further up the hillside. As seen through the "Black Gate," a dark, defaced arch of imperial times, it rises in picturesque perspective; but beyond the gate it appears as it really is, the heaviest and ugliest of buildings. There is an apse at each extremity of the church, a liturgical and architectural peculiarity which sinks into insignificance from the poverty of its construction; there is a heavy, low tower, a vast expanse of roof, and a lateral portal which, as there is no façade, is also the principal entrance. This portal is the crowning disgrace of the exterior, a wretched example of rococo style.

The interior of the church has three large naves, but the eye is distracted by a multitude of smaller objects. There is a beautiful Fra Bartolommeo and a graceful Gothic pulpit; and besides these delightful details, there are partly gilded stalls, an archiepiscopal throne like the seat of the Emperor in Tannhäuser, a High Altar with a gilt sunburst surrounding an angel with a black Cross, a bust of Pius VI, several tombs of Bishops whose fat effigies are in astounding contrast to the slender, kneeling statue of the Cardinal de Rohan, and finally chapels, fortunately on only one side of the church, whose shapes and decorations are distressingly dissimilar.

After the eye has become sufficiently accustomed to these details, the general effect of the Church becomes more comprehensible. The broad and heavy side aisles have neither the grace nor the slenderness which is the inherent beauty of the Gothic, and in the great central nave itself there is too much heaviness and too many suggestions of the compromises between the original building, re-buildings, and restorations. Large round arches rest on pillars that succeed each other down the nave in angular procession. Above are the slim, dark pillars of a Gothic triforium; behind these pillars rise two stories of round-headed windows; and, finally, a vaulting without nobility of form or curve spreads broadly over the nave.

This is the interior which one writer calls "gorgeous," the nave which another considers "majestic," and still another describes as "grand." When applied to such a church these terms become either ironical or meaningless. If Saint-Jean is to be called "grand" what adjective can describe Beauvais? If it should

"IN THE GREAT CENTRAL NAVE."—BESANÇON.

be considered "majestic," how can Périgueux be adequately expressed?

Large and ample in proportions, not one of the lines of its exterior—not even the flying buttresses—have a gracious spring or curve, and even the church's position on the hillside lends but little picturesqueness. The "gorgeousness" of the interior consists in its heterogeneous combination of styles, colours, and ornaments; its "majesty," best imagined in the central nave, is a large, cold stiffness, at most a conventionalised dignity which is not even softened by good stained-glass; and as a whole Saint-Jean is not very interesting and cannot be placed among those Cathedrals of France which the world justly calls "great."

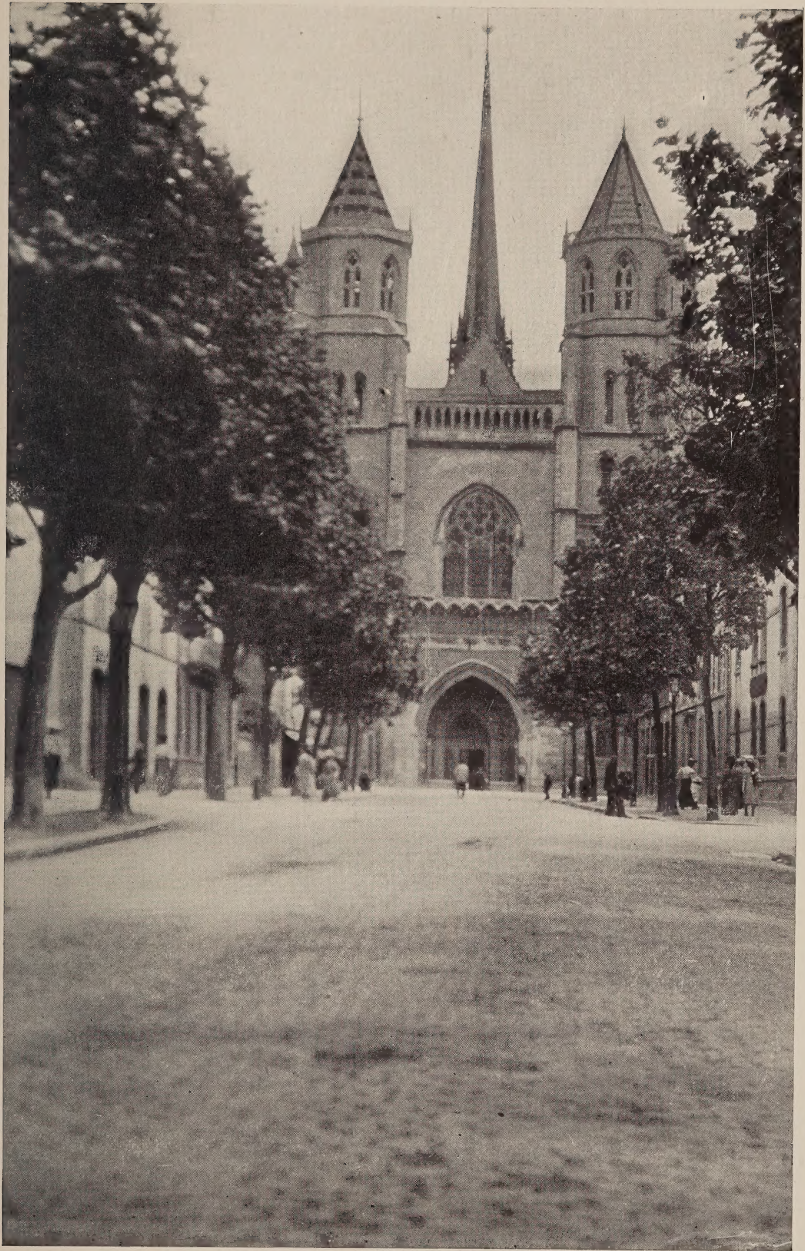
Dijon.

The Christian traditions of Dijon are so ancient and so venerable that the date of its episcopal elevation, 1731, seems almost anachronistic. "Happy the people," writes Montesquieu, "whose annals are blank in History's book," yet unhappy seems a Bishopric established too late to have its root in the richest religious recollections of its city's past. With all the historic memories with which Dijon teems, with its Dukes and their Palace, its Carthusians and their Chartreuse, its beautiful "hôtels," the Bishopric has nothing in common. It was established in a period of civic prosperity, it survived the great Revolution, and has survived all lesser ones; and, notwithstanding the religious turmoil of the country, it seems like a church "built upon a rock."

Fortunately, at the time of its elevation—degenerate days of ecclesiastical architecture,— no new Cathedral was built, and the first Bishops of Dijon took to themselves the Church of Saint-Etienne, a decrepit building which is now used as a Commercial Exchange. But in 1801 their successors were enthroned in a grander and worthier edifice and Saint-Bénigne became the Cathedral.

A CORNER OF DIJON.

If the See was too late in creation to have taken part in the city's early and mediæval experiences, the building, at least, reaches far back into the history



"THE CHURCH IS APPROACHED THROUGH A LONG, BROAD AVENUE."—DIJON.

of the people. It was injured in their sieges, re-built in their prosperity, and, as Abbey-church and shrine of the Apostle of Burgundy, it was not only an oratory of the Benedictines, but for generations a place of renowned pilgrimages.

The church is approached through a long, broad avenue. Regular rows of young, leafy trees conceal the heavy, fortress-like foundations of the lateral towers. The broad, single archway of the porch, surmounted by an ornamental balustrade, a large Gothic window above which is another smaller gallery, and a little pointed gable complete the wall of the façade. Behind it rises the elongated needle of the spire; and on either side, above the trees, the two windowed stories of the towers appear with their multi-coloured, conical caps.

Walking, without much interest, past the lateral walls and their long, straight lines of perpendicular buttresses, the traveller stopped at the eastern end of the church. Here one flying buttress on either side of the apse stretches out like a muscular but unbeautiful arm. The walls rise slender and tall; but the most salient features of the apse are, obviously, the peaks of the tiled roofs which seem to taper high and higher still, as if they were trying to reach the slender spire which soars a seemingly unmeasurable distance above them. The colours of these tiled roofs give a strange atmosphere of Orientalism to this essentially western church. It is peculiarly inappropriate to the Gothic which is an uncoloured style of one dominant tone. In a building of more perfect and beautiful lines this foreign obtrusion would be unpleasing. In Saint-Bénigne, however, the architectural conception of the exterior, especially in the contours, is so often bizarre and picturesque that the oddity of the tile-colouring is not wholly unbeautiful.

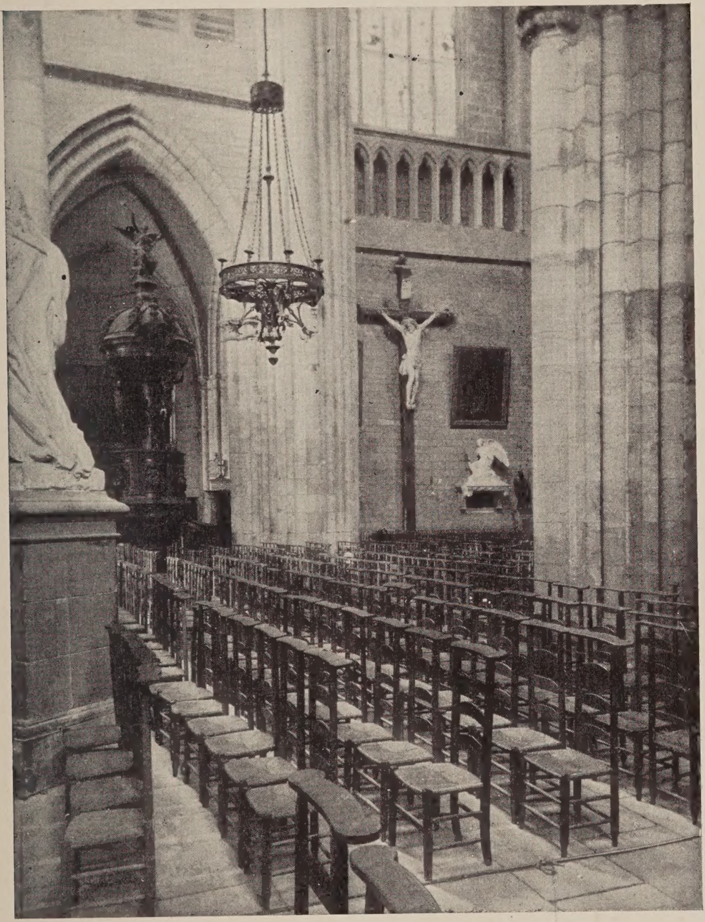
Wandering back to the main entrance to look at the remains of a Romanesque portal, the traveller had just begun to study the contrast between a bearded, sexagenarian Saint Benignus and an ardent, young Saint Stephen, when the low notes of the organ lured him into the church. It was Corpus Christi Day and the service of Vespers. The Cathedral's organ is a beautiful instrument, and the choristers' school is so fine that, to hear its singing, great national masters do not disdain to come from Paris.

The Cathedral was crowded. A hush lay over the assembly, and from the organ came strangely familiar chords.

Then many voices rang out as if in answer "Alleluia! Alleluia!" A great pæan of worship followed in the sonorous Latin of the Church.

But words could add little or take little away. It was the immortal chorus of the Messiah, and the whole listening multitude became a part of the sea of sound. Far away it seemed, beyond the still, dark masses of the people. Beneath hundreds of glowing candles the priests bowed motionless, the smoke of the incense seemed to waver in shadowy clouds between the pillars.

But the voices rang sure and true, "For the Lord



"BETWEEN THE PILLARS."—DIJON.

God Omnipotent reigneth. Alleluia!" and it seemed as if they must be descending from the very Throne of Heaven. A man, sitting near, buried his face in his hands; an old woman lifted her face, transfigured; the traveller himself was breathless.

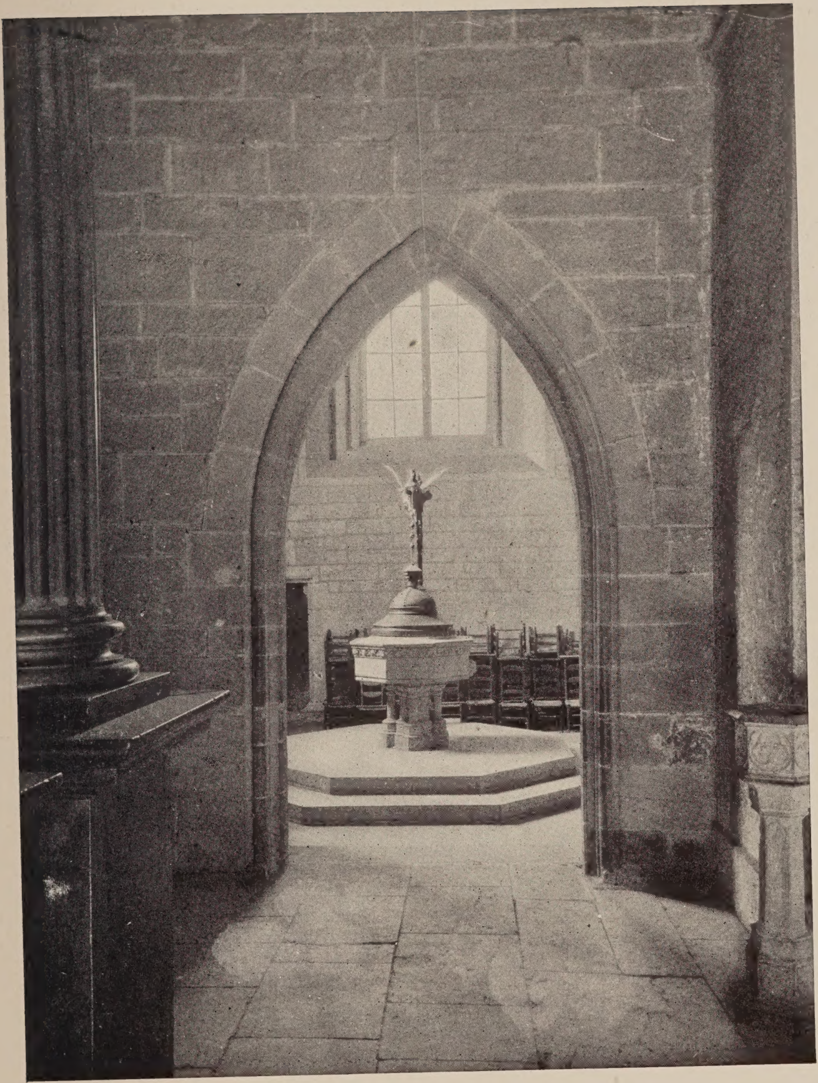
"King of Kings! Lord of Lords! He shall reign forever and ever!" sang the little children.

"Alleluia!" answered the exultant voices of men, "Alleluia!" and in one long-drawn breath of ecstasy and worship, the final "Alleluia!"

"Oremus" chanted the priest, and after a few moments of prayer the people slowly left the church.

The traveller lingered in the aisles and watched the fading light as it fell through the arch of the Baptismal Chapel, and lost all sense of the technical in a realisation of the religious fitness of this stately edifice. The cry of the ultra Puritan against great churchly buildings never rings more hollow than when one stands in a great church. It may be nobler to worship ardently in a barn-like chapel, to behold the glory of God in a sand-heap as well as in the heavens, but so long as the immortal soul is forced to receive many impressions through the perishable senses, so long will the majority of men find the Cathedral more devotionally inspiring than the kirk, so long will the chorus of Händel's Alleluias echo more gloriously in the solemnity which seems to prefigure the place of heavenly worship.

Returning next day to Saint-Bénigne, the traveller found the church empty and studied it in a monotone of silence broken only by his own footsteps. In ground plan it is Romanesque. It has no ambulatory or choir



" THE FADING LIGHT FELL THROUGH THE ARCHES OF THE BAPTISMAL CHAPEL."—DIJON.

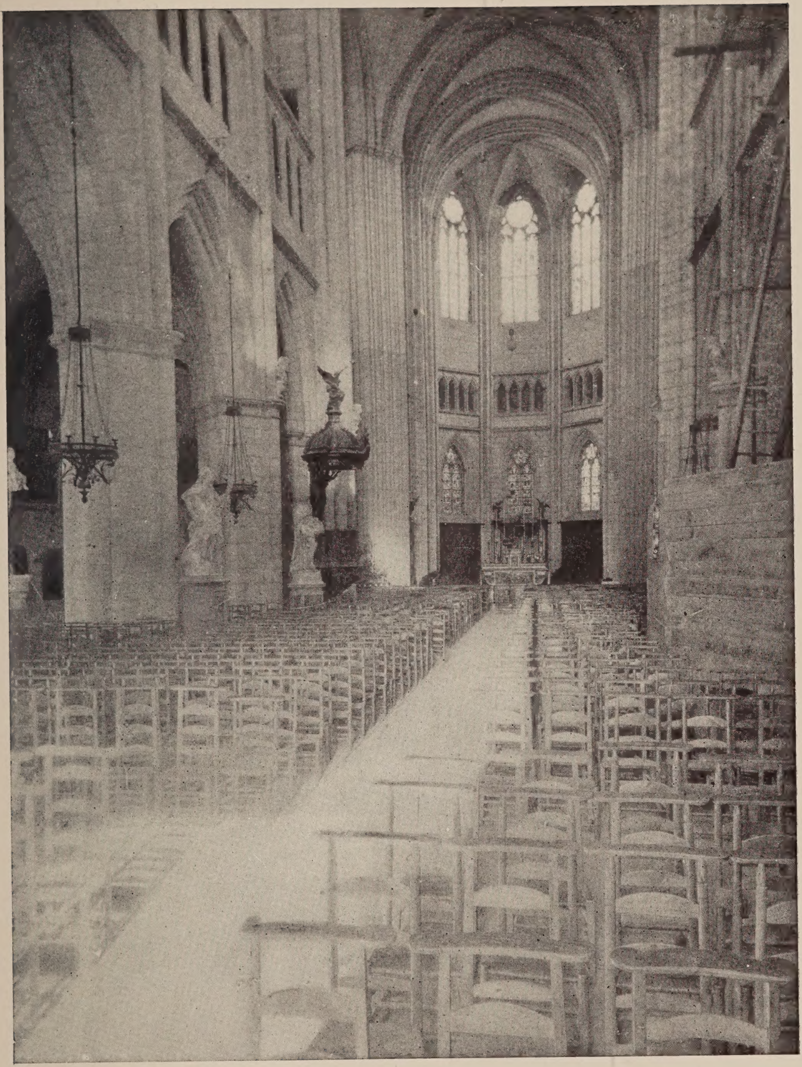
chapels, its transepts are almost abortive, even its choir is small, and the three aisles end in three semicircular apses. The style is the truest Burgundian Gothic, so simple that, although its proportions are not magnificent, its effect is imposing. The great white nave stretches in lonely solitude, in cold, severe purity, in majesty.

The space of blank wall between the triforium and the clerestory makes a bad distribution of proportions; and the statuary near the columns, and the busts which are perched above the capitals are most incongruous; but the beautifully severe style persists triumphantly above these smaller blemishes which have been imposed on it, and the central nave of the Cathedral is a very august monument of the Gothic style.

Architecturally more significant than this church, was the Basilica which it replaced, a building of two stories, eight towers, and twenty-four portals, commenced at the close of the terrible year 1000. In the XIII century, the great central tower of the imposing structure fell and crushed the church. The monks flocked to the crypt to see whether the tomb of their patron was destroyed. The reliquary rested on little stone columns which were broken, but the holy object itself remained—"without the least support, miraculously suspended in the air . . . and," declares a writer approved by the Church, "the lamps which burned before the Holy Relics were not extinguished either by the débris of the tower, or the agitation of the air, or by the whirlwinds of dust which flew on all sides." In this terrible destruction of 1271 only two portions of the Basilica escaped, the Rotunda and the Great Portal. In the re-building, the one was preserved on account of its artistic value, the other because of its venerable associations. The Gothic Cathedral was constructed between these two parts, and its first stone was laid in 1280.

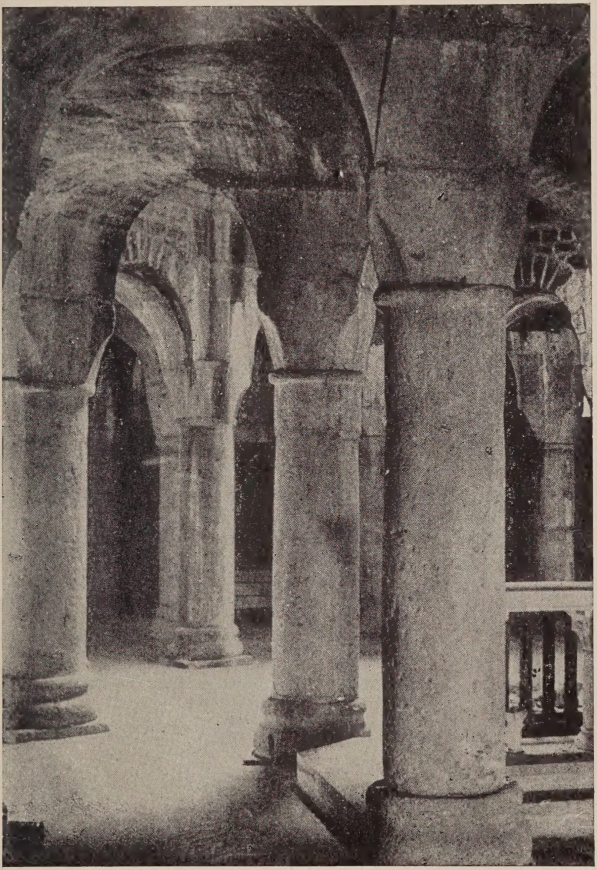
Another less vast but most melancholy destruction took place when the revolutionists of '93 entered the church. They tore down the rood-screen, carried away the stalls and the wood-carvings of the choir, pictures, altars, and marbles. They broke the old statues which adorned the portal and ordered workmen to scrape and polish its stone. They demolished the ancient Rotunda and, to dispose of its stones, they broke open the vault of the subterranean church and threw rubbish into the crypt.

Although the upper parts of the Rotunda and the crypt were totally destroyed, the underground chapels—with some decrease in size and details—have been restored, and Viollet-le-duc declares that "of all known crypts that of Saint-Bénigne may be considered the most vast." In the shadowy and rather mysterious light its multitude of round, squat pillars stand in ghostly array. The vaulting is low and massive, and there is a sense of undiscovered space and obscurity, particularly reminiscent of the early meeting-places of Christians. Technically also this large crypt is one



"THE GREAT WHITE NAVE STRETCHES IN LONELY SOLITUDE."—DIJON.

of the most interesting in France. The quaint, strong, primitive carvings of its capitals, its rude forms, and its size, are valuable commentaries on the power, the imagination, and the limitations of the builders of the early Romanesque.



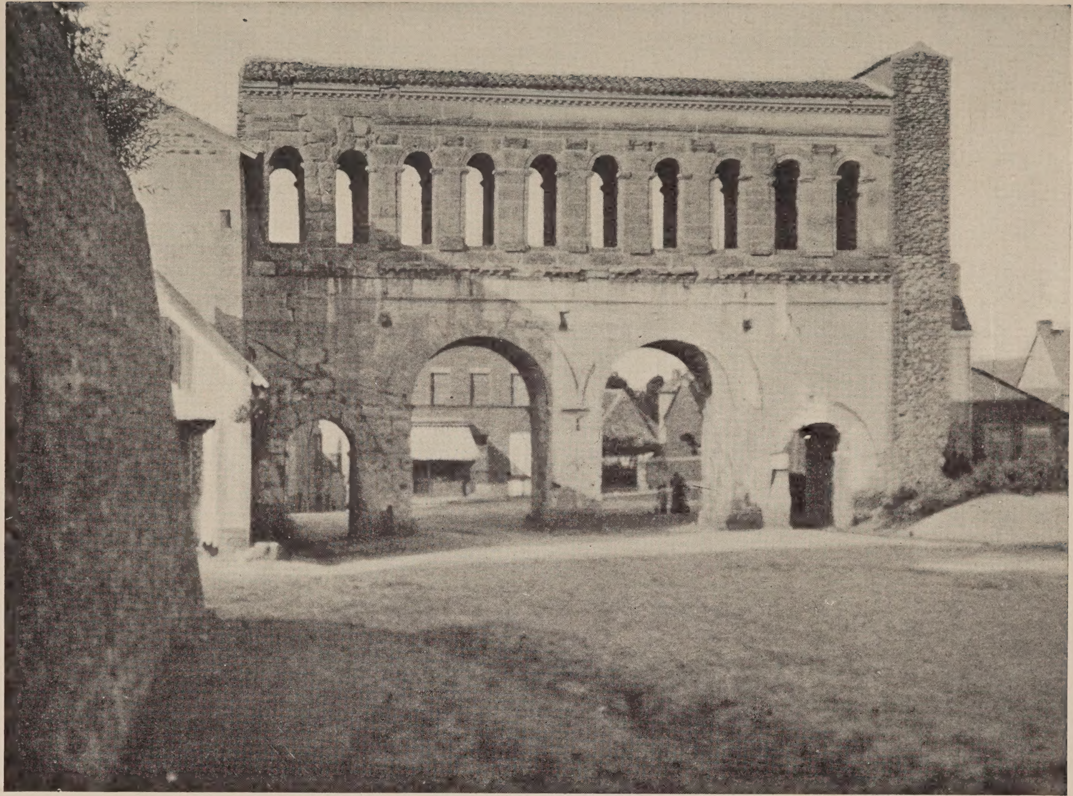
"THE VAULTING IS LOW AND MASSIVE."—DIJON.

Even a short glance at this underground church is curiously enlightening. For no sharper comparison between the religious styles of mediæval architecture could be drawn than that which exists between the Romanesque of the crypt and the Gothic of the upper church,—the one low, round, sober in dignity; the other lofty, high-arched, imprint with majesty. According to the technical letter of the law the comparison is not altogether warrantable. Neither presents the most inspired work of its school, neither shows exactly the same stage of the artistic development of its style; one is an oratory hidden beneath the earth the other is a church in conventional form and place. But the spirit of each style could not be better expressed or differentiated than in the upper and lower churches of Dijon's Cathedral, and they both are fine and noteworthy creations of mediæval architecture.

Autun.

On a lonely hillside of Burgundy, half-buried in the encroaching earth, lie the ruins of a great Celtic city, Bibracte, which was abandoned for the greater Roman city of Augustodunum. In the year 43 of our era the Latin geographer, Pomponius Mela, writes of this settlement as "the most affluent city in Treveris Augusta, in Ædus Augustodunum."

It was built according to all the rules of the military science of the Romans, and within the protection of its walls and flanking towers lay a "Celtic Rome." It had its Coliseum, its Theatre, its Temples; it had luxury and wealth; and as the Ephesians worshipped



A GATE OF "THE MOST AFFLUENT CITY IN TREVERIS AUGUSTA."—AUTUN.

Diana in thanksgiving for their prosperity, so the Romans glorified Berecynthia and Apollo.

In the zenith of this opulent paganism another and a very different religion entered the city. It had strange ideals, subversive to all imperial standards. It abased the haughty and exalted the humble and meek. It was, above all, "good tidings of great joy," and through obscure channels it had found the way from Palestine and Rome to the vast colonies of the Empire. It was brought up the Rhone by traders as well as by Saints; often its presence was unsuspected until, as the pagan said, "the cankersore" grew too great to be concealed, or, as the convert believed, "the little leaven" had begun to leaven the whole lump. As in the "Epistle of the Church of Vienne and Lyons" there is an echo of the early followers of Jesus, so in the "Acts of Saint Symphorien" there is a vivid exposition of the primitive Christian spirit. These Acts are perhaps not of the epoch which they describe, but they are certainly of as notable antiquity as the day of Gregory of Tours; and even if interlined and retouched, they have so much of truth that they are a valuable link in the evolution of the Christian spirit from the simplicity of its Master, of which all too little is known, to the complex ideals of those who, in the Middle Ages, claimed to be His representatives and of whom history has preserved the details.

The period of migrating, wandering Christianity is one of high lights of knowledge, and of deep shadows of ignorance. The perversities of the humble, however, were not worthy of the elegant pen of a pagan writer, and it was only the sudden, unexpected defection of the nobly-born which led to the preservation of the record of many of the sect's heroic "acts." Those of Saint Symphorien begin most dramatically with a festival in honour of Berecynthia. The statue of the goddess is being carried through the Forum, past the marble Theatre and the columned Temples of Augustodunum. The people follow in the wake of her chariot, shouting and singing; but a young man refuses to take part in the rejoicing of his fellow-citizens and is haled before a magistrate, who asks him, say the Acts,

" 'Thy name and thy profession?'

" 'I am called Symphorien. I am a Christian.'

" 'If I know aright, thou hast escaped thus far only because those who take this name are few in number. . . . Why, by thy disrespectful attitude, hast thou refused to worship the statue of the goddess-mother?'

" 'I have just said it—I am a Christian and I worship the living God Who reigns in the heavens; as to that demon's image, not only do I refuse to bow down before it, but with thy permission I am ready to reduce it to dust.'

" 'The accused truly conducts himself as a blasphemer of the gods and a rebel to the laws. . . . What information of him can the records furnish?'

" 'He is of this city and even belongs to one of the most noble families.'

" 'Thou affectest a haughty mien, Symphorien. It is a desire to acquire fame and to attract to thyself the equivocal attention of the multitude which has led thee into this false way. Thou art doubtless ignorant of the edicts of our princes. . . .'

"Then . . . is read:—

" 'Aurelian' "—or probably Marcus Aurelius—" 'Emperor, to all the magistrates and governors of the provinces; We have recognised that the laws of the Empire are violated by those who . . . take the name of Christians. Arrest them if they refuse to sacrifice to our gods, and punish them at first with divers torments, in order that the moderation of the punishment may prove its justice, and the application of the capital penalty may finally extirpate the evil in all its roots.'

" 'What dost thou reply to that, Symphorien?'

"The young man protested his faith in the Christians' God, was beaten by the lictors, and sent to prison."

At the expiration of "three days" the judge sent for him, and looking at his wounded flesh and his drawn face, said:

" 'How much more wisely thou wouldst act, Symphorien, in sacrificing to the immortal gods, in raising thyself to the ranks of the army, and in thus obtaining recompenses from the public treasury! If thou dost not bend thy knee to-day before the goddess-mother, and if thou dost not render the worship due to Apollo and to Diana, thou shalt inevitably be put to death. If thou consentest, I will have the altar of the gods erected,—therefore prepare thyself to render to the divinity the honour which should be hers.'

"Symphorien replied, 'The judge who is the depositary of public authority should not accompany his sentence with vain and useless words. . . .'

"Again the judge said, 'Sacrifice to the gods in order to enjoy the honours which the prince gives to those who serve him.'

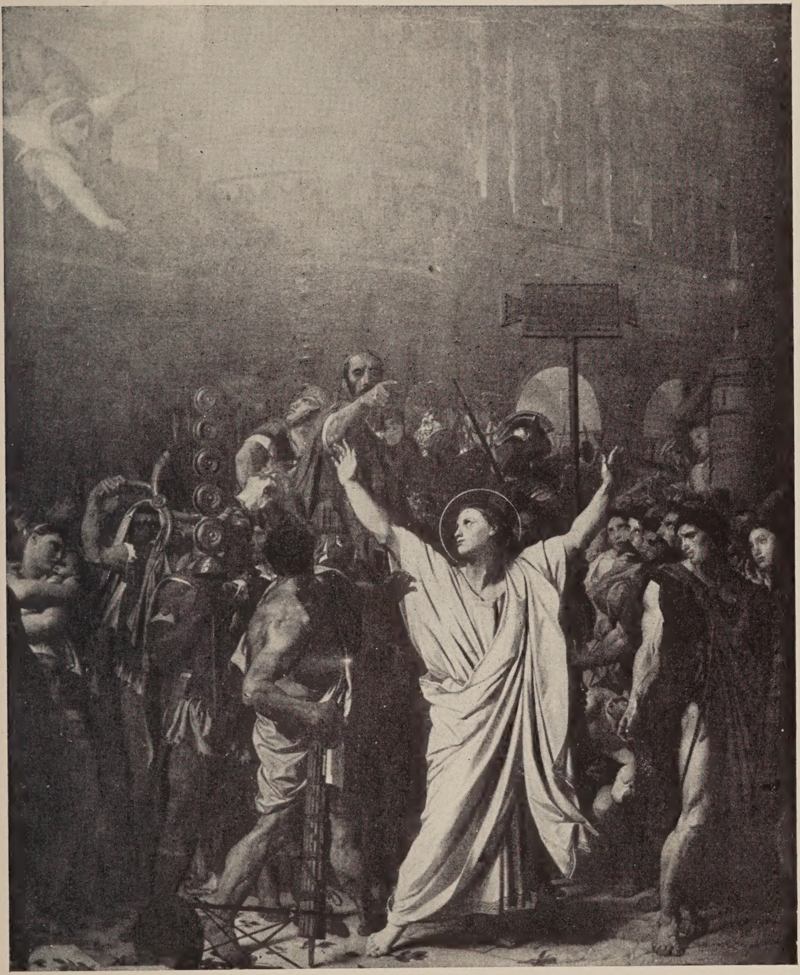
"And Symphorien replied, 'A judge shames his authority when he thus publicly puts a price on the observation of the laws. . . . Our riches are in Christ. . . . But thy cupidity, even when thou thinkest that thou hast everything, possesses in reality nothing. . . . Thy pleasures melt away as ice in the warmth of the sun. . . . Our God alone disposes of happiness. The most remote antiquity has never seen the beginning of His glory which was before time was; the final centuries will not see its end, because it lives eternally.'

" . . . Symphorien was still speaking when the judge, irritated, . . . pronounced the following sentence,—

" 'Let Symphorien, guilty of a public crime . . . be struck by the avenging sword, in order that the deadly effects of his crime be repressed and human and divine laws be satisfied.'

"According to this sentence the prisoner was being taken to punishment when, from the top of the rampart, his mother called to him her last farewell,—

" 'My son, my son Symphorien, think on the living



"'MY SON, MY SON SYMPHORIEN, THINK ON THE LIVING GOD!'"
(From the painting by Ingres in the Cathedral of Autun.)

God; take courage! The death which leads to certain life is not greatly to be feared. Lift up your heart, my son; life is not taken from you . . . for to-day . . . a happy change will make you pass to the heavenly life.'

"Symphorien, led outside the wall, was decapitated, . . . and his body was buried at night."

The blood of the martyr was indeed the seed of the Church, and Christianity grew in Augustodunum; but the great city which the young Saint had known declined. It was ravaged by Barbarians, Normans, Saracens, and English; its limits became more and more contracted; it retired behind the pleasant little river which had once flowed through its midst. It became two cities,—the lower, the "Fort de Maréchaux," surrounded by walls and towers, and the higher town which occupied the site of the old Roman castrum. This higher town, also protected by stout walls, was called "the Castle"; one of its quarters, separated from the others by strong portals across the narrow streets, was termed "the Cloister," and here the Chapter of the Cathedral lived and ruled.

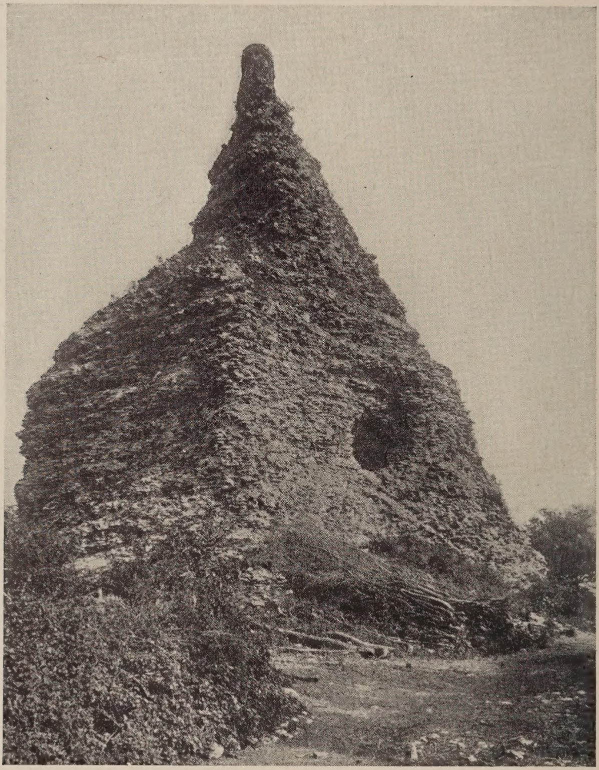
In the Autun of to-day there remains very little of the ancient Roman city. There are only reminiscences of the tight little mediæval towns of castle and quarters. "We can follow with the eye," writes Edwards, "the tremendous span of the Roman wall, fragmentary indeed, yet perfect in places, and built neither of bricks, nor blocks of stone, but of small stones. Inside we see the mediæval wall and picturesque watch-towers of Francis I." The classic city was very much broader than the mediæval Autun,

A "PICTURESQUE WATCH-TOWER."—AUTUN.

and it is smaller still to-day. It straggles prettily up the hillside, unbounded by walls, unrestricted, in places unkempt. Its atmosphere is that of a country town, in many parts almost rural. Industrious chickens peck peacefully about some of the streets, a few goats wander across the roads, utterly unconscious of the great spire and towers which rise unexpectedly behind the modest houses. This is the memorial of the mediæval greatness of Autun—the Cathedral; so remarkable, so important a building that it would seem ill-proportioned to its surroundings were it not so finely poised upon the hilltop.

"ITS ATMOSPHERE IS THAT OF A COUNTRY TOWN."—AUTUN.

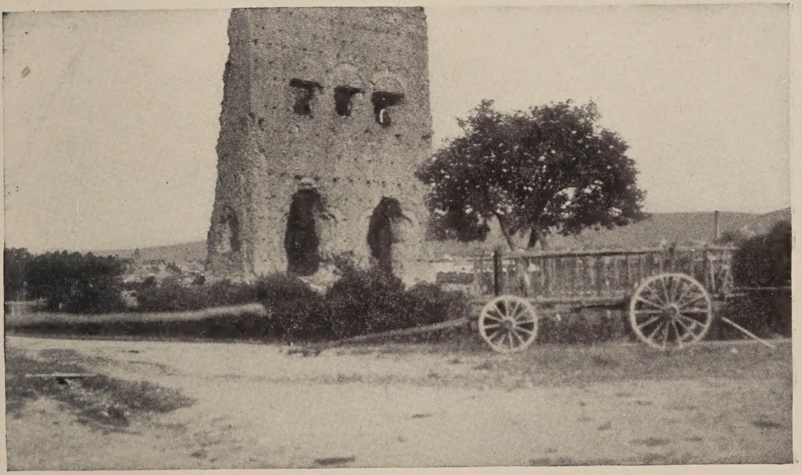
"Turning from the Cathedral to make the circuit of the city," continues Edwards, "we realise how grand was the predecessor of modern Autun—the Augustodunum of Gallic Rome." The town and its suburbs form scarcely half of the old Roman city; and, although there are a few ancient remains in the heart of the place, it is not in the quiet of its chief streets but in the greater quiet of the outskirts that the less fragmentary ruins of "Celtic Rome" are found. How poetically suggestive they are of lost greatness, of the mystery of the past, and of the inevitable decay of all things human. An elegy could be written at each station of



"THE STRANGE TUMULAR STONE-HEAP WHICH THE NATIVES CALL THE 'STONE OF COUARD.'"—AUTUN.

the way,—at the Gate of Saint Andrew, pagan and Roman in spite of its Christian name, and the Christian church which once existed in its tower; at the green, peaceful "Bishop's Prairie" which once contained the pool of the "naumachiæ," the Æduan nautical combats, which are said to have "surpassed those of the Greeks and the Romans"; and at the strange tumular stone-heap which the natives call the "stone of Couard."

One might well pause at a near-by point in the neat, white high-road which crosses the site of the Amphitheatre, and sit musing for a while on one of the many grass-grown seats which still form the outline of an hemicycle so large that all the present inhabitants of Autun would form but a small audience.

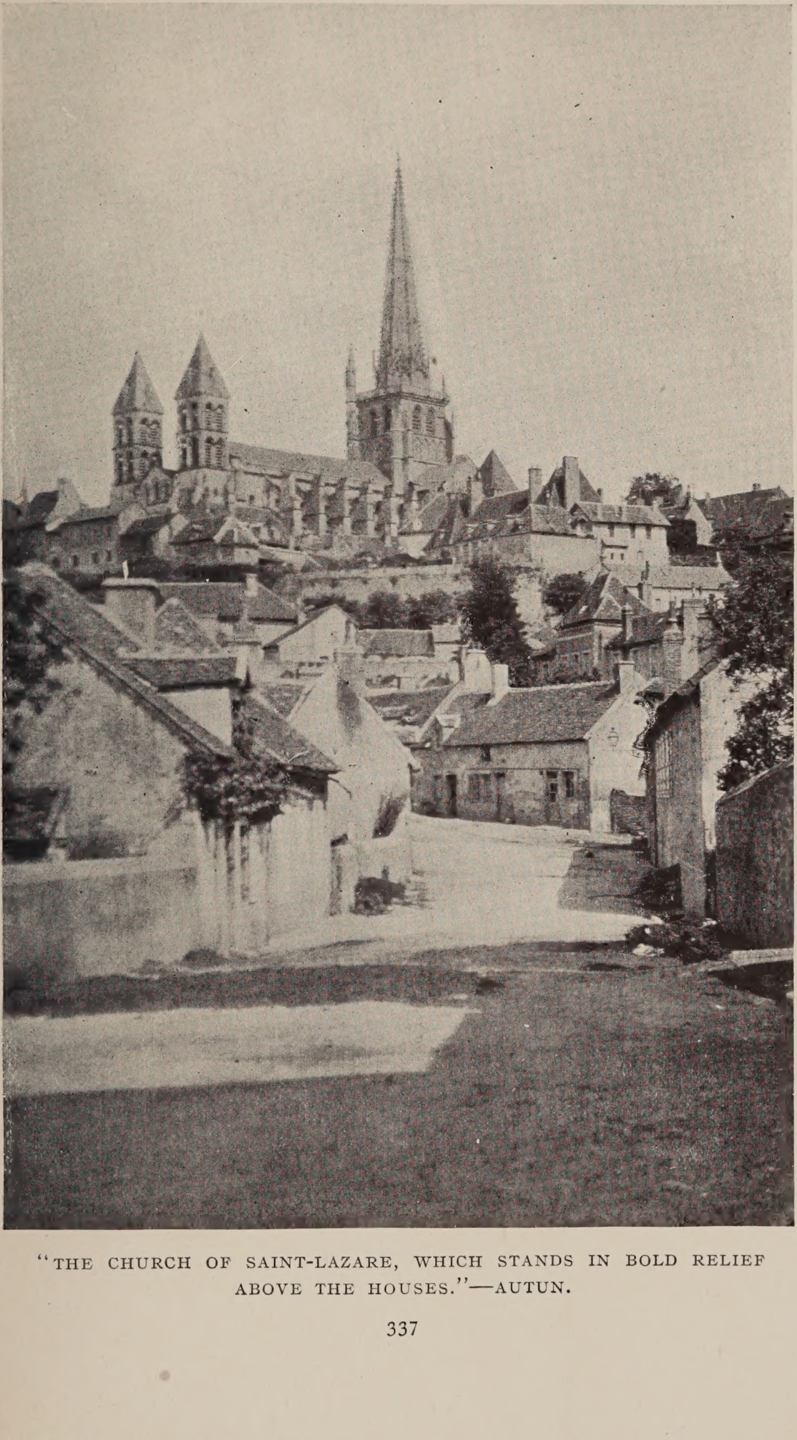


"THE SOLITARY WALL, . . . THE TEMPLE OF JANUS."—AUTUN.

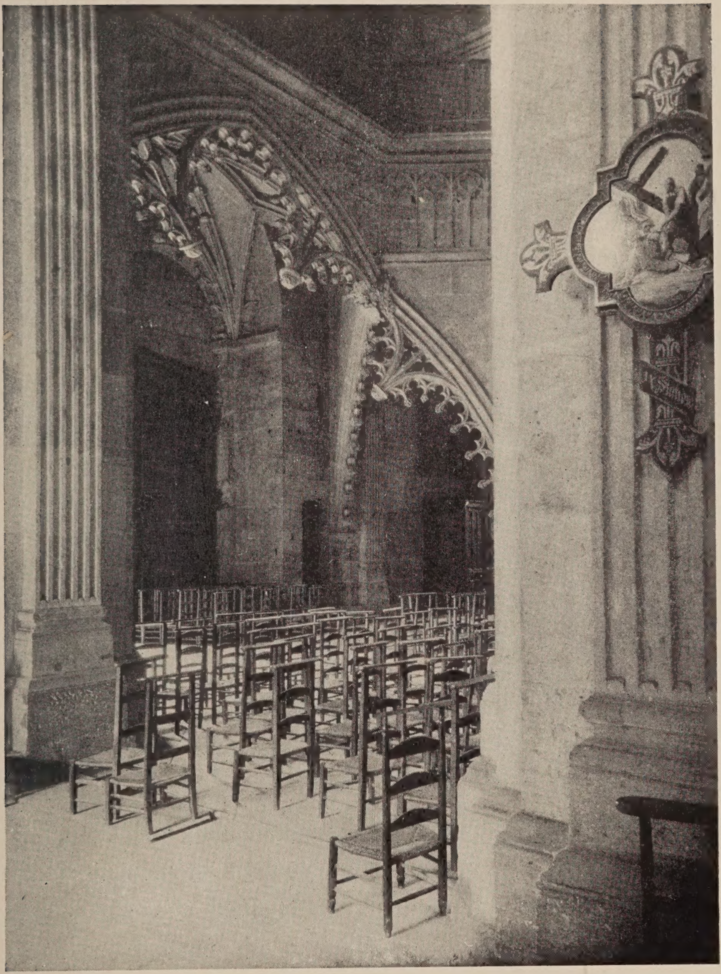
The traveller walked meditatively through another Roman gate, the Porte d'Arroux, which faces the river, across the bridge and into the country fields. And there he found the solitary wall which the townsfolk call the "Temple of Janus." This was once part of a square tower, an outwork of the Roman line of fortifications; and here, where soldiers of the legion had watched and fought, he petted a black puppy who had timidly crept after him, listened to the buzzing of the summer insects, and looked over at little Autun, silent and peaceful on its hillside.

The Church of Saint-Lazare, which stands in bold relief above the houses, was not the first Cathedral of the city. There were several older episcopal churches; and one which was a Co-Cathedral, Saint-Nazaire-et-Saint-Celse, fell from decay to decay until it was finally demolished. Nor was Saint-Lazare in its inception a Bishop's church. Tradition says that as the choir of Moulins first served as oratory for the Dukes of the Bourbonnais so the present Cathedral of Autun was first the Chapel of the Castle of the Burgundian Dukes, and that when the authority of these rulers became seriously menaced by the Bishops, they abandoned their Castle to the Canons who used its oratory as Cathedral. However these things may be, at the beginning of the XII century Hugo II granted a site for the "new Basilica" which was to receive the relics of the holy Lazarus, and this Basilica was to eclipse the older Cathedral and to succeed to its episcopal rank.

As it exists to-day the building seems to be a Romanesque interior with a Gothic shell. This first and general impression has all the inaccuracies of its class. The pointed arches of the nave, beneath the rounded



"THE CHURCH OF SAINT-LAZARE, WHICH STANDS IN BOLD RELIEF ABOVE THE HOUSES."—AUTUN.



A "GOTHIC ADDITION, . . . THE PRETTY ORGAN-LOFT."—AUTUN.

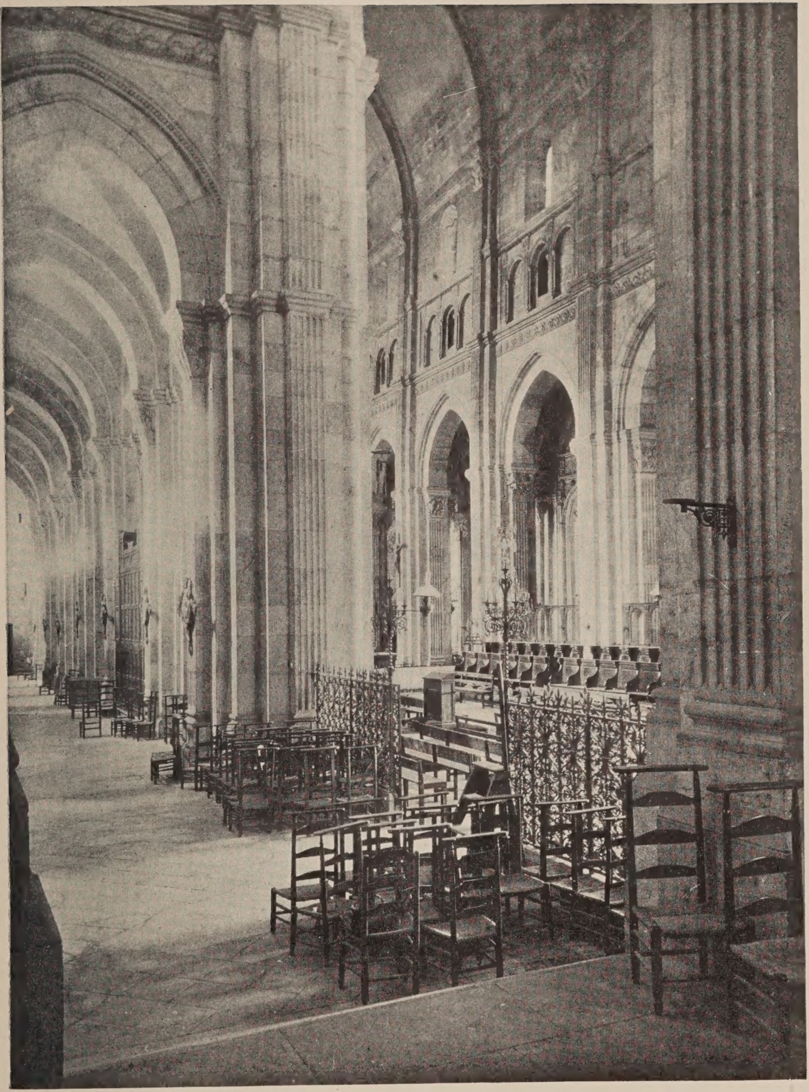
forms of the triforium and the clerestory, suggest the Gothic, which is the dominant style of the lateral walls, the flying buttresses, the apse, and the large and beautiful spire. Except the spire, these Gothic additions of the XV century are not signally fine, and cannot be compared, either in originality, interest, or inspiration, with the Romanesque. This is the manner of the main body of the church, of those portions of the exterior which the "Gothic shell" has not covered or replaced, most notably the façade with its two towers, its portals, and its monumental porch. It resembles the great manner evolved by the builders of the Order of Cluny, "which offers," says Quicherat, "one of the most elegant of the types which were conceived in Burgundy during the XI century."

As this is the style which constitutes almost all the magnificence of the Cathedral of Autun, it is well to consider the church shorn of its chapels, its spire, and its pretty organ-loft—the graceful additions of Cardinal Rollin,—and to reconstruct it in imagination as it was planned by the architects of the XII century. The interior was then composed of three aisles, narrow transepts, and a large choir which, with two smaller chapels, formed the triple apse-end. In the nave and in part of the vaulting the arches are pointed, but the ornamentation of the church—in its original form—is of far earlier origin than the Gothic; its atmosphere is not only Roman, but beautifully, classically Roman. The long, fluted pilasters of the columns, broken proportionally by bands and capitals, rise to the noble and dignified height of the barrel-vaulting of the nave. In the side aisles similar pilasters reach the heavy angles of a groined vaulting.

This interior has perspectives that hold and charm the eye; and although it is not large, there is dignity and majesty in its severe and simple lines. Yet the real beauty of its perfection lies in the details; the pilasters so cut that they recall the antique channeling, ornamentation as fine in moderation as in exquisiteness, and capitals of interesting and remarkable execution.

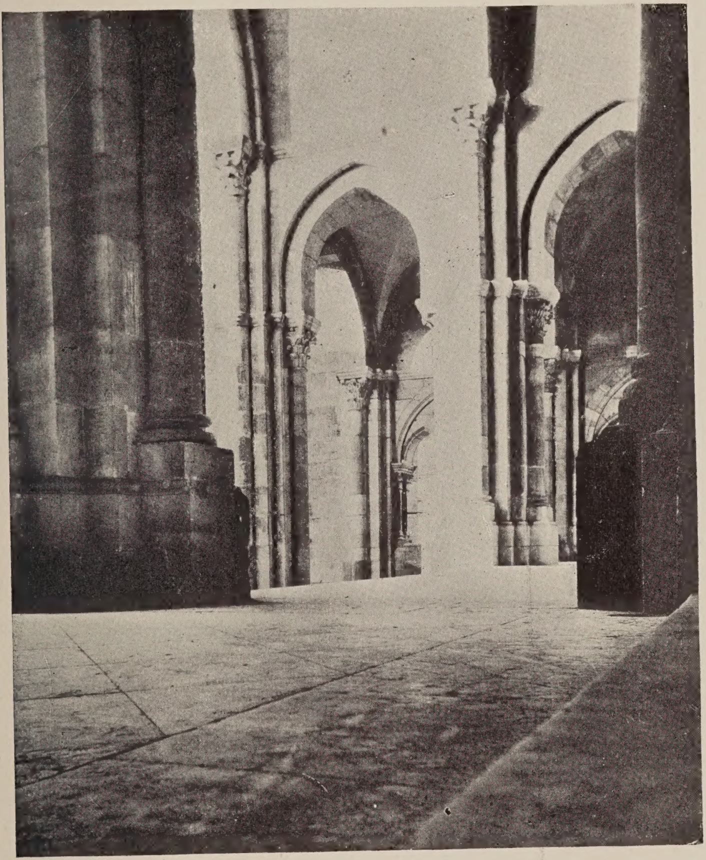
In these, "one seems to see," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "a fragment of those Græco-Roman monuments which Count Melchior de Vogüé discovered about Antioch and Aleppo. . . . Everything suggests that Oriental school which was so brilliant in the V century; and although the Gallo-Roman gates of Autun may have inspired the Cathedral's XII century architects with the motive of the arcade of the triforium, they certainly learned their profiles and their ornamentation elsewhere, for these profiles and ornaments are of a style very different from those of the Gallo-Roman edifices and are far superior in execution."

Not less beautiful and interesting than the interior of the Cathedral, is the great triple porch of its façade; and in its contemplation, Viollet-le-Duc proceeds to even more hardy and suggestive hypotheses. "Perhaps it is inspired by the porch of Vézelay," but "it is



"ITS ORNAMENTATION IS FAR EARLIER THAN THE GOTHIC AND . . . ITS ATMOSPHERE IS BEAUTIFULLY, CLASSICALLY ROMAN."—AUTUN.

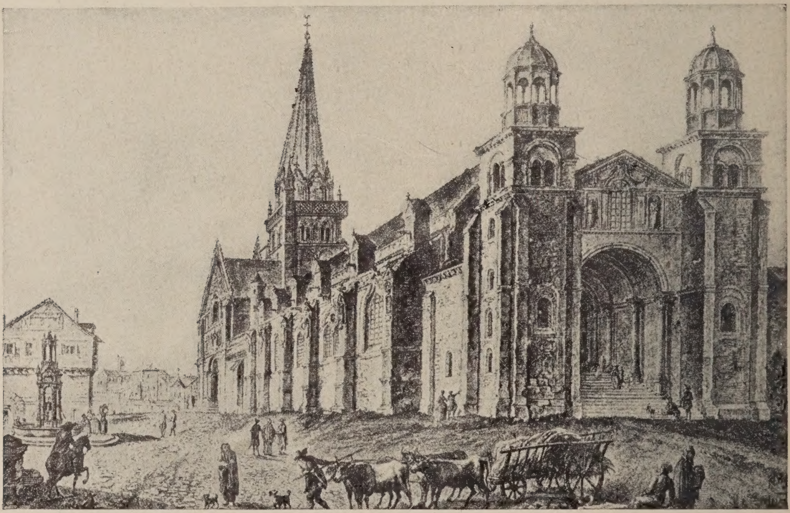
beyond doubt that in certain provinces of France the masters of the XII century had seen the monuments of Antioch and Aleppo, and that they imitated them not only in . . . ornamentation but in certain general dispositions. Some of the Græco-Roman churches possess porches with an upper tribune and lateral towers," as Autun possesses its façade towers and its upper chamber.



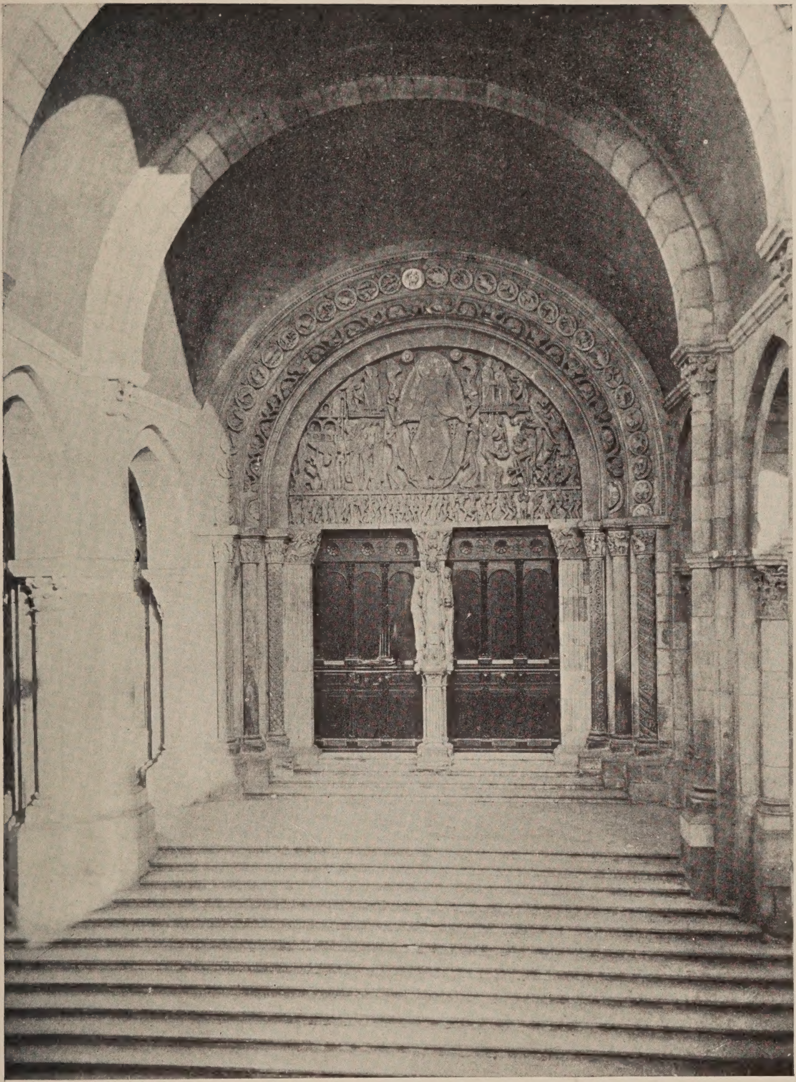
"ACROSS . . . THE GREAT TRIPLE PORCH."—AUTUN.

Whatever mysterious architectural link may exist between those early churches of the East and the mediæval structure of Autun, it is certain that in the latter "the porches of Cluny and Cîteaux are born again," and the old monastic forms find a very noble reproduction in a church of the secular clergy.

The present surroundings of this fine porch could scarcely be more unfortunate. In front of it the houses press so close that there is only a narrow street between their walls and those of the Cathedral, and it is not possible to find the large perspective which so deep, so generously proportioned, and heavy a structure demands. One thinks longingly of the



"THE MEDIÆVAL STRUCTURE OF AUTUN."
(From an old print of the Cathedral.)



"EXCEPT THE VISTAS OF THE ARCHES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTION OF THIS PORCH IS THE MAIN PORTAL."—AUTUN.

impressive approach to the Cathedral of Le Puy which might be approximated if it cannot be repeated at Autun.

In spite of this grave disappointment, much of the grandeur of Saint-Lazare's porch may be perceived; and the disposition of arch and column and the details of the sculpture can be easily seen and well repay a long and loving study. Except the vistas of the arches, the most beautiful portion of this porch is the main portal. Here is "one of the oldest and most complete representations of the Last Judgment," continues Viollet-le-Duc. "In the lintel, on the right of Christ, are the elect who gaze at paradise. A colossal angel takes the souls of the Blessed and introduces them one by one into the window of a palace which symbolises Heaven. On the Saviour's left are the Damned; an angel, armed with a sword, prevents them from communication with the elect. These Damned, naked, have their heads buried in their hands." Besides the interest of this strange, quaint, and powerful depictment, the conventional designs, the medallions, the columns, the capitals, and all the less dramatic sculptures are of exceedingly fine workmanship; and the pier, which divides the doorway and carries the episcopal person of Lazarus and the attendant figures of his sisters, is a most original conception.

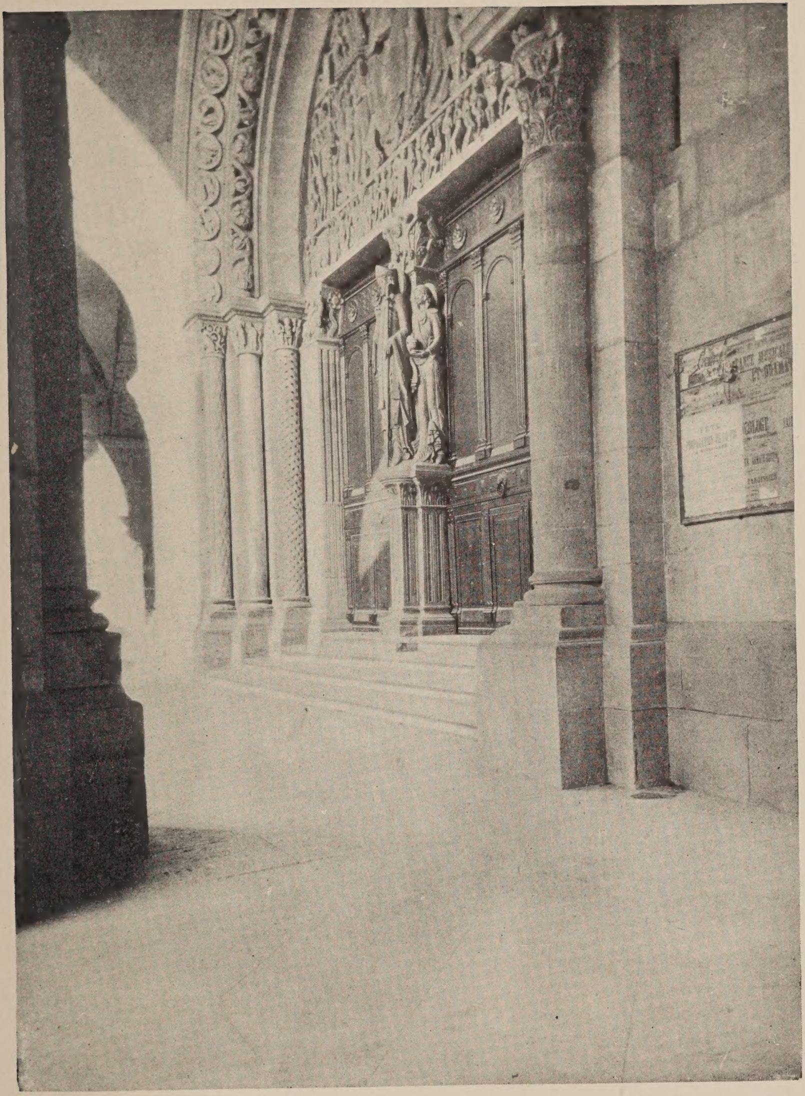
The Roman ruins of Autun are very interesting; but they are so scattered, so incomplete, that they provide but a cold and intellectual concept of its imperial magnificence rather than a picture, a vivid glimpse, of the wealth of the classic past.

The Cathedral, on the contrary, is a complete and wonderful edifice; and if so many of its churchly surroundings are gone that there is little reminder of the mediæval Æduan "Cloister," the building in itself is a sufficing monument to the ecclesiastical grandeur of the Middle Ages. Although it is called a small building it gives no impression of smallness or of mean proportions; and its Gothic spire, its old Cluniac forms and fine, vigorous sculptures, its chaste and beautiful conventional carvings, and its charming position on the hillside of Autun, make it one of the most noteworthy among the great Burgundian churches.

Chalon-sur-Saône.

The history of Chalon-sur-Saône up to the XIII century is an account of successive attacks and sieges. Chalon then became a "free city of the Duchy of Burgundy" and began that career of commercial prosperity which has continued with comparatively uninterrupted monotony until our own times, and has made the Chalon of to-day a grain market, a great trading centre, and a large, rich, and stupid town.

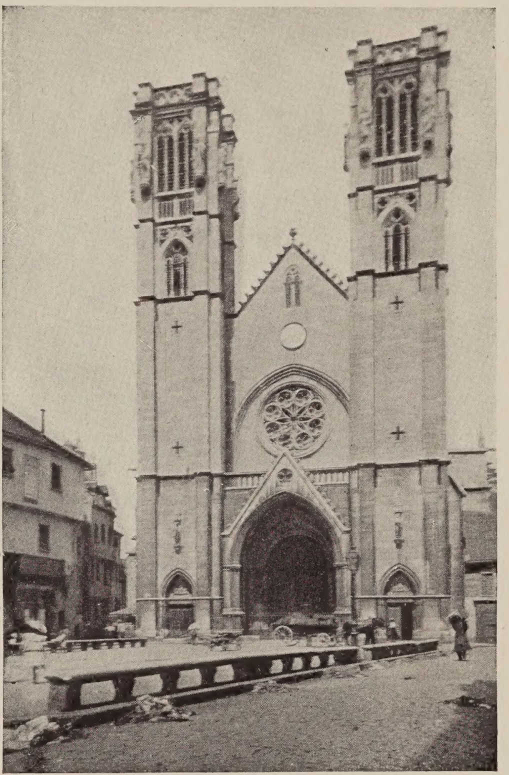
On a warm afternoon the traveller, in his wanderings, approached this town, stopping here and there along the bank of the sluggish Saône to look across the yellow fields at the mountains of the Jura and the rich plains of the Loire. At last the city of his



"THE PIER WHICH DIVIDES THE DOORWAY AND CARRIES THE EPISCOPAL PERSON OF LAZARUS AND THE ATTENDANT FIGURES OF HIS SISTERS."—AUTUN.

search came into view, and he saw among the tall chimneys which attest its commercial activity, the two grey towers of the Cathedral. They were not very beautiful and scarcely more imposing than the factory shafts.

The traveller soon came into the little market-place which stretches before the Cathedral. The tall, narrow façade which looms above this square is modern. It is a Gothic wall with a large portal, a gallery, a little rose-window protected by an arch, a small, white-faced clock, and a pointed window in a gable,—a plain, angular construction flanked by two tall thin towers. The lateral walls and the apse, although much older, are not more beautiful or more graceful than the façade. The small flying buttresses, with their gargoyles and slender little turrets, are

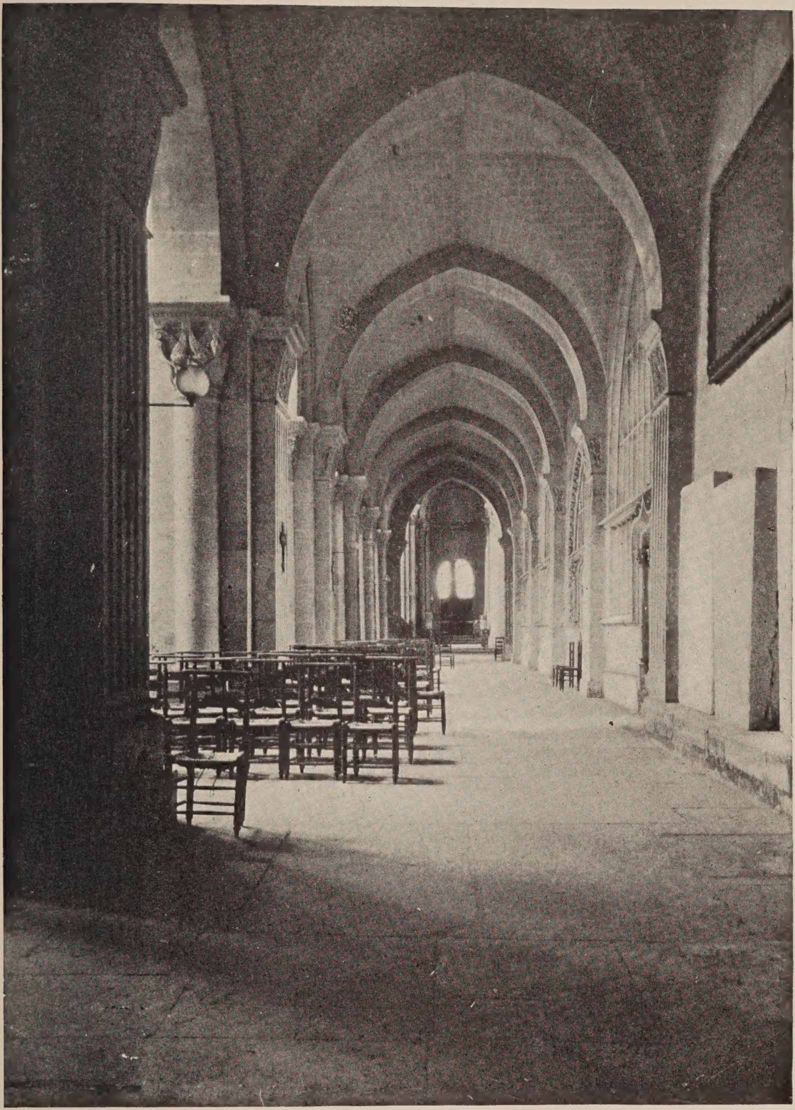


"THE TALL, NARROW FAÇADE WHICH LOOMS ABOVE THIS SQUARE IS MODERN."—CHALON-SUR-SAÔNE.

of very feeble conception; the apse, with its tiny tower, is not more boldly planned, and old, smoke-stained stones give it an appearance of weary decrepitude.

None of this cold greyness, this monotony, and this angularity exists in the interior; and the traveller on entering was pleasantly surprised as he beheld the lofty whiteness of the nave. Its low arches rest on pillars that are decorated with channelled piers and half columns and heavy-cut capitals; the triforium is delicately carved, above it is a small, balustraded gallery, and higher still, the large and beautiful cleres tory windows.

The choir harmoniously reproduces the architecture of the nave, and it is unfortunate that so fine a general conception should have been carried out in imperfect proportions. At first delighted, the eye soon becomes dissatisfied, and finds that the space of blank wall between the arches and the triforium is too long, and that the clerestory gallery disturbs the slender effectiveness of the triforium. The choir, too, is neither so high nor so broad as the nave, and although this is perhaps a lesser blemish. it occasions little, tantalising inequalities in proportions, and to hide the difference of height a lower arch was thrown across the eastern entrance of the nave. This arch has been cleverly decorated with a round window of Gothic tracery, and the proportions are not maladjusted, but the perspective is imperfect, and once again the traveller regretted that so fine a church should not have been perfect.



"THE MOST SATISFYING PERSPECTIVE IS IN THE LOW SIDE-AISLE."—CHALON-SUR-SAÔNE.

Some of the Cathedral's minor details have much interest. There is an old fresco, a fine tapestry of Aubusson, the pulpit has a little carved staircase, and in the choir the graceful canopy still stretches above the place where the Bishops of Chalon used to sit enthroned. Searching in this aisle and then in that for hidden treasures, one is never lonely, for birds nest in the heights of the church, and flying about or perching on the backs of chairs and on the altars, timid, bright-eyed little occupants twitter and sing the whole day long. And when the Masses are over and the people gone, they add an indescribable charm to the solemnity of the white church. One remembers the gentle Saint Francis who preached to the little birds of Assisi, and the gentler Christ Who said that not one sparrow "shall fall on the ground without your Father." Gradually the impression of the gaunt exterior, almost as severe as old Saint-Flour, passes from the mind; and only the interior, the beautiful piece of Burgundian Gothic with its feathered occupants, is impressed upon the memory, and the Cathedral of Chalon becomes forever to the traveller the "Church of the Little Birds."

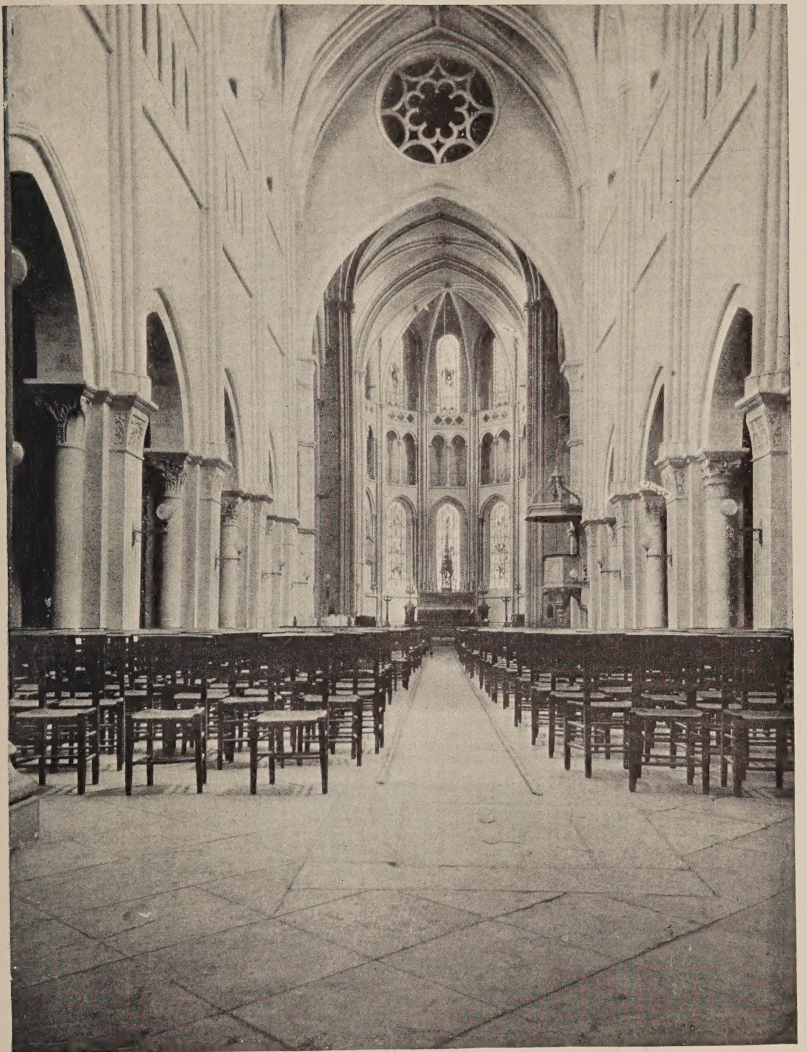
Macon.

The traveller had walked about the low, patched walls of "the old Saint-Vincent," he had looked up at a tower, tall and slender and spireless, and then at another, taller by reason of its little turret. Except for the attenuated grace of these dark, time-worn towers, the building had scarcely greater size or importance than a small barn. There were a few broken arches, a few meagre traces of both Gothic and Romanesque, but the decaying walls had none of the nobility of "ruins." Above a rough board fence he caught glimpses of series of delicately rounded arches, and pushing open a rickety wooden gate, he found an arcade whose middle bay, surmounted by a cross, opened to the ground and formed an entrance to a small enclosure which might ironically have been called a "parvise." Grass was growing over the poor little spot in coarse uneven tufts, broken bottles and scraps of paper lay in every corner, and a narrow, worn path led to an humble door in the patched wall. Intently watched by a small boy, the traveller tried to enter—the door was locked.

"Ain't but one person's got the key and she's an old lady who lives down there," ventured the boy, pointing vaguely in a half circle.

"Four sous if you bring her and but one if you come without her," said the traveller temptingly.

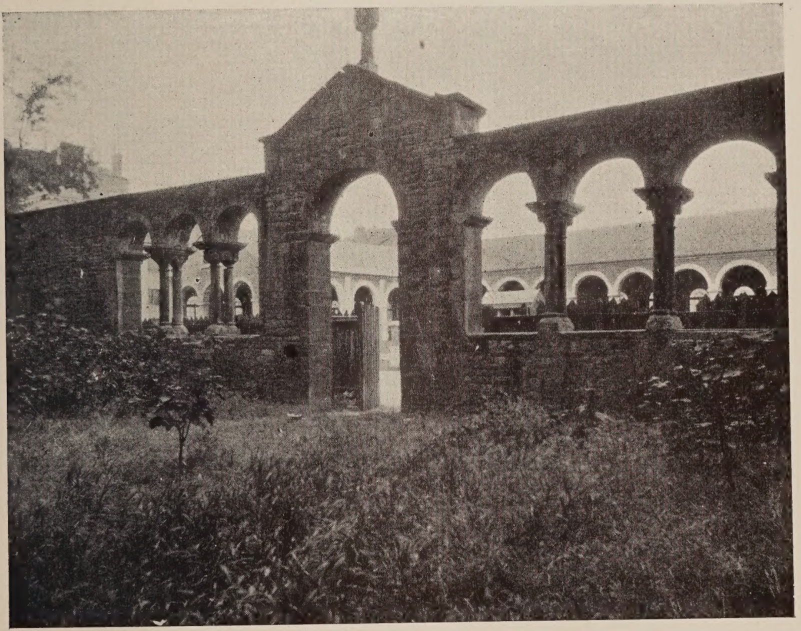
He sat down on a projecting stone as the urchin scampered away, and gave himself up to disgust and gloom, for the sight of all this Huguenot destruction was an abomination to the soul of the Cathedral-seeker. As shreds of ancient lace show the beauty of the pattern, so the little rounded arcades and the bits of capitals and broken arches gave hints of the church's former splendour.



"THE LOFTY WHITENESS OF THE . . . 'CHURCH OF THE LITTLE BIRDS'"—CHALON-SUR-SAÔNE.

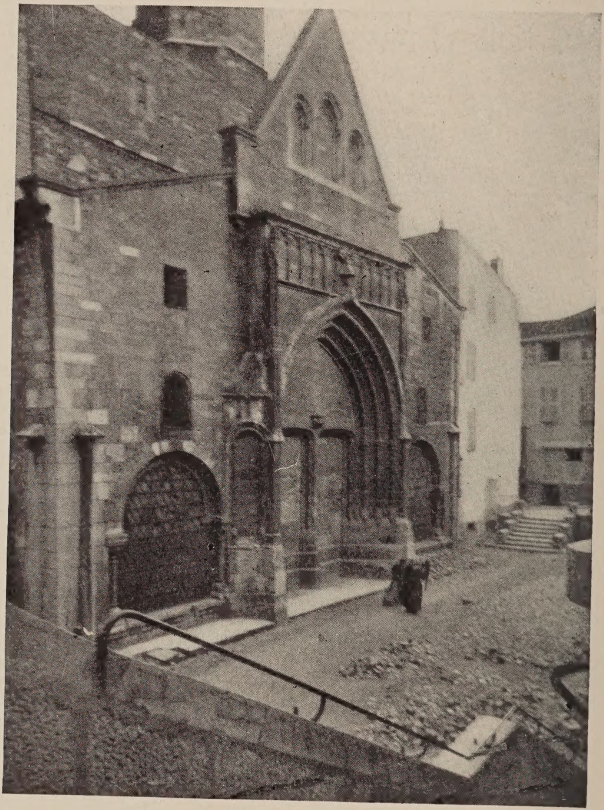
A little fat old lady came up the path in trembling haste.

"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, Monsieur," she said, "but I live alone, and—*enfin*—I was making a few little preparations for dinner and had to snatch the time to put on my hat—but—" She was putting the key in the door. "But if you will excuse me and give yourself the trouble of entering—"



"AN ARCADE WHOSE MIDDLE BAY . . . OPENED TO THE GROUND"—MACON.

They went into a tiny church that extended a few feet only beyond the original proportions of the narthex. It was covered with a heavy coat of bright pink paint and decorated with a huge fresco of Saint Vincent, so superhuman in size and so malproportioned to the chapel that, in spite of the benignant expression of the holy man, it suggested impious comparisons with the great figures of the Chinese Buddha. As on the exterior, the walls contained fragments of Gothic and Romanesque construction with modern patches, and the whole architectural effect was so dilapidated that it was pitiful.



"THE SIGHT OF ALL THIS HUGUENOT DESTRUCTION WAS AN ABOMINATION."—MACON.

"You are disappointed? You find nothing that pleases you?" a voice asked timidly. Something in the tone struck painfully on the traveller's ear. "So few people come to see the church—only five in all my time, and I had hoped—"

"You misunderstood my silence," said the traveller, "I see that the Cathedral must have been very beautiful, and I was thinking what a pity, what a waste of time and force and art, to have destroyed it."

"It really must have been very beautiful! You think so, Monsieur?" The old voice had grown bright and cheerful. "And there 's still something left. See that old sculptured capital—it is our Lord's 'Temptation in the Wilderness' as plain as day. Look at that door-piece, a tympanum I think you call it. The figures are not very clear now, it 's true; but how rich it once was! That any one can see! And the arcade outside, some say it used to be in the crypt, and some in the Cloister; but above ground or under ground, it was beautiful just the same."

The old voice began to quaver with excitement. "Yet in here it is beautiful, too, on holy-days, when we have our ornaments. I wish you could see it then, Monsieur! Some one has always brought flowers, and there are lights, and when the priest chants and the censer swings, the place is so small that it is misty with the smoky cloud and one can almost see the old church beyond. Every Sunday morning at seven o'clock we have our Mass here. It is wonderful to think, Monsieur, that holy Bishops came to this very spot and heard the selfsame words that are said to-day; and these memories of the past are always waiting, as one might say, at the very door."

She lifted to the traveller a face that had once been pretty and was now pathetic in its lonely, anxious lines. "They say," she whispered, coming nearer to him, "they say the government is going to close our little church,—and all will be gone,—all will be done, and the old Saint-Vincent, the Cathedral, will pass away from memory. You will pray for us, Monsieur, you will pray that this may not happen."

They went towards the door. "And you will go to the bridge, promise me that you will go to the bridge, Monsieur. On Sunday afternoons I walk across and see the two Cathedral towers, and things that other people do not see,—a splendid church, long, broad, and high. Then I seem to see processions,—to hear music and the bells that toll,—and sometimes, at night, I see lights shining through the stained-glass that used to be. Some would think I was crazy—I never told a soul before. But if you go about looking at churches, as that boy said who came to get me, you too must find some in ruins, and you too must make pictures in your mind." She looked up a little eagerly.

"I do," said the traveller solemnly. "I know all about it."

The last key was turned in the door, and the little lady hurried down the dark, narrow street.

But the traveller, going to the bridge, looked long at the pleasant old city lying quietly on the river's bank and at the tall, time-worn shafts, the ruins of its destroyed Cathedral, sharply silhouetted against the deepening evening sky.

Auvergne.

AUVERGNE.

Saint-Flour.

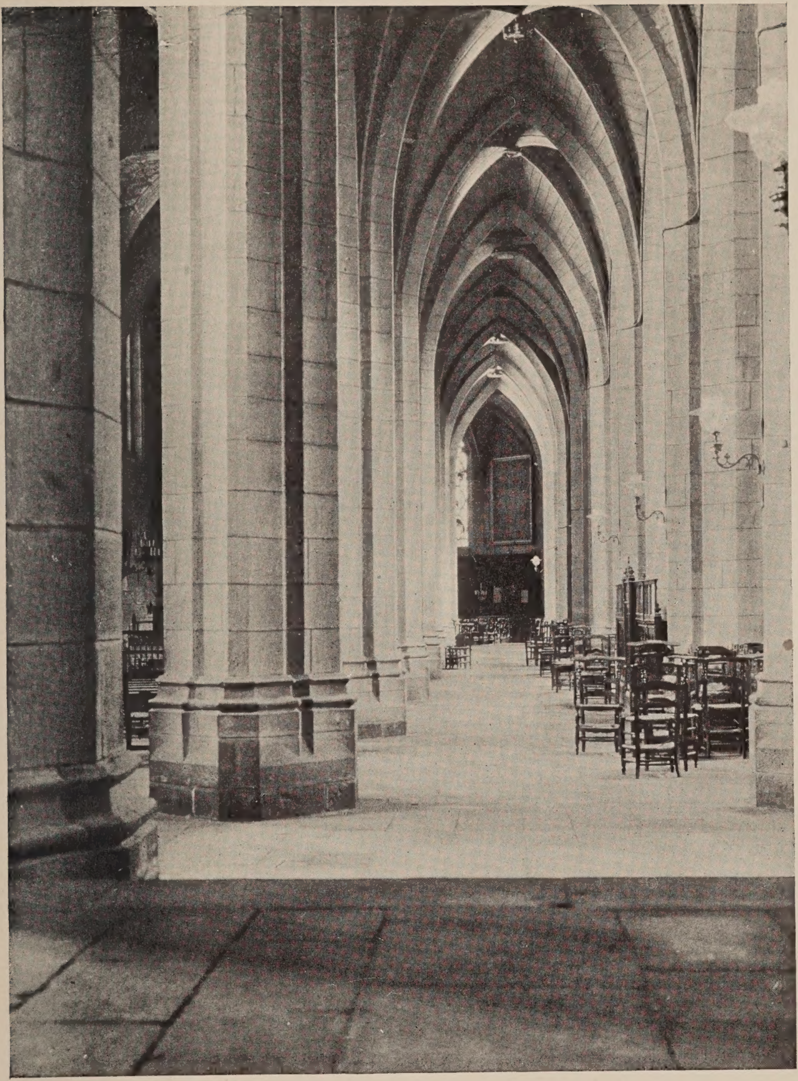
The country of Auvergne is one of the most thinly populated regions of France. It is a land of vast plains, of hills where the towers of ruined castles are found in lonely grandeur, or where a small, wind-swept town stands in isolation. It is a country of broad panoramas and vast horizons, of winds and many rains. The picturesque scenery often seems tinged with tragedy or melancholy, and the breadth of view is conducive to vague and restless wonderings rather than to loftier, surer thought. For the mountains of Cantal have not the majesty, the inspiring loftiness of the Alps or the Pyrenees; they are lower and of a stranger, more curious structure; diminutive peaks, hills made up of large, jagged rocks, high volcanic walls, and great basaltic colonnades. Deep, shadowy ravines with gracious little cascades and trickling streams are found near their bases, and these streams unite to form the little rivers that wander through the plains which stretch away in monotony to the next line of picturesquely wooded or town-capped hills.

In Roman days, one of these Auvergnat hills was called the "Mons Indiciacus" because it bore a lighthouse that served as beacon to those who travelled in that strange, unsettled land; and on this hill in early

Christian days, Saint Florus, missionary to Auvergne, lived and died. Although an oratory was built and his holy body preserved, the little village languished until the X century, when the monks of Cluny established a Priory; and two Barons de Brezon, sent here by the Pope—it is said, to expiate the crime of fratricide—built a strong castle on the edge of the hill and added menacing strength to the commanding position of the poor little town.

Three hundred years after the coming of the monks and the Barons, Saint-Flour had acquired so much wealth and power that Pope John XXII created its Bishopric, and in the same century its new Cathedral-church was commenced on the site of the old oratory and of a Basilica which Pope Urban II had visited and consecrated at the time when he was preaching the Crusade in France.

So great was the zeal of the new prelates of Saint-Flour that in less than a century their church was completed, a marvellously short time in the computations of mediæval builders; and in 1466 it stood much as it stands in its complete restoration of to-day. This was by no means the only great work of the Bishops, and it is pleasing to read, among the many records of too grasping or too jovial prelates, that a Monseigneur de Rebeyre of the little hill-town was celebrated in the verse of de Belloy as one who left as heritage "the poor whom he had made happy," and that he was so beloved by the municipal officers—often the hereditary



AN AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL "AS IT STANDS IN ITS COMPLETE RESTORATION OF TO-DAY."—SAINT-FLOUR.

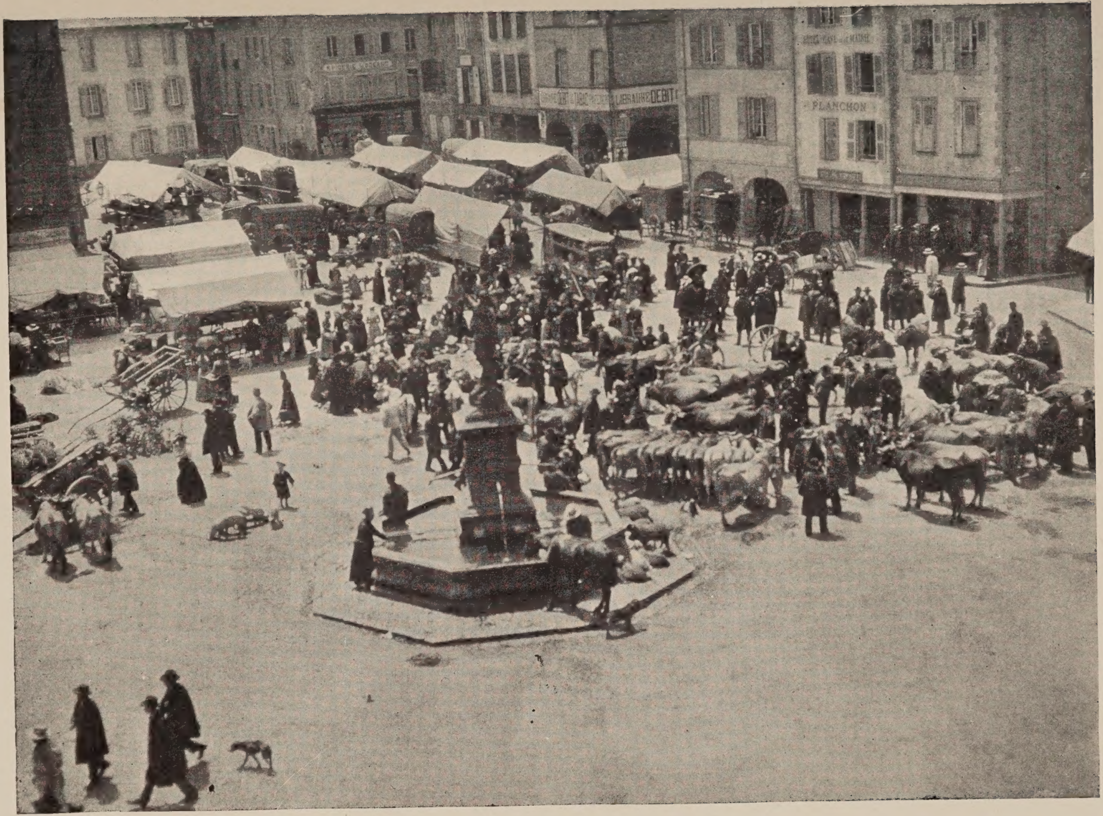
foes of the Bishops—that copies of de Belloy's lines and the episcopal arms were carved in the stone of a building of the city to perpetuate the memory of the good priest.

Hare writes enthusiastically that the position of Saint-Flour recalls Orvieto, that "it is magnificent, the finest of any town in France," and although the degree of comparison may seem exaggerated to those who know Rodez and Lectoure and Rocamadour and many another hill-town in France, Saint-Flour's rocky eminence is nevertheless splendidly spectacular. Old, irregular houses perch on the very edge of high, sheer rocks, and the way to the city is a toilsome climb. Once inside the arch of the old gate, many of its streets are as dark and narrow as if the Middle Ages still ruled supreme in this rocky eyrie.

All authorities agree that much has been done to brighten and improve the place, but tortuous ways bordered by queer, high houses are so frequent in Saint-Flour, and new, open places so few, that it has preserved much of a mediæval appearance, to which various old-world habits add a living reality. Wonderful fairs still come here, there are busy market-days, and as far as a recalcitrant government will permit, the beautiful open-air customs of the Church are faithfully observed. The people walk in the street processions with the priests and banners and the holy statues, and none love more than they to cover their houses and store-fronts with pure, white linen and bouquets of sweet flowers when the Blessed Sacrament is carried by on some great, festal day. Every native habit seems to transport one to a far past, and, standing at one of the sharp edges of the town, one can fancy the watchers of olden times who looked for foes across these miles of plains at their feet.

In such a place one feels how isolated these hill-towns used to be, and how much fiercer, narrower, and stronger the convictions of their children, by reason of this very aloofness. In this old place Protestants were freely beheaded, and even to-day a citizen can show without compunction or tremor the drain through which the victims' blood was carried away.

Saint-Flour was one of the strongholds attacked by the famous, freebooting, protestant Captain Merle. This story still excites the modern Saint-Flourais, for the redoubtable heretic was making his way safely through secret passages when he was discovered, and great was the fight before he was repulsed. Heretic after heretic was thrown from the precipices; and when the Catholic citizens finally triumphed, an annual celebration was voted to take place in the Cathedral. During this Mass, Messire de Brisson, who had captured the trumpet of the enemy, was declared worthy to sit, with Madame his wife, in the first two stalls of the Canons; and the trumpet, on which the victors mockingly read *tuba proditorum*, was solemnly hung on one of the Cathedral's pillars. It disappeared, with many other curious and beautiful treasures, at


LIBRAIRIE DEBIT
PLANCHON

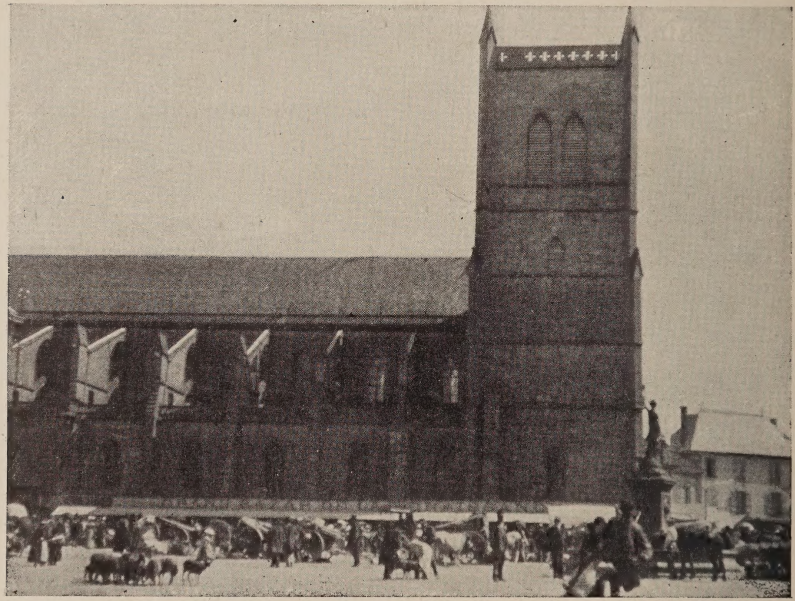
"A LARGE SQUARE WHERE FAIRS AND MARKETS ARE HELD."—SAINT-FLOUR.

the Revolution; and travellers are the poorer, for it was eloquent of the bitter, inner story of the struggles between Church and Huguenot, a struggle which the cursory reader can afford to study in generalities, but which is interesting in detail to those who would understand the Cathedrals of France and something of the generations of worshippers who have gathered in them.

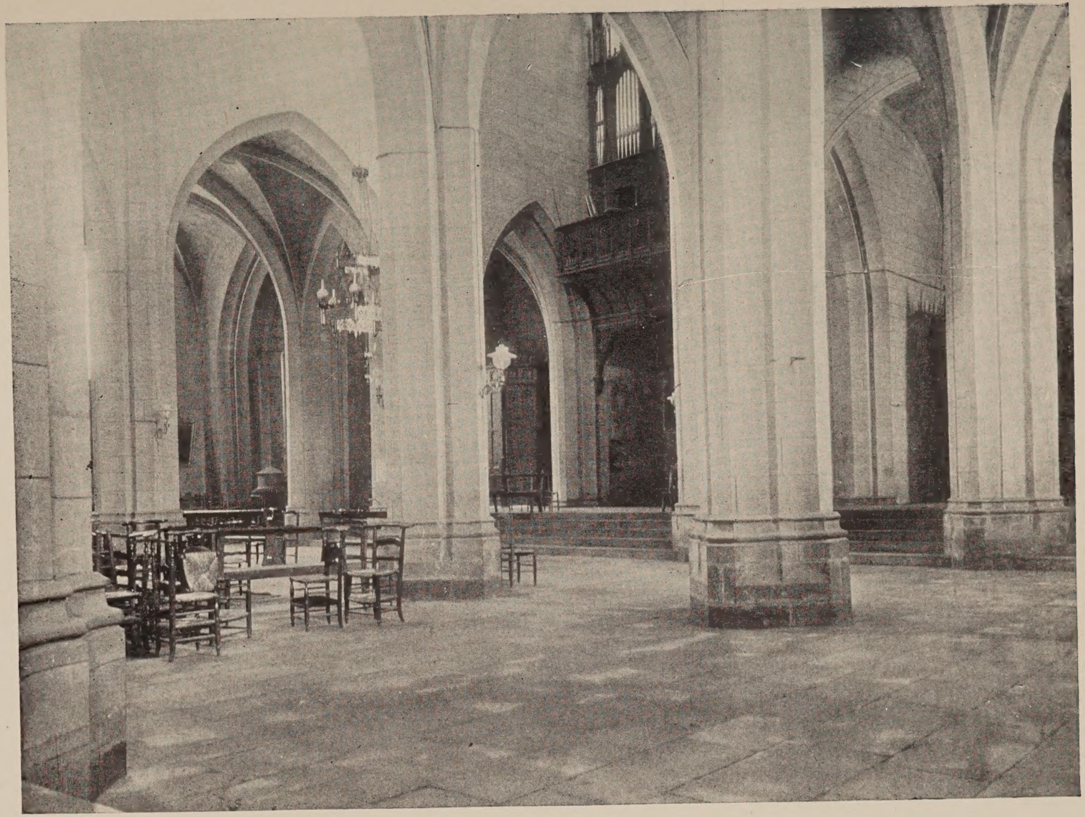
There is a large square at the very top of the hill where fairs and markets are held. It has a fountain where the women draw water and oxen and horses drink; there are old houses whose upper stories protrude and form porticoes above the sidewalks, an hotel, shops, and cafés; and on one side looms the Cathedral.

From all the country around, its square, heavy towers dwarf the town, but distance lends its enchantment of picturesque beauty. In the Cathedral-square the immensity of disproportion between the church and any other building is overwhelming, and one can imagine with sympathy the stupour of the Saint-Flourais who watched the growth of this ponderous edifice, in comparison to which the greatest "hôtel" of his knowledge was a frivolous toy. Even to the traveller of the present day the first close view is surprisingly and unpleasantly impressive.

Two massive towers flank an equally great and angular façade; the lateral walls, less weighty because less high, stretch back to the apse in dreary monotony; and low flying buttresses primly fulfil a purpose which is wholly utilitarian. The apse is conscientiously and firmly built after the same manner. All is Gothic, and when one stops to consider the strong grace and beauty which that name bespeaks, the marvel is that a human mind could have so perverted the style; and it seems as if one of the wicked ones of mediæval story, a mysterious "paynim," or a renegade Christian vowed to Pluto, must have conceived the plan of this sombre exterior. Or, better still, since Master Hugue, vassal of Jean de Berry, escaped the suspicion of his suspicious age, it may be imagined that he was in spirit puritanical. For if it is conceivable that a Puritan could build a Cathedral, that of Saint-Flour might be his, a stern



"A STERN EMBODIMENT IN STONE."—SAINT-FLOUR.



"THE VISTA OF PILLAR AFTER PILLAR LENDS A SOBER, SERIOUS CHARM TO THIS MOST CHASTE OF CATHEDRALS."—SAINT-FLOUR.

embodiment in stone of all his immovable principles, his inflexibility, his forbidding sternness, and the unbeautiful, depressing atmosphere of his presence; while on the other hand it equally embodies his firmness and stability of character.

Entering one of the three, large, plain portals of the façade, the traveller saw before him a five-aisled church with neither transepts nor triforium. A long walk through all the aisles failed to reveal any fine, old detail, either of choir-wood or painting; the stained-glass was new and acceptable after its kind; and the chandeliers were "rich" and somewhat less monstrous than new chandeliers are apt to be. The venerable Crucifix, a "black Christ" of the XIII century, hung above the High Altar, but except in their religious significance these parts and ornaments of the church were applied, extraneous, and unnoteworthy.

The cold beauty of the interior lies essentially in its architecture. The traveller still feels that it is an embodiment of the puritanical spirit, but here one begins to comprehend the beauty of all holiness, however severe, and the grandeur of lofty, fixed principles. The columns of this Cathedral are uncompromisingly angular, the curving lines of the vault seem almost stiff, the arches of the bays are surmounted by plain walls pierced by clerestory windows which, both in the nave and choir, are decorated very precisely. Yet the vista of pillar after pillar, rising straight and firm, the shadows which are cast by this forest of columns, and the broad perspectives of the five aisles, lend a sober, serious charm to this most chaste of Cathedrals. It is as if, beneath a gaunt and angular exterior, one had discovered an essentially good, pure, and upright soul.

The church is in consonance with the isolation of its city, with the snows of her rigorous winters and the winds of her tardy springs; and, although it is not one of the great churches of France, it is an interesting Cathedral, curiously interesting in that the physical temperament of the country and of the people round about it is, in some subtle way, caught and fixed in its cold stone.

Clermont.

Brown houses with red-tiled roofs cling about the sides of a peak on whose apex stands a large church, majestically silhouetted against the sky. This is Clermont with its dark Cathedral of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, an ancient hill-city in a country of many hills. Modern life has found it out and invaded some of its streets, but many are still the steep, damp ways of Mediævalism, from whose penetrating darkness one can often look across the valleys to other, sunlit hills.

Clermont has been the birthplace of great men, and these streets have been the scenes of a stirring past, but the memory of its historic importance lives in the mind of man rather than in its monuments. The famous Gregory is best known at Tours, Masillon, who was Bishop of the town, preached oftener in Paris, and even Pascal's memory seems more closely connected with the experiment of the Puy-de-Dôme than with the city itself.

One can imagine the receipt of his letter from Paris, his brother-in-law anxiously reading that "the law of atmospheric pressure at different elevations" had been not only ridiculed, but stigmatised by the terrifying adjective "heretical." Pascal begged his relative to test the discovery by carrying the barometric tube from Clermont to the summit of the highest neighbouring hill. The Jesuits of the city had joined with their brethren in Paris in attacking the young scientist, but in spite of the presence of these antagonistic Fathers, a few friends met Périer, and, ascending the Puy-de-

NOTRE-DAME-DE-GRÂCE, "SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY."—CLERMONT.

Dôme with the demonstrating tube, they proved the truth of the newly discovered law. It was none the less denied, and Pascal, being again charged with unorthodoxy, writes Weld, "probably formed the opinion which he expressed in the *Pensées* of his maturity, 'The Jesuits are always concluding that their adversaries are heretics.' "

The Church has many records in Clermont more brilliant than this struggle with science, but none of its great events can be connected with the Cathedral of to-day. Popes have visited the city but not the present Notre-Dame-de-Grâce. When Alexander III came here to excommunicate Frederic Barbarossa the Gothic church was not conceived; and the excited multitude who pressed up the hillside to listen breathlessly to Peter the Hermit saw an older church; and it was not near Notre-Dame-de-Grâce that Urban II stood in glory and power and distributed the Red Cross of the Crusade, as the suppliants cried in the frenzy of enthusiasm, "God wills it! God wills it!"

That was the greatest day which Clermont has ever seen, and its memory takes us back to an age which is always to be viewed with wonder, and which is too often perceived without the slightest answering chord of comprehension. "Christians have burnt each other," wrote Byron, "quite persuaded that all the Apostles would have done as they did"; and Christians, with more magnificent impulse, went forth to exterminate the "paynim" and to lay down their lives for the possession of that Holy Land in which their Master had lived.

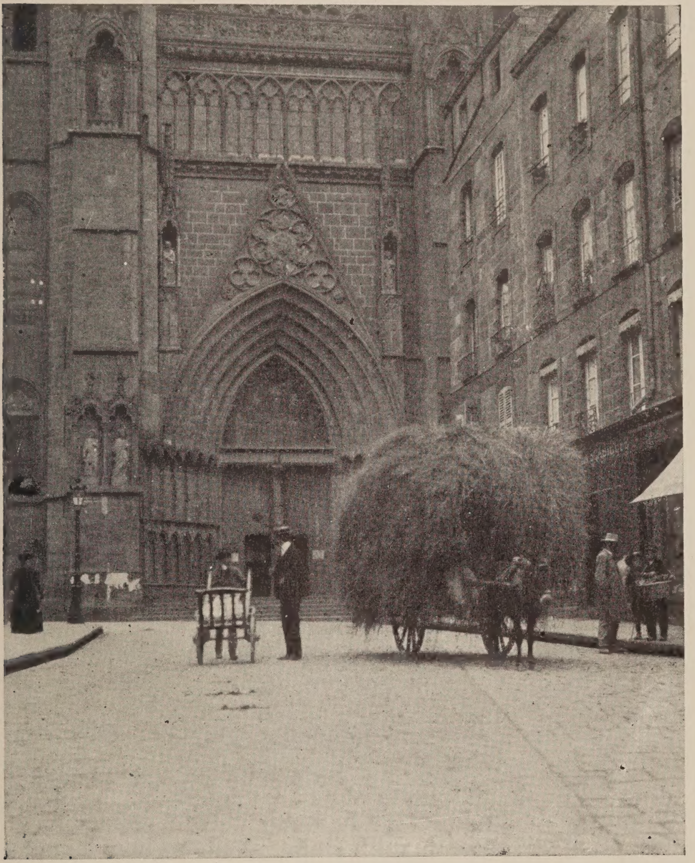
Looking forward to this wondrous outpouring of Europe into the plains of Syria, the Pope commissioned Peter the Hermit to go forth, and, like another Baptist to preach and pave the way for coming events. "Invigorated," writes Gibbon, "by the approbation of the Pontiff, his zealous missionary traversed, with speed and success, the provinces of Italy and France. His diet was abstemious, his prayers were long and fervent, and the alms which he received with one hand he distributed with the other; his head was bare, his feet were naked, his meagre body was wrapped in a coarse garment; he wore and displayed a weighty Crucifix; and the ass on which he rode was sanctified in the public eye by the service of the man of God. He preached to innumerable crowds in the churches, the streets, and the highways; the Hermit entered with equal confidence the palace and the cottage; and the people, for all were Christians, were impetuously moved by his call to repentance and arms.

"When he painted the sufferings of the natives and pilgrims of Palestine, every heart was melted to compassion; every breast glowed with indignation when he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren and rescue their Saviour; his ignorance of art and language was compensated by sighs, and tears, and ejaculations; and Peter supplied the deficiency of reason by loud and frequent appeals to Christ and His Mother, to the Saints and angels of paradise, with whom he had personally conversed. The most perfect orator of Athens might have envied the success of his eloquence; the rustic enthusiast inspired the passions which he felt, and Christendom expected with impatience the councils and decrees of the supreme Pontiff."

"On a gentle ascent, which rises from the margin of a mountain-torrent . . . ," writes Adams, "and on the threshold, as it were, of a wide, semicircular plateau, enclosed by lofty hills, the sides of which are clothed with woods and purple vineyards, clusters in a knot of irregular and lava-coloured streets the ancient town of Clermont, or 'the Beautiful Mountain,' where the Pope convened the momentous Council of 1095."

For many days before its opening, the highways of the land were crowded with the multitude of people whose faces were turned towards Clermont. Priests, Abbots, monks, Bishops who bore titles of Count and Baron, and as ready to war for the cause of Christ and the Pope as for their episcopal rights, great nobles of the laity followed by squires and men-at-arms, townsmen, and even peasants,—a vast army of the Church Militant closed about Clermont. The town could not contain the multitudes, castles and houses of the surrounding country were filled. The season was cold, the country bleak, but hundreds upon hundreds camped in tents and slept contentedly in the fields and on the hillsides swept by the biting winds of Auvergne.

At length the Council opened. Eight days passed in regulating affairs at home that the Faithful might hasten to the "Holy Cause" abroad. The excitement of the motley crowd of pilgrims increased with waiting, and when law-making was finally ended all hurried



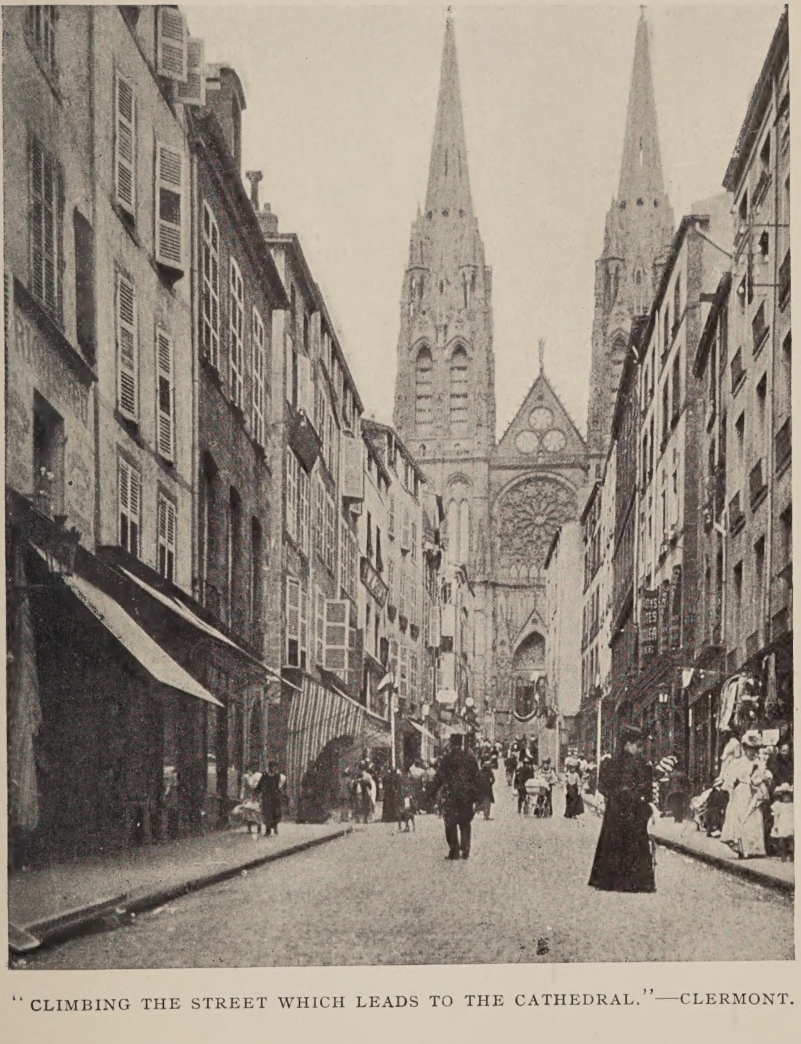
PORTAL OF THE NORTHERN TRANSEPT.—CLERMONT.

breathless to the great square of Clermont to listen to the appeal of the Pope.

Never, perhaps, in the history of Christendom has a Sovereign Pontiff been vouchsafed a greater plenitude of power. Amid the awed silence of the multitude, Urban mounted a high platform which had been built for the occasion and took his place on the pontifical throne. At his side, dressed in rude garments which contrasted strangely with the papal magnificence, stood Peter the Hermit. The Pope was surrounded by the Roman Cardinals, and accompanied by thirteen Archbishops, more than two hundred Bishops, and almost twice as many mitred ecclesiastics. Looking below him he saw the upturned faces of lords and knights, the tonsured heads of an army of monks and priests, and the waiting people. The hour had arrived.

The Pope arose. A Frenchman, in his own land, Urban discarded the Church's universal tongue and spoke the language of his youth and of his people.

"Oh race of the Franks, . . ." he said, "beloved and chosen by God . . . as is clear from many of your works . . . , set apart from all other nations by the situation of your country as well as by your Catholic faith and the honour which you render to . . . Holy Church . . . , to you our discourse is addressed and for you our exhortations are intended. . . . From the confines of Jerusalem and from the city of Constantinople a horrible tale has gone forth and very frequently has been brought to our ears . . . that the



"CLIMBING THE STREET WHICH LEADS TO THE CATHEDRAL."—CLERMONT.

. . . Persians, an accursed race . . . wholly alienated from God, . . . have violently invaded the lands of Christians and have depopulated them by pillage and fire, . . . have led away a part of the captives into their own country, and have destroyed a part by cruel tortures."

Robert the Monk who recorded this speech then gives the burning papal eloquence at length. "Antioch, once the city of Peter, was given over to Mohammedan superstition. Of Jerusalem it was a shame even to speak."

Urban turned to the proud nobles. "Let the deeds of your ancestors encourage you, . . . the glory and greatness of Charlemagne, of his son Louis, and of your other monarchs who have destroyed Turkish kingdoms and extended the sway of Holy Church in pagan lands. . . . Valiant knights, descendants of unconquered sires, remember the prowess of your fathers and degenerate not from your race!"

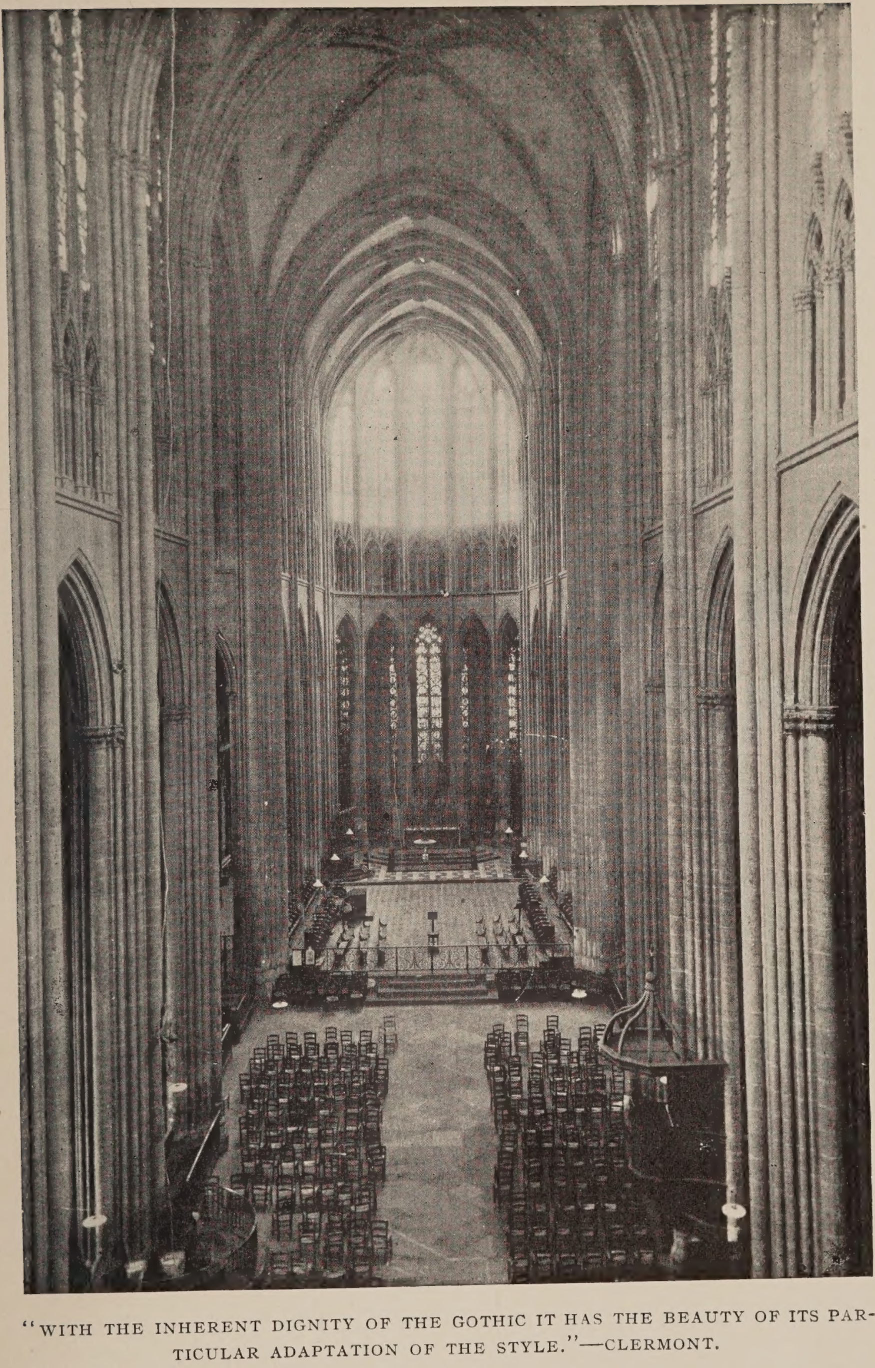
"Scarcely had he concluded," writes an historian of the Crusades, "before those who were within hearing of his burning eloquence, transported beyond themselves by excess of fervour and by mingled emotions of grief, wrath, hope, ambition, devotion, suddenly exclaimed as with one voice, *Deus vult! Diex el volt!* 'God wills it! God wills it!'

"The cry was caught up by the further ranks of the multitude, and repeated, like the reverberations of thunder among the mountains, until it reached the outmost circle. 'God wills it!' Resounding through the streets of Clermont and swollen by the voices of the thousands assembled on the tented plain, it rolled onward until it was lost afar among the recesses of the forest. Raising his eyes to heaven Urban stretched out his hand for silence.

" 'God wills it!' he exclaimed, skilfully availing himself of this outbreak of enthusiasm; 'God wills it!' Let these memorable words, the inspiration surely of the Holy Spirit, be forever adopted, as your battle-cry, to awaken the devotion and stimulate the courage of the soldiers of the Cross! That Cross is the symbol of your salvation—a red, a blood-red Cross—upon your breasts and shoulders, of the sacred and unalterable engagement you have this day taken upon your souls!"

These last words were like "oil poured on fire." Multitudes, irrespective of precedence, age, or churchly order, pressed forward to take the vow. Adhémar de Monteil, the "chivalrous Bishop of Le Puy" who had longed to receive the Council in his little episcopal city, implored the honour of being the first to enter the "Way of God," and to him first the Pope gave the sign of the Cross. Then to the hundreds upon hundreds, great and humble, the red symbol was given, until all who had vowed were accepted.

The obligation assumed, the Cross fastened on every shoulder, a Cardinal arose and made confession for the multitude; "and Urban, with uplifted arms, pronounced a general absolution.



"WITH THE INHERENT DIGNITY OF THE GOTHIC IT HAS THE BEAUTY OF ITS PARTICULAR ADAPTATION OF THE STYLE."—CLERMONT.

"The shades of the November night gathered rapidly over the dusky mountains as the last scene . . . was concluded. The crowd, with hearts astir, excited, fervent, restless, hastened to disperse and disappear in the dark, narrow streets. . . . And the Council of Clermont, having made its mark for good and evil upon the history of the world, was at an end."

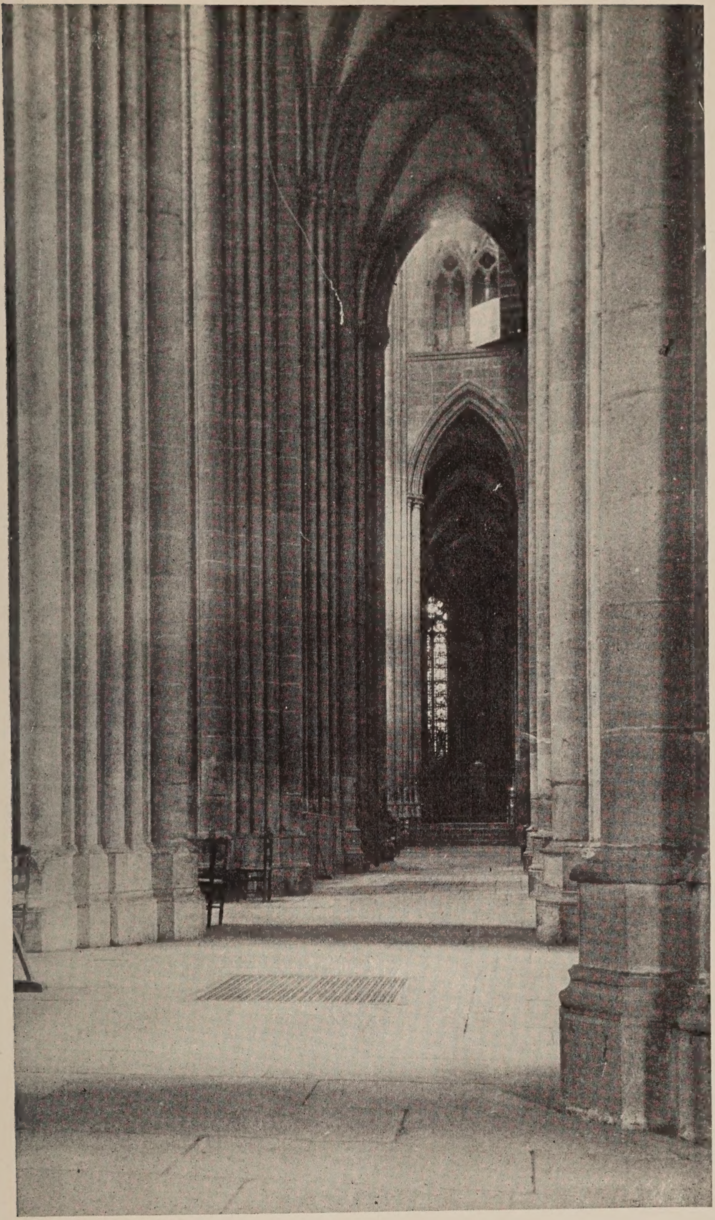
Sitting in the open square, before the statue of Urban II, the traveller had been reading of this great spectacle of 1095. Finally the dramatic chapter was finished, and looking about him he became suddenly aware how far his mind had wandered from the Clermont of the present; and as he gazed before him the statue of the Pope seemed small, and the brown mass of the Cathedral imposingly large; men who passed indifferently before the statue uncovered before the church;—and the traveller's thoughts left the dead past and returned to the things which still endure.

The present Cathedral, Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, was begun in the middle of the XIII century, and a large part of its construction was accomplished in the next hundred years, but the western façade was not built until our own day, and there are still four transept towers and many minor details to be completed before the splendour of the original plan is realised. Its most poignant memories are of the irreverence of the people of 1793, when the revolutionists spared it only because a courageous Catholic suggested that the building could be used for "public assemblies," or of

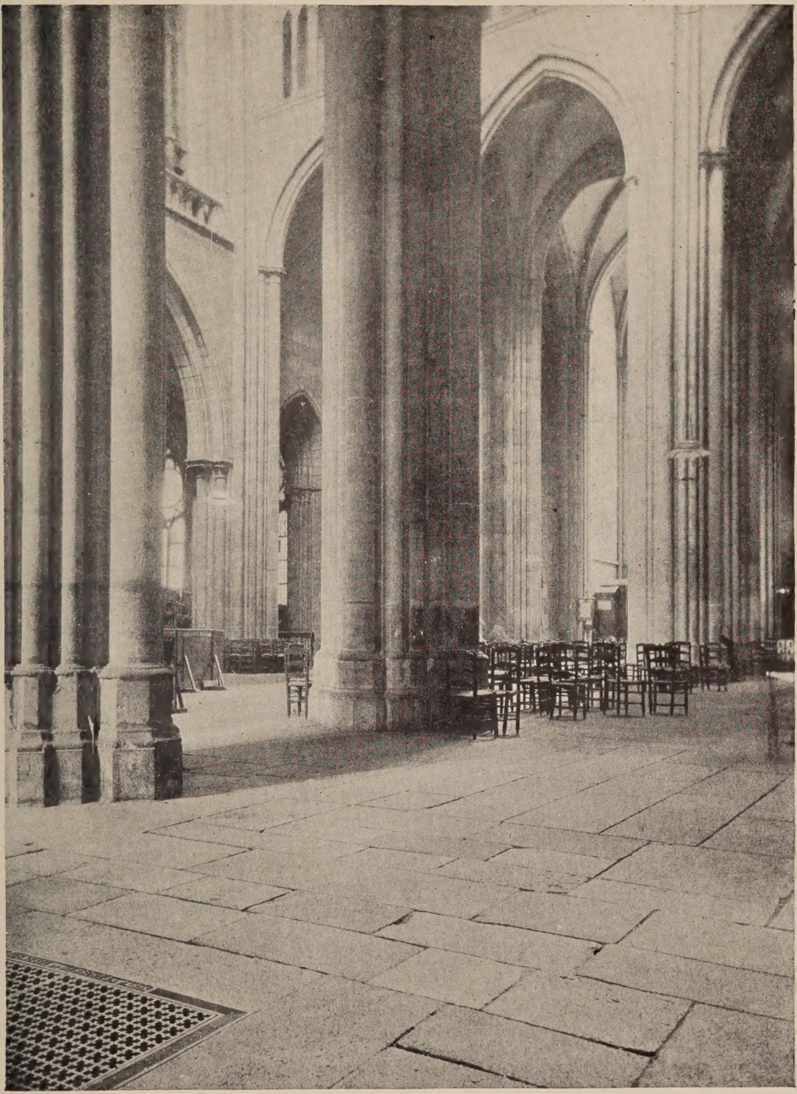
1850 when it is said that the inhabitants used their "great Cathedral for . . . a thoroughfare from one street to another." It dominates a country of small Romanesque churches that teem with the stories of history, but it has little except the glory of its architecture.

The exterior has an apse whose flying buttresses are so slender as to seem almost thin, and shallow transepts beautifully decorated with rose-windows, traceried galleries, and four, stunted towers. The façade has a small central portal of a too economical plainness, surmounted by a more richly ornamented rose, and protected, as it were, by the two, heavy towers which project beyond the central wall. A broad flight of steps leads to the main portal, and two, irregular, narrow flights mount to the arched porches of the towers, which shelter smaller doors. Above these arched porches are the little, quaintly curtained windows of the sacristan's apartments; higher, two long windows; higher still, the belfry; and above all, the crowning spire.

Climbing the street which leads to the Cathedral, the traveller is much impressed by this tall façade. The whole exterior is very dignified; but too little was completed when mediæval builders were carrying out mediæval plans, too little was built in the rich days of the Gothic when the foundation-stones were laid; and although the modern additions are by no means anachronistic, much of the exterior of this



"THEY . . . TOOK THE USUAL POINTED ARCH AND BUILT IT NARROW AND OF EXCEEDING HEIGHT."—CLERMONT.



"THE COLUMNS ARE REPEATED AGAIN AND YET AGAIN TO MAKE THE DOUBLE AISLES."—CLERMONT.

Cathedral is incomplete, or too economically completed; and in justice to its early founders, one must imagine the richness and the large details which do not exist, a greater Notre-Dame whose group of towers, built of the dark, lava stone, would rise in solemn splendour against the blue skies of Auvergne.

With the inherent dignity of the Gothic, it has the beauty of its particular adaptation of the style, and is a noteworthy illustration of the truth that in Gothic unity there can be infinite variety. The builders have adopted the greater general forms of this unity,—a nave with clerestory and triforium, side aisles and chapels, transepts, and a choir with ambulatory and radiating chapels; they have also given the interior conventional adornments conventionally placed,—a rose-window at the end of the nave and of each transept, pointed arches in the triforium, and old stained-glass which has been partially preserved in the transept and choir windows.

These were ambitious forms and decorations, but the best of material cannot ensure success, and within most proper walls strange interiors sometimes lie concealed. The builders of Clermont, however, had creative genius and used the forms of their art as Michael Angelo used his paints, to endeavour to produce something more perfect than had ever been produced before. To this end they took the usual pointed arch and built it narrow and of exceeding height, and that their columns should seem firm yet light and high, they gave them the clustered form and carved their capitals in slender bands. The clerestory windows were made tall, and as the arches and the windows were so high, the vaulting could be placed in dim, mysterious loftiness, while richly coloured glass diffused a gentle radiance in the nave below. The columns are repeated again and yet again to make the double aisles; their stone is lava grey, and in the beautiful perspectives of the church they are like a grove of silver poplars on a cloudy day. So inspired is this great creation that the barbarous, gilded Altar and the unnecessary painting of the chapels seem details which only a petty eye would see.

The little imperfections are lost in the large conception, and he who sits surrounded by its solemn majesty gradually forgets its mere material grandeur and its high place in the history of Gothic art and remembers only that this is a church, a place of worship, whose creators, however imperfectly they understood it, had ever in their minds the thought that God was to dwell in this building of their hands—for with marvellous skill, animated by a holy love for their labour, they built this great Cathedral where those still worship who believe with its creators that God is here in very body; and those who believe that He rather "dwells in temples not made with hands," gazing on this work, are led to think of Him.

END OF VOLUME I.

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